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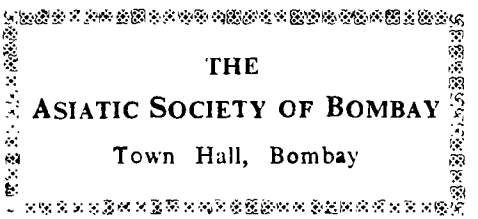

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TO THE

VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

ED. MOHR.

Frontispiece.

TO THE

VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

85285

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

EDWARD MOHR,

By N. D'ANVERS.

WITH NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE WOODCUT ILLUSTRATIONS, FOUR CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS, AND A MAP.

LONDON:
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TO

HIS HIGHNESS

PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK SCHÖNHAUSEN,

CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE,

THE GREATEST CITIZEN AND THE FIRST PATRIOT

OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED WITH THE DEEPEST RESPECT

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

In preparing the present volume for the press, the translator has ventured to omit some historical and explanatory matter which has been already brought before English readers in the works of Livingstone, Chapman, Baines, Speke, Baker, Shaw, and other travellers. The personal narrative of Mr. Mohr's adventurous journey has, however, been retained intact, with all its vivid pictures of African life, its racy accounts of privations, difficulties, and hair-breadth escapes, and its poetic descriptions of natural scenery. It will be found to be given with a simplicity and an absence of striving after effect as rare as they are charming, and cannot fail to interest every admirer of courageous enterprise and heroic endurance.

N. D'ANVERS.

Thornton Heath,
Christmas, 1875.

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TO THE VICTORIA FALLS

OF THE

ZAMBESI.

CHAPTER I.

FROM BREMEN TO CAPE TOWN.

The reasons for my journey—The start—Arrival in London—Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society—Embarcation on the *Asia*—The storm—Return to London—Fresh troubles on the *Asia*—Second return to London—Embarcation on the *Celt*—From Plymouth to Cape Town—Description of Cape Town—Bad news from the gold fields.

My journey to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi was undertaken partly for the sake of hunting, partly in the hope of making geographical discoveries. The news brought to Europe by the indefatigable traveller, Karl Mauch, of the existence of gold quartz in the northern districts of the Matebele, and south of the Victoria Falls, led to my securing the companionship and co-operation of the celebrated mining engineer, Adolf Hübner, whose account of our expedition has already given the scientific results of our researches. The present volume is therefore merely a simple and

unvarnished narrative of our adventures by the way, written not from memory, but with the aid of a journal regularly kept, and is published in the hope that it may afford information and encouragement to others anxious in their turn to become explorers.

On the evening of the 24th of October, 1868, I was present at an enthusiastic meeting held in Bremen by the friends of geographical discovery, to mark the public recognition of the energy, courage, and prudence displayed by the navigators, Koldewey, Sengetake, and Hildebrandt on the first German polar expedition, and to discuss the details of a new enterprise.

The meeting broke up at midnight, and we separated in high spirits, but when I found myself alone in the darkness of a wet and stormy autumn night, a sudden fit of depression came over me, and the awful question was borne in upon my mind: "Wanderer, wilt thou be able to achieve thine aim, is not thine ambition greater than thy power?" But the west wind swept by giving me no answer, and, wrapping my cloak more closely around me, I hurried home.

The next morning all was changed! I was awoke by the early sunbeams streaming in at my window; the storm had spent itself, and I found myself laughing involuntarily at the confusion in my room, full as it was of trunks, travelling-bags, weapons, instruments, books, cooking utensils,

medicine bottles, and innumerable odds and ends. I roused myself, shook off my dejection, and in the next fortnight of energetic preparation my forebodings disappeared. On the 8th of November my baggage was all down at the harbour, and on the 14th of the same month I was standing with my companion, Mr. Adolf Hübner, on the deck of the fine North German Lloyd Steamer *Hansa*, Captain Wessels, having comfortably settled my two bloodhounds, Norma and Leo, in their kennels in the prow of the vessel, where they soon became the pets of all the sailors. The vessel weighed anchor, handkerchiefs were waved, many of the women shed tears, and the men looked grave. A shout from the sailors, "Hurrah! we are off," and we steamed out of the harbour.

After a rapid voyage of twenty-eight hours, we arrived in the Solent on Sunday night, and early the next morning cast anchor in the harbour of Southampton. Arrived at the custom-house, we had only to state the object of our journey, and to show my letter of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison, then president of the Royal Geographical Society, to obtain a free pass, and after a very short delay we found ourselves in the train *en route* for London.

The next two or three days were devoted to shopping, as several articles were still required to complete our outfit. This done, I accepted an

invitation from Sir R. Murchison to attend a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at which I made acquaintance with the venerable General Sabine and Captain M'Clure (since deceased), the hero of the famous Arctic Expedition of 1851–52, when the existence of a North-West Passage was proved by the sailing of his ship *Investigator* through the Behring Strait. General Pennefather made a speech about China, and a young English merchant from Shanghai gave an account of his travels in the unknown district of Mantchooria; but the lion of the evening was undoubtedly the ambassador of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who was accompanied by his interpreter, Dr. Kirk. A complimentary address was made to the great man in acknowledgment of the Sultan having sent provisions to Dr. Livingstone through an Arabian trader, but it subsequently transpired that the unfortunate traveller never received them, as they were appropriated by a faithless Arab. Then ensued a discussion as to the probable whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone, and I shall always remember with pleasure having heard from Sir Roderick's own lips his conviction that the doctor would most likely be found in the neighbourhood of Lake Tanganyika, and would endeavour to reach the west coast of Africa from the western shores of the lake. The result of Stanley's bold enterprise subsequently proved the justice of these conjectures.

We took our passage in the *Asia*, one of the new line of steamers running between Gravesend and Port Natal, and after numerous delays, finally weighed anchor on the 2nd of December, steaming down the Thames on the 3rd.

We were scarcely out at sea before the wind rose, and at 10 o'clock on the night of the 6th of December, when we were between the Bill of Portland and St. Catherine's Point, a furious storm broke over us. The fires of the lighthouse were invisible, and at 1 A.M. a heavy sea dashed over our starboard side; the sails fluttered in shreds from the yards, the first-class cabins were flooded, and, worst of all, the ship's compasses were washed overboard, leaving us nothing to depend on but the pocket instruments of a fellow passenger—Mr. Baines, the artist, well known as the companion of Livingstone and Chapman in Africa—who stood in the captain's cabin on deck, and ascertained our course by the light of his cigar. Presently the second-class cabins shared the fate of the first, and their inmates took refuge in the saloon, where they were soon joined by my poor dogs, rescued from a watery grave by a friendly sailor. And now, when the storm was at its height, and the noise of the wind and waves was like a continuous peal of thunder, and the sea was lashed into one mass of foam, like a snow-clad field swept by a gale, the shrill and awful cry of "Rocks

ahead!" rung out above the clashing of the elements. A few moments, which seemed like hours, sufficed to alter our course, but had we steered a minute longer in our original direction we must inevitably have struck on the rocks of the Isle of Wight.

On the morning of Monday, the 7th of December, we were opposite the Isle of Wight, and the *Asia* was found to have sustained so much damage that the captain was obliged to return to London. Truth to tell, I was not much surprised at our misfortunes, as the fore part of the vessel was so overladen with machinery that its buoyancy was destroyed, and even in fine weather it shipped so much water that it was impossible to remain on deck long.

I decided to go with the captain, and, hailing a pilot's boat, we were quickly landed and enjoyed a hearty breakfast in an hotel. Soon after we began our meal, however, the poor captain—who was worn out with the exertions of the previous night, and had sustained a slight injury in the left eye—suddenly fell into a heavy sleep, and snored lustily. I had not the heart to wake him, so I let him alone till it was time to go to the station.

We arrived in London at 5 P.M., and my friends were not a little surprised to see me back so soon. They confessed to having been rather anxious about my fate, as it had been very stormy inland.

On the 11th of December, a gloomy winter day, our vessel was once more ready to put to sea, but our second voyage was only a repetition of the first. The *Asia* had not been lightened, she shipped just as much water as before, and it made us shudder to think of what might befall us in the stormy Bay of Biscay. Under the circumstances, my friend Hübner and I decided to sacrifice half our passage money rather than remain on board, and, having made an amicable arrangement with the captain, we returned to London yet once more. Immediately on our arrival we secured berths on the mail steamer *Celt*, Captain Paynton, a fine new vessel of eleven hundred and fifty tons burden, and three hundred and eighty horse power, which had cost 80,000*l.*

On our way to Plymouth, where we had to embark, we shared a carriage with an English family who were going to spend their Christmas with the renowned Captain Kean, then seventy-five years old, who had resigned his command of the ill-fated *President*, which subsequently went down with all on board, because of a presentiment he had had of coming misfortune. This was when Trans-Atlantic steam navigation was still in its infancy and had made a great sensation.

On Christmas Day, 1868, we embarked on the *Celt*, in the harbour of Plymouth, and it did not take long to convince us that we had now every

reason to congratulate ourselves on our choice of a vessel. It was in every respect well-found, and the captain was a brave and experienced seaman. The saloon and cabins were prettily decked with holly in honour of the season, and at dinner the traditional roast beef and plum pudding did not fail to appear. One sea voyage is much like another, and we spare our readers an account of the daily routine on board the *Celt*.

We had a good deal of stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay, and very few passengers appeared at table; but after passing Capes Ortegal and Finisterre, on the north-west coast of Spain, we enjoyed a delicious summer temperature, and the sea became much calmer; the ladies favoured us more frequently with their society on deck, and on the 2nd of January, 1869, we caught sight of the town of Funchal, on the island of Madeira, rising from the bay in terraces, with its tasty villas, churches, and convents, framed in luxuriant orchards and vineyards. As soon as we cast anchor opposite to this charming spot, most of our passengers hurried on shore, returning at 6 o'clock in the evening laden with fruit and flowers, so that for the next few days the saloon resembled a tropical hothouse.

After leaving Funchal the *Celt*, favoured by a strong north-east breeze, steamed rapidly southwards. On the evening of the 3rd of January we

passed the Canaries, but though we caught sight of Teneriffe, Gomera, Ferro, and Palma, we could distinguish none of their characteristic features, for they were literally flooded by the setting sun with a sea of blood-red light dashed with blue; of hues so exceedingly brilliant, that the artist who could transfer them to canvas would be accused of exaggeration by all who have not themselves witnessed the effects common on the tropic oceans. As the brief twilight faded, and the darkness deepened, however, the twinkling lights of the towns shone out, and seemed to greet us as we sped past them on our southern course. A little later, and we found ourselves in that favoured latitude which enjoys perpetual summer. Our spirits rose perceptibly, the quarter-deck became more lively than ever, the tables were crowded at every meal; the ladies, their troubles forgotten, appeared at dinner in gorgeous array; we talked, we laughed, and often amused ourselves with music, dancing and singing until far into the night.

At last, however, the favourable north-east wind failed us, and at 8° S. longitude we met the contrary south-east wind. We did not have to contend with it long; early in the morning we had caught sight of the flat sandy African coast, clothed with greyish-green bushes, and at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of January, 1869, we

steamed into the old Table Bay, after a rapid voyage of thirty-four days. The Cape of Good Hope itself is several miles south of Cape Town, and the most southern point of the African continent is really Cape Agulhas, or the Needle Cape, which boasts of a fine lighthouse.

From our anchorage in Table Bay we could see the Table Mountain, rising abruptly above Cape Town, flanked on the right by the Lion's Rump and the Lion's Head, and on the left by the Devil's Peak. The crest of the Table Mountain stands sharply out against the sky, and forms an almost horizontal line, the eastern extremity alone being slightly higher than the rest.

Cape Town extends from Green Point to the foot of the Devil's Peak. The houses are white, with terraces in front, and are built in straight lines crossing each other at irregular intervals, so that the streets abound in right angles. The only buildings of importance are the castle, the museum, the barracks, the college, and a few churches. The sailor is exposed alike to the north and north-west winds, and before the erection of the Prince Alfred's Docks, it was also at the mercy of the ill-famed south-easter, and vessels were often compelled to put out to sea for safety. The first thing to strike the foreigner on arriving in Cape Town is the vast diversity of races he meets in the streets: Malays, Negroes, Kaffirs, Hottentots, and

Europeans of all nations, including many Jews, here transact business together, although the Europeans still hold aloof from their coloured neighbours in society.

Cape Town numbers altogether some thirty thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of the government of the Cape Colony, and in it the Colonial Assemblies are held. It boasts a library containing forty thousand volumes, a botanic garden, an observatory, founded by Sir John Herschel, and several learned societies, such as the "Society for the Advancement of Literature and Civilisation," the "Agricultural Society," etc. The chief languages spoken are English and Dutch.

The position of the town is in the highest degree picturesque, and has often been described. The wine-growing village of Paarl, inhabited chiefly by Dutch settlers, nestles beneath the shade of mighty oak trees, reminding the European of the forests of his native land. It is connected by rail with Cape Town, together with the less distant villages of Manbry and Rondeboosch. The sides of the Table Mountain which are visible from here are for the most part covered with a dense and lofty forest of pine trees, through which winds a good macadamized road, well suited to the light cabriolets in use amongst the inhabitants of the colony. In the gardens, the trees and plants of the temperate and torrid zones grow side by side,

figs, vines, pomegranates, aloes, oleanders, etc., etc., flourishing in equal luxuriance.

The nights are magnificent, especially when the rugged grey bastions of the Table Mountain are bathed in the full glory of the moonbeams, and a soft fragrant sea breeze whispers amongst the flower-laden branches of the luxuriant vegetation, bringing us a tender greeting from the silvery waters of the shining bay. As we sit in a verandah with a cigar between our lips, and a strong glass of "Constanzia" at our elbow, enjoying the dreamy and intoxicating delights of such a night at the Cape, it seems difficult to realise that we are in the land of wild men and beasts, and of unsolved geographical problems, but, if the truth be told, our latent consciousness of these very facts adds zest to our enjoyment.

Business in Cape Town begins about 9 o'clock in the morning, when the train brings in the merchants, bankers, tradespeople, etc., from their country seats. Gaily dressed shops are opened, a continuous stream of traffic fills the streets, and Hansom cabs and cabriolets, with Malay drivers, wait for hire at all the principal corners.

It is down by the water, however, that the greatest animation prevails; fishing boats are coming in laden with the glittering spoils of the sea; traders are bargaining for the fishermen's wares, or lading their barrows with their pur-

chases, whilst every now and then the arrival of a fresh load of victims, still quivering and struggling, is announced by the shrill blast of a trumpet.

Another most interesting feature of the scene is supplied by the numerous men-of-war of all nations anchored peacefully side by side in the spacious roadstead. Their bright flags flutter in the breeze, and first from one, then from another, are heard the drums of the sailors at their drill, or the loud voice of the commanding officers. Sometimes all is hushed for a time, and but for the sentinels on watch steadily tramping up and down with their bayonets flashing in the sunbeams, the vessels would seem to be deserted. But what is that? a shrill whistle —a shout—and in an instant, as if by magic, the yards are alive with sturdy seamen and boys, who swarm up the rigging like ants and obey their orders with the regularity of machinery. At sunset a signal-gun is fired, and immediately the flags of all the ships are furled—the work of the day is over.

In the town itself activity begins to slacken at about noon, the ladies get through their shopping in the morning, and in the afternoon the aristocracy retire to the seclusion and comfort of home. Saturday is the most exciting day of the week, as auctions are held on the parade, and the noise only subsides in the afternoon, when buyers and sellers

disappear, mostly retiring from the scene in the large vehicles drawn by fourteen oxen, which are so characteristic of this part of Africa. Shops, banks, offices, etc., are locked up; every one is gone back to the country, and until Monday morning Cape Town is as quiet as any village.

It is now necessary that I should say a few words on our own affairs. Immediately on our arrival in Cape Town, indeed, even before leaving the steamer, we heard that the gold fields discovered on the Tati by Karl Mauch had long been unproductive. The Cape newspapers gave very little information on the subject, and we were unable to obtain even the smallest quantity of gold for testing purposes; in short, the excitement and sanguine expectations created by the announcement of the new discovery only ten months before, were already succeeded by the most absolute indifference and apathy.

Unpromising as all this was, we did not allow it to alter our plans. We landed at Cape Town on the 29th of January, and on the 2nd of February we were ready to re-embark on the *Natal*, bound for Port D'Urban, so that our stay on shore was short, and fully occupied in collecting information, delivering our letters of credit, and so forth.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO D'URBAN.

On board the *Natal*—Port Elizabeth—Between Port Elizabeth and D'Urban—The *Illovo*—The harbour of D'Urban—Custom-house precautions—Meeting with an old friend—The town of D'Urban—Religious dissensions—Newspapers—Some account of Cape Colony—Its boundaries, etc.—Its timber, flowers, animals, birds, insects, and snakes—Its sanitary condition—The Kaffirs.

On the 2nd of February the *Natal* steamed out of Table Bay, and as we sped along on our way to the Cape of Good Hope we feasted our eyes on the wild romantic scenery of the coast, the beauty of which has left an indelible impression on my memory.

On the *Natal* we met many old acquaintances from the *Celt*, including the Page family from Bloemfontein, and Mr. Williams and his wife from Australia, who were completing a voyage round the world by a trip from Cape Town to Melbourne. In journeys such as mine, one often hears news of one's old friends in quite an accidental and unexpected manner. For instance, one day when I was walking up and down the deck with Mrs. Williams, she told me several interesting anecdotes of her

previous life, and presently began talking about the tragic end of a German friend, giving his name. That friend was an old schoolfellow of mine, of whom I had heard nothing for fifteen years.

After rounding Cape Agulhas our course became east-north-east, but we did not sight the eastern coast of Africa until we ran into the harbour of the most important commercial town of Africa, Port Elizabeth, on Algoa Bay. Founded as recently as 1826, Port Elizabeth has now telegraphic communication with Cape Town; steamers run regularly between it and England, and it possesses Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, a custom-house, a club and reading-room, solid warehouses, and several associations for the promotion of amusement and education.

A considerable trade in wool and sheep-skins is carried on with foreign countries, and ivory, ostrich feathers, and diamonds are also exported in large quantities. Set down in the midst of an arid wilderness, stretching away from the town as far as the eye can reach, the inhabitants of Port Elizabeth have yet managed, with infinite care and trouble, to lay out a beautiful garden full of tropical vegetation and enlivened with ponds and fountains, which is like a smiling oasis in the midst of the dreary landscape.

The commercial progress of the town dates from the close of the long and costly Kaffir war, but it

owes most of its prosperity to the persevering energy of its English, Scotch, German, and Jewish inhabitants.

I must take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude for the cordial reception I met with everywhere during my stay in Port Elizabeth, whose inhabitants seem ready to accord similar courtesies to any educated stranger who will be at the trouble to interest himself in them and their institutions. As this harbour is the nearest and best point of connection between Europe, and the wool, skin, and diamond-producing districts of Central Africa, there is nothing to prevent a rapid increase of its commercial prosperity so soon as government shall turn its attention to the improvement of the natural facilities of transport by land and by sea. At present Port Elizabeth possesses only one long street, running right through the town, which is built round the bay in the form of a bow.

The large wooden quay, erected at an enormous cost for the landing of goods and passengers, is only too often injured by the wild waves of the Indian Ocean, and on the day of my arrival the part nearest the water was a chaotic mass of ruins. But its appearance even then could only give the uninitiated a feeble notion of the frequently Titanic power of the breakers. Ships anchored in Algoa Bay are exposed to gales from the east and

south-east, and when the authorities at the Observatory think a storm imminent, a cannon is fired as a warning to vessels in the harbour.

On the evening of Friday, the 5th of February, we left Port Elizabeth by the most splendid moonlight, and steering north-north-east, we scudded rapidly along, often within a stone's throw of the coast, so that the hills of the Umzimyati or Buffalo River of Zululand were distinctly visible. A magnificent panorama was now spread out before us: here we had undulating districts covered with unfamiliar-looking vegetation, there hills clothed with the softest green, the sides dotted with flocks tended by merry-looking Kaffir boys; here in some rocky valley a rapid mountain-stream rushed down through the rugged ravines to fling itself into the sea in clouds of spray, whilst here and there rose native villages, with their quaint beehive roofs, from which the thin blue smoke curled upwards, and we caught a glimpse of the thrifty housewives busy in their maize or millet (durra) gardens, or carrying large bundles of firewood to the village—their husbands meanwhile lying idly on their backs at the entrance to their huts, gossiping or smoking. Then would succeed long stretches of country without a trace of human life—hundreds and thousands of untilled acres capable of affording sustenance to a whole race of men, without a hand to pluck their treasures or an eye to feast upon their beauties.

The evenings were especially magnificent, and no pen can describe the play of many-coloured lights and shadows on the rocks, the brilliant hues of the breakers dashing at their feet, or the deep blue of the ocean, when the sun neared the horizon and flung his slanting rays across the northern landscape; bringing points hitherto unnoticed into prominence, and veiling others in a mist of glory.

A little to the north of Buffalo River our course led us through a portion of the sea so rich in fish, that we had only to hang coloured rags with a hook at the end over the sides of the vessel to secure a plentiful haul. The sailors captured enough to feast the whole crew, some of them of fine tropical species, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

The farther north we advanced the more varied and striking became the vegetation; a day's journey south of Natal, if I may so express myself, we already caught sight of the tree-like cacteæ, which form so characteristic a feature of the scenery of these districts, and in the distance we could make out flat waving fields of sugar-cane, betraying human agency and cultivation.

At noon on Monday, the 8th of February, we came in sight of the ruddy masses of rock which form the cape on the southern entrance to the harbour of D'Urban, from the summit of which rises the massive and picturesque lighthouse, flanked by

the signal-station, and visible for a considerable distance. The hills, running in a westerly direction and connected with the promontory, are covered with a dense primæval forest, the haunt some twenty years ago of elephants, whose tracks can still be made out.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we found ourselves close to the bar outside the harbour of D'Urban or Port Natal, which can only be crossed at high water, as the breakers are very strong when the tide is receding; indeed no vessels drawing more than eight feet of water can enter at all. The sailing-vessel *Illovo* from London arrived at the same time with us, and as the moment was favourable for sailing, both ships availed themselves of that mode of progression. A few stirring moments ensued, for the passage was narrow, and our captain betrayed his excitement clearly enough in a few rapid and startling orders in language rather forcible than elegant. The *Illovo*, all sails set, accomplished the difficult manœuvre triumphantly, and the two ships were soon anchored side by side in a good position. The harbour of D'Urban is of the form of a calabash, the entrance representing the narrow neck, and the hollow of the actual harbour the bowl. This bowl is only entirely filled with water at high tide, and at low-water ships can only anchor in the rills which intersect the basin of the

Harbour of Durban.

harbour like veins. From south to west run wooded mountains and hills known in the town of D'Urban as the Berea, on which are the country houses of the richer inhabitants, distinctly visible to us from the deck of our ship.

On a sandy neck of land on the north-east of the bay stands the custom-house, four English miles from the town itself, which can be reached by rail in a few minutes. Between the town and the Berea stretch plains and marshy meadows, and on the west are the great sugar plantations of Congella, a little to the north of which the brooks of Umbilo and Umchlatusan empty their waters into the sea.

Our sea voyage was now over, and it was time to think of the disembarcation of our effects. As we had weapons and ammunition with us, tedious formalities at the custom-house could not, unfortunately, be avoided. For instance, we had to pay a duty of one pound sterling on each gun, after which it was stamped with a government number, so that, should the owner leave the country again, he could be called upon to produce all the weapons he took with him. This precaution is taken by government to guard against arms passing into the hands of the Kaffirs of the neighbouring provinces; but it is by no means successful, as it is quite easy for smugglers to penetrate into the country by the Orange River, and to land cart-

loads of contraband goods in the sparsely-populated districts on its banks. In Matebele-land, which is far in the interior of Africa, I met with a whole battalion of natives armed with modern muskets and rifles, and in the autumn of 1870 I bought an Enfield rifle of a trader on the Tati River for the comparatively moderate sum of 5*l.*

We soon found comfortable accommodation and good entertainment in the Royal Hotel belonging to Mr. Sampson, with whom I had become acquainted on my expedition to Zululand in 1866.

Before I proceed farther I must relate a meeting with an old friend under very peculiar circumstances, by a coincidence such as rarely occurs even in the life of a constant traveller. In the sloop, on our way to the shore, our boatman entertained Hübner and myself with a confused account of a German captain whose vessel had been burnt on the high seas, and who had arrived at Port Natal in an English boat with four or five of the shipwrecked crew; but our worthy boatman pronounced the captain's German name in such truly British fashion that it conveyed no idea to my mind and awoke no recollections. In the evening, however, when we were quietly sitting at dinner in our hotel, and I had forgotten all about the sailor's story, the door opened, and who should come in but my old friend Captain Hagedorn, of Bremen, with whom I had made my first trip

twenty-one years before, when I was quite a young fellow. We had gone from Bremen to Baltimore in his ship *Franziska* in December, 1848, and one does not easily forget one's first absence from home, or one's first long sea voyage, especially when, as in this case, it was made in the midst of the storms of winter. My path had often crossed that of the captain in my numerous later voyages, but we had never met again. And now, here we both were in an obscure harbour in which no vessel from Bremen had ever cast anchor, he a shipwrecked man, I on the eve of a long journey. In the course of conversation I heard, to my even greater surprise, that his first officer was my old school-fellow, Hugo Walter, from Saxony, with whom I had worked for months together, and who had had the run of my old home. This was his first journey after our parting. The *Adela*, Captain Hagedorn's vessel, was on her way to Rangoon laden with coals; the cargo caught fire and the vessel was completely destroyed. The crew embarked in three open boats under the command of the captain, Hugo Walter, and the second officer respectively. The little fleet separated in the darkness of the very first night, and twelve days later the captain was fortunate enough to be picked up by a sailing-vessel bound for Europe, which had landed him at Port Natal. He had heard nothing of the other boats.

It was not until my return to Natal from the interior of Africa in December, 1870, that I learnt through a letter from my sister that Hugo Walter and his companions had landed at Padang, on the west coast of Sumatra, half-dead from hunger and exhaustion, after passing twenty-six days at sea in their fragile little nut-shell, and traversing some 1600 miles of ocean. An interesting book might be written on the steadfast endurance, energy, and dexterity which enabled the unfortunate mariners to bring their bark safely to land; but as a rule, the sturdy fellows whose sinewy hands are familiar with the oar and the rudder fight shy of pen and ink and paper. No tidings were ever received of the third boat with the remainder of the crew.

> "They shrink not, but bravely sail o'er the deep,
> Which one day will roll o'er their pillow;
> In the bosom of earth not more soundly ye sleep
> Than they in the wash of the billow!"

Port Natal is built on a sandy plain formerly covered by the sea between the Berea and the dunes, thickly overgrown with bushes, which stretch away in the east to the Indian Ocean, the noise of which can be distinctly heard in the streets of the town. The bay itself forms the southern boundary. There are some seven thousand or eight thousand inhabitants in Port Natal, which possesses a bank, several churches, and two pretty good hotels; the principal streets are unpaved and very wide for the

accommodation of the huge carts peculiar to the country, which are sometimes drawn by as many as fourteen oxen at a time. The narrower streets are paved with planks or red bricks. In front of the houses are rows of syringa trees, brought from Bombay, which afford a pleasant shade.

D'Urban is the port of ingress for the whole colony of Natal, part of the Free State, the Transvaal Republic, Zululand, and the Kaffir districts on the west and south-west of the last-named provinces; it is also the only port of egress. The chief articles of commerce are sugar, of which some fourteen thousand tons are exported per annum, skins, wool, ivory, ostrich feathers, arrow-root, coffee, and tropical fruits.

The shops are stocked with everything we should expect to find in European towns of about the same size. As yet only very primitive roads lead to the coast districts on the other side of the Umgeni River, which are the best cultivated and most productive of the whole country. The capital city, Pietermaritzburg, on a tributary of the Umgeni River, is now connected with the harbour by railway, but at the time of which I am writing it could only be reached in seven or eight hours by diligence. The massive and costly iron bridge which formerly spanned the Umgeni River was destroyed by a flood some years ago, and has recently been replaced by a very unpretending

structure, as the finances of the colony are in anything but a flourishing condition.

The Berea Mountains form a charming feature of the view from the houses of the town, most of which are provided with tasty verandahs as a protection from the glare of the tropical sun, and there is a good deal of grand scenery on the way to Pine Town on the west, and along the coast on the north.

As every one here keeps a horse, as a matter of course it is easy enough to reach the best points of view, and it is usual to ride in the early morning or at sunset. At these times trees, bushes, and sward are hung with pearly dew-drops, and the air is laden with the rich perfume of the luxuriant tropical vegetation. Taking his stand at sunset on some lofty point of the southern mountains, the traveller will see the ocean sparkling in the moonbeams in the distance, and the endless line of foam-crested billows breaking on the beach, whilst the houses of the town, all traffic suspended, cluster peacefully at the foot of the gigantic mountains, their mighty forms draped in the glowing colours of the sunset. But as he gazes on the glorious scene, the shadows creep gradually up the valleys, the brilliant tints begin to fade upon the heights, the cry of the night-bird is hushed, and the sky, revealing its hidden treasures, becomes studded with innumerable stars, which pour down their

silvery light upon the dreamy landscape. As in all hot countries, people in Natal get up at day-break, drink a cup of coffee, and then take a bath either at home or in the sea. Quite early in the morning natives come in from the country bringing fresh fruits and vegetables to market. The trade in fish is almost monopolised by the coolies who are brought from Bombay as labourers. Fresh beef and mutton are to be obtained in the butchers' shops, chiefly kept by Europeans.

Business begins at about 9 A.M.; towards noon a perceptible lull sets in, and about 5 P.M. most of the offices are closed.

The inhabitants of D'Urban receive strangers very hospitably, but there is a decided want of society. Germans cannot fail to be unpleasantly struck with the lamentable dissensions amongst the English Protestants. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans, etc., etc., have each their own mode of going to Heaven, which they think the only right one, so that there are constant ecclesiastical disputes; and the controversy between Dr. Colenso and the authorities was the chief topic of discourse in the colony for years, the details of it being fully known far beyond the boundaries of Natal. For all that, however, the hotels thrive, as to most people a certain amount of society is a necessity; so callers who do not find their friends at home generally repair to the club or the inn.

On one point the heathen and faithful of every denomination are agreed, and that is in their partiality for French cognac and soda-water. Pale ale is also very generally approved of. If true religion consists in jealously attending prayer-meetings on week days as well as on Sundays, the good people of D'Urban will certainly take high rank in the future kingdom of Heaven, for the bells of their churches are never silent for long at a time.

The fact of my having several accounts to settle also forced upon my notice the fact that the piety of the people had not destroyed their secular relish for good profits.

As in the States, England, and all British colonies, the daily press is very active in Natal, and exercises a great influence on public opinion. The Natal *Mercury* and another paper appear alternately, so that one journal is published every day, and that of a description such as would be considered suitable in Germany for a town of thirty thousand inhabitants. The steamers of the Union Line run every fortnight between Port Natal and Cape Town, touching at the intermediate harbours of Port Elizabeth, East London, and Mossel Bay.

The colony of Natal is situated between the twenty-ninth and thirty-first parallels of south latitude, and is bounded on the north-east by the

Tugela or Buffalo River, dividing it from Zululand, and on the south-west by the Umzimcula River, dividing it from Kaffraria. Between it and Free State and Basutuland, on the north-west, run the lofty and rugged range of mountains called the Drachenberg or Quathlamba, the loftiest points of which are ten thousand feet high, forming part of the mighty chain of the Stormbergen. Through these mountains run the roads, wide enough for the passage of the large ox-carts, connecting the Boer and Transvaal republics and Orange Free State with Natal. The capital of the colony is Pietermaritzburg, built on a kind of mountain terrace fifty miles inland, and named after Peter Rietief and Gert Maritz, the two leaders of the Dutch boers, or farmers, who were murdered in 1838 by the fierce tyrant Dingaan of bloody memory.

Although there are no lofty forests properly so called in the colony of Natal, the country is not wanting in valuable woods. Most of the trees are covered with bright blossoms early in the spring, and many of them flower all the year round. The different varieties of mimosa and acacia, with their horizontal umbrella-like branches, are especially noticeable. The Erythrina, or coral flower, with its long spikes of brilliant crimson or scarlet blossom, comes out in the very depth of winter. One feature peculiar to the whole of South Africa are the thickets of the mimosa, with formidable

thorns, called by the Boers the Haak Doorns, Kameel Doorns, Wacht en bitje Doorns (wait a bit), etc., which are often serious obstacles to the progress of travellers or hunters. One of the most useful trees is the "Yellow-wood" (*Taxus elongata*), much employed in building and for making furniture, on account of its durable qualities. Specimens of it have been met which are entirely branchless to a height of forty feet, and have a diameter of five feet. Another very useful variety is the so-called "Bastard Yellow-wood," well-dried stems of which are sometimes preferred to the true yellow-wood. The Sneeze-wood (*Ptæroxylon utile*), an evergreen variety of the natural order *Sapindaceæ*, which sometimes attains a height of eighty feet and a diameter of four, is also of frequent occurrence. It derives its name from the sternutatory properties of its saw-dust, which are so strong as to be very disagreeable to carpenters using it. It is so very resinous that it is not at all suitable for building purposes or furniture, but it is of incomparable value for making posts which have to resist damp. Burning sneeze-wood gives almost as steady a light as a candle; and trees set on fire in the forest will sometimes burn a whole week. The Stink-wood (*Laurus bullata*) of the colony, so called on account of the disagreeable odour it emits when sawn or planed, is used for making furniture and cart-

wheels. The so-called white Iron-wood, Ebony, and Ivory-wood, with many other tropical trees, are also abundant.

In the last days of September, at the end of the dry season, when all vegetation is brown and dried up for want of rain, the Kaffirs and European settlers set fire to long stretches of plantations. Very weird is the effect at night, when a broad tongue of flame rises up from the valleys and, driven first to one side, then to the other by the wind, licks the side of the mountains in an erratic and spasmodic manner; and very melancholy look the charred and blackened plains after the devouring element has swept over them, leaving its path strewn with the scorched and shrivelled bodies of countless locusts. But this scene of desolation lasts only a short time, for no sooner have the first showers of the wet season fallen, than the ground is covered with a brilliant carpet of flowers, delighting every passer by with their infinite variety and beauty, and the delicate perfumes with which they fill the air. Bulbous plants are especially plentiful, and the red stems and shining green leaves of numerous species of amaryllis, lilies, and gladiolus can be seen a long way off.

An attentive observer cannot fail to be struck with the amount of influence exercised upon the spirits of man by the mere colouring of the scenery in which he finds himself.

In September, 1866, I was travelling for weeks together through the blackened and desolate scenery of Zululand, and all of us, natives and Europeans alike, were discontented and melancholy, but no sooner had the vivifying rain smitten the thirsty soil as with an enchanter's wand and converted it into a smiling flower-garden, than my black Kaffir servants resumed their ordinary cheerful tone, and the humour of the educated members of our party became perceptibly brighter.

One of the finest amongst many beautiful flowers is the *Amaryllis belladonna*, known in Cape Colony as the Natal Lily, with its huge white and lilac-coloured blossoms and slender stems, often rising to a height of three or four feet from the ground. The gladiolus, which is such a favourite with us in Europe, blooms in Natal in October. It flourishes from Cape Colony to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and every swamp, every marsh, is bright with its large white trumpet-like blossoms. Aloes, on the other hand, with their succulent and prickly leaves, delight in stony ground, and grow on the hot sides of the rocks, striking their vigorous roots deep down into the clefts and fissures. The best proof of the infinite variety of vegetable forms which can thrive side by side in the open air of the mild climate of Natal, is afforded by the Botanic Garden of D'Urban, founded under the auspices of the British Government in 1849.

With regard to the animal life of the colony, we may add that the two monarchs of the African forests, the lion and the elephant, have long since disappeared; the last having been shot on the Berea Mountains some twenty years ago by two men still living, the mighty hunter John Dun, living on the Tugela River, and the merchant Cato, of D'Urban. The smaller antelopes are met with in all the secluded thickets of the colony, the chief varieties being the *Cephalopus sylvatica*, the *Cephalopus mergens*, the graceful little Steinbok (*Tragulus rupestris*), and the nimble Springbok, which frequents the stony deserts. The noble Eland (*Bosephalus oreas*), the beautiful stag-like Koodoo, with mighty spiral antlers, the Rietbok, and several other large antelopes are also occasionally met with. Leopards haunt the lowlands at the foot of the Drachenberg Hills and the banks of the Buffalo and other rivers, and often make great havoc amongst the flock.

Birds are extremely numerous in South Africa, especially in the coppices of the richly-watered districts of Natal and Zululand; but, strange to say, the Ostrich, that noteworthy native of Africa, is quite a rarity, a few specimens only coming down from the Drachenberg Mountains at occasional intervals. There are several varieties of vultures, and three kinds of the so-called "Pau" (*Otis kori*), of which I have shot specimens weighing thirty-

five pounds. But amongst the most beautiful of the feathered fowl of these districts are the red Weaver birds, the Paradise Widow birds, the red and blue varieties of the Lory bird—pretty little creatures of the size of wood pigeons, with rich glossy plumage and crests; the common Guinea hen, several kinds of partridge, the variegated Sand-snipe—called the "Painted snipe" by the colonists—several varieties of humming birds, wild doves, etc. The secluded lakes and pools of the inland districts are the homes of numerous water birds, such as ducks, geese, etc.

The insects of South Africa, though scarcely equal in brilliancy of colour and diversity of form to those of the districts on the Bay of Bengal, are yet worthy of careful study. The Mantidæ and Phasmidæ, or leaf insects, are especially remarkable, on account of their weird, spectral-like appearance. A very fine entomological collection, belonging to the German naturalist Guenzius, may be seen in Pine Town.

The Termites, or white ants, are the curse of every part of Africa, for they run their galleries unperceived into the wood-work of houses, furniture, ships, and even cart-wheels. Their conical nests, provided with countless cells, are familiar objects of the scenery of the south-east of Africa. But the greatest insect-pest of Natal is the bug known as the "Tick," from which no horse or ox escapes.

It is scarcely bigger than the head of a pin when it first bores its way into the skin of its victim, but it goes on sucking blood till it swells to the size of a large pea. Oxen have been known to have their ears half eaten away, and to have become blinded by these terrible creatures. Even horses in well-protected stables require constant watching to keep them free from "tick," and human beings, especially children, are sometimes attacked.

Snakes, most of them poisonous, are very numerous in the colony, and the only wonder is that so few people are bitten by them. A green and black variety of the cobra, known as the Mhamba amongst the colonists, which often attains a length of eight feet, is the most powerful and dangerous. Riders, who have suddenly surprised a Mhamba, have been pursued by it for a whole mile. They are, strictly speaking, night snakes, but, for all that, they often come out of their holes in the rainy season, and warm themselves on the grass in the few hours of sunshine. The puff-adders are scarcely less poisonous and far more numerous, but they are not so much dreaded, as they are a great deal easier to kill. When I was travelling in the Matebele district, Sililo, one of my companions, captured a puff-adder, which was hung up by the head and held firmly. I pointed a little stick of the size of a lucifer match, dipped the end in tobacco juice, and stabbed the snake

with it. The poor creature died in about eighty seconds, in terrible convulsions. Puff-adders are fond of settling near human habitations, especially such as are infested with rats or mice. I met with them in my last journey in Africa, from Natal to the Zambesi. Another variety of cobra, with brown and black rings, is found in the Matebele land. Two kinds of the gigantic but harmless python, or rock snake, are common in Natal. Near the Umchlali River they are quite domesticated, and are allowed to lie undisturbed in the hollows of the fields. They serve the same purposes as our household cats, and keep down the rats and mice, which are very destructive in sugar plantations.

The following figures, from the English army list, will be the best proof we can give of the excellent sanitary condition of Natal. Of the troops in Sierra Leone 480 per thousand die per annum; 121 in Jamaica; 78 in the West Indies; 48 in Madras; 28 in Bermuda; 25 in St. Helena; 16 in Malta and Canada; and 13 in the Cape Colony, of which nine only die in the eastern districts, including Natal. Indeed, in the Kaffir war of 1835, not one of the officers or men was invalided.

Take it for all in all, then, we have a land with many advantages, but, like everything else under the sun, Natal has its drawbacks. We have already spoken of the termites, the poisonous

snakes, and "ticks;" but in addition to these evils we must mention the periodical droughts, most frequent in the Boer Republic, which cause the loss of whole herds of cattle, the occasional frosts which injure the tropical products, the cattle diseases, and the swarms of locusts.

The chief Kaffir races living round Natal are; on the south: the Amaxosas and the Amatimbus, now under British rule; on the south-west: the Basutos, under Moschesh, the famous "Old Man of the Mountains," with whom the Boers have waged long wars; and on the north: the Amazulus, the most important, warlike, and intelligent race of South Africa, who, but for the arrival of Europeans, would probably have reduced the whole of South Africa to subjection, from the Cape to the Zambesi.

But it is now time to return to Port Natal, and give an account of my arrangements for the journey into the interior.

CHAPTER III.

FROM PORT NATAL TO POTCHEFSTROM.

Preparations for life in the desert—African draught oxen, and the disease to which they are subject—The start—Baines again—The Umgeni Waterfall—A stormy night—The Tugela or Buffalo River—Detention in Sandspruit—Mynheer Kryger—Through the Beenan's Pass—First sight of the plains—Wild animals—Passage of the Vaal River—Arrival in Potchefstrom.

SCARCELY were the preliminary and necessary arrangements made after landing at Port Natal, before I had to provide myself with the wretched—but to travellers in Africa indispensable—ox-cart, which my friend Baines, the traveller, says everybody abuses but nobody can improve. An African ox-cart is a clumsy, lumbering machine, which gets over the ground very slowly, and is constructed in a solid, massive style, such as shall enable it to jolt over the rough roads of the wilderness without injury. If we were talking about a ship, we might characterise it as an "ironclad."

I have always thought that there is a decided resemblance between the African ox-cart and its inventor, the Dutch boer, both being burly, massive, and inelegant, but tough and reliable.

No one who is unfamiliar with any but European streets and country roads, and even the very worst of them, can form any idea of the appearance an African "field" is capable of presenting, or can realise the condition of the mountain and river passes over or through which the ox-cart can make its way, thanks to its invulnerable constitution. The axles of the wheels are from eighteen to twenty-four inches thick, and are made of the best and toughest wood procurable. They are joined with heavy iron bolts, which are furnished at either end with massive screws. The cart itself is covered in with a double awning made of strong canvas, in the arrangement of which a good deal of skill is displayed. The inside of this awning is smeared with green or grey oil colours, and affords a perfect protection alike from rain, dews, and the cold winds of the high table-lands. This wonderful construction forms the dry and well-sheltered bed of the traveller through all his wanderings. It is true it rolls about like a ship when in motion, but one soon gets used to that.

Along both sides of the interior of the cart hang leather or canvas bags, filled with innumerable articles which may be wanted at any moment on the journey, such as ammunition, field-glasses, books, tobacco, pipes, toilette necessaries, flasks, medicines, remedies for snake bites, ship's biscuits, etc., etc.

The clumsy but necessary boer-cart is the ship of the Karroos or table-lands of South Africa; and although the best way to navigate it is not yet taught even in the most advanced naval schools of Germany, every sensible traveller will do all in his power to keep his "vessel" in good condition, for on it depends his very existence in the vast solitudes of the wilderness. In front is a wide box-like seat, generally painted green, on which sits the coachman or driver in solitary grandeur, his long whip in his hand and his short pipe in his mouth. In the present instance I had two carts, one driven by the bastard Hottentot "Jack," the other by "Philips." As both speak a little English they consider themselves quite aristocratic, take their meals alone, make the Kaffir servants wait upon them, and expect to be addressed as "Mr. Bokkis" and "Mr. Philips." Like all men with a drop of Hottentot blood in their veins, they are first-rate oxen drivers, but incorrigibly careless. They have a decidedly good opinion of themselves, and a thorough relish for gin and whisky.

In a timber-work construction at the back of the cart rests a cask capable of holding about eight or ten gallons of water, which is, however, only filled when the nature of the country about to be traversed renders a supply absolutely necessary. Two wooden boxes are hung along the outer sides of the cart, which, as well as the coach-box already

noticed, contain harness, yokes for the oxen, straps, tools for repairing accidents to the cart, axes, knives, hatchets, etc.

I bought two new and well-finished ox-carts in D'Urban of the maker, Milne by name, for which I paid 210*l*. They were in every respect suitable for the requirements of my long journey, which would probably extend over some one thousand eight hundred miles.

That matter settled, I had to see about equipments and provisions, which included a vast number of items, such as, amongst the equipments, articles of clothing, weapons, powder and shot, cartridges, matches, pots and kettles, plates, spoons, knives, forks, astronomical instruments, acids for Hübner to test minerals and metals, articles for trading with the natives, such as coloured calicoes, glass beads, iron and brass rings, etc. ; and amongst the provisions, coffee, sugar, flour, vinegar, oil, Liebig's extract of beef, which cannot be too highly recommended, preserved fruit and vegetables, a large bag of salt, English pickles, cayenne and black pepper, sauces, strychnine to poison beasts of prey, especially hyenas, which creep into the camp at night, and Cape wine, gin, brandy, etc., etc.

The next thing to be done was to buy the team of oxen, certainly the most difficult part of the whole equipment.

In 1855 the cattle of the Cape Colony were

visited with the terrible disease of pneumonia, known amongst the colonists by the name of "lung-sickness," which spread rapidly over the country like a desolating plague, destroying thousands and thousands of oxen. The previous experience of the colonists, extending over many years, had appeared to establish as a fact that only about four animals per cent. would fall victims to this complaint. But in Zululand so many oxen died, that there was not one left for the old king, Panda, to kill. On the other hand, buffaloes swarmed in the country to such an extent at that time, that the redoubtable John Dun was named hunter to his majesty, and in about three months he and his Kaffir servants shot over eight hundred on the banks of the Umvolosi and Umchlatu. Dun elected to receive payment in lands and privileges; and that was how he came by his fine farm of Inthuensi.

Since that time pneumonia has never entirely disappeared from the country, but the amount of mischief done by it varies every year. The colonists have discovered a peculiar mode of saving healthy cattle from taking it. When an animal has died of it, a piece of the diseased lung is cut away, and a woollen thread is drawn backwards and forwards through it till it is saturated with the morbid matter. A small gash is then made with a sharp knife in the skin of the tail of a healthy animal, into which the matter is introduced. If

the operation takes effect, violent inflammation sets in a few days afterwards, which often causes the loss of part of the tail; but the animal is inoculated, and it is asserted that from thirty to thirty-five per cent. of the oxen so treated are free from lung-sickness for a period of from four to six years. However that may be, I can bear witness from my own experience that though fourteen of my oxen were inoculated from one and the same lung, five were not affected at all by the operation, eight only slightly, whilst one was in a dreadful state from the inflammation which ensued. The Dutch boers, whose practical experience renders their opinion worthy of respect, say that it is best to make the oxen work hard whilst the inflammation lasts, instead of letting them rest.

The existence of the lung-sickness is generally not discovered until it has made considerable progress, when the victim loses its appetite, and no remedies are of any avail. On my journey apparently healthy animals were slaughtered for the use of my followers, and when the carcases were divided, the lungs were found to be already much diseased.

At last, after long hesitation, I made my choice of two teams of fourteen oxen each, and three reserve animals, and on the 8th of March, 1869, on a beautiful afternoon, Hübner and I started for Pietermaritzburg, accompanied by eleven Kaffirs and our English servant Edwards, and taking with

us, in addition to our two carts and their teams, five saddle horses and six dogs. Everything was now ready for our wearisome struggle with the wilderness; from each cart hung the German tricolor flag, the emblem of our native land, the loud cries of the drivers rang through the air, the whips cracked, the dogs barked, clouds of dust whirled above our heads, we sprang into our saddles, we were off! Farewell D'Urban, once more farewell; it will be long before we see thee or the beautiful blue sea again!

On leaving D'Urban we rode over a sandy tract between dense jungle, and then gradually ascending, reached firmer ground at the foot of the Berea Mountains, arriving after a slow march at the village of Pine Town, named after a former governor. A reddish-brown road winds down to this secluded spot from the green sides of the mountain, and looking eastward before we descend it, we catch a distant glimpse of the ocean, with the mouth of the foaming Umgeni River and the lighthouse on the promontory; whilst before us on the west lie the scattered houses of Pine Town, interspersed with orange and oleander trees, and in many cases surrounded with the Australian gum-trees (Eucalyptus), which have lately become so characteristic a feature of the scenery of Natal and the Transvaal Republic. At a little distance from Pine Town is a flourishing German settlement

called New Germany, founded in 1848 by Mr. Bergtheil, who brought a small party of emigrants out with him. Pastor Passelt, a German Protestant clergyman, is now in charge of this little congregation; and on my return journey in 1870, after my long march, I heard him deliver a thanksgiving sermon for the victories won on French soil over our hereditary foe. The hymns, sung to the accompaniment of the organ played by the clerk, were very effective; and the sight of this primitive and miniature German picture set down in the interior of Africa awoke all my dormant patriotism.

New Germany supplies D'Urban with the greater part of its vegetables, which are sent down fresh cut in carts every morning under the escort of a Kaffir boy, with a long whip. Sometimes, however, a fair-haired, blue-eyed German girl plays the part of driver, who will sing you a song of the Rhine and chatter away in German, though she has never seen her parents' native land. Pine Town and New Germany together have a population of about 500 or 600. They are surrounded by open, undulating districts, dotted with cheerful farmhouses and small sugar and coffee plantations. Oranges and pine-apples ripen in the gardens. We found excellent board and lodging in Murray's Hotel, which is surrounded by a well-kept garden, displaying to perfection all the beauties of the

luxuriant vegetation of this favoured zone. I ordered my men to unharness the oxen in some suitable place, to cook their own suppers, and make arrangements for the night. Of course everything was very slowly and clumsily done at first, but on the march everybody soon learns to do his business quickly and well, for the simple reason that it promotes his own comfort, and in a very few days a marked improvement was noticeable in this respect. Hübner and I ordered our own supper in the verandah of the hotel, and revelled in the wide and magnificent view spread out before us, which soon became bathed in the brilliant hues of the evening light. I must not forget to mention the German naturalist and entomologist Guenzius, living in Pine Town, who is entirely devoted to his collections and investigations, and often shuts himself up from all society for months together. As I was very anxious to see him, I called upon him and was admitted. His house is a modest-looking place enough, with the customary verandah running all round it, and so few windows that the rooms must often be very badly lighted. The garden was a regular wilderness—roses, aloes, and other plants growing together, and here and there forming a positive jungle. But that was nothing to the condition of the inside of the house. Cases full of insects, prepared bats' skins, cast serpents' skins, collections of butterflies, a young living

python in a box, birds' skins, chemicals, bedding, cooking utensils, cups, knives, water bottles, chairs, all were mixed up in chaotic confusion. The solitary owner of this strange dwelling-place looked for all the world like a hermit such as we often see on the stage—a tall, emaciated figure, a face bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun, marked, thoughtful features with a somewhat melancholy expression, and hair and beard already bleached, altogether a remarkable looking man. I noticed something of the cautious reserve in his manner peculiar to gifted men who have lived too much apart from society, but for all that we soon got into a pretty flowing conversation, and I learnt that my host often made excursions by night to enrich his collections, accompanied by a troop of Kaffir boys trained for the purpose, just as a hunter in Europe finds the scent with the aid of his pointers.

From his long residence in the country, and constant experience, he has learnt to know nearly every bird, beast, beetle, butterfly, snake, and bat of the surrounding districts; and as he is equally familiar with their haunts and habits, he has no difficulty in obtaining specimens. The following was his mode of catching bats: openings were made in the thatched roof of the house, near to which were hung lines reaching down to the floor. The windows were also left open all night, and at

daybreak numerous bats, which could easily be captured, would be found clinging to these lines, especially just under the shadow of the roof. The day I was there several big ones had already flown in. My new acquaintance spoke of his native land with great feeling, but seemed to think that he had altered his mode of life too much, and grown too old, ever to hope to see it again. After I had persuaded him to lay the foundation of a collection of beetles for me, for which I paid a small sum in advance, we parted the best of friends.

Early the next morning coffee was brought to us, and in the first grey dawn the teams were in motion. The cries of the birds rang out like silvery bells from the bushes, the flowers sparkled with dewdrops, and filled the air with their delicate perfumes, and our horses had already crossed the western heights before the sun appeared above the eastern horizon like a flaming shield of light.

Although many baggage drivers would accomplish the journey between D'Urban and Pietermaritzburg in three days, I was anxious to avoid hurry at the outset of my journey, so we marched slowly and did not arrive at the capital until the evening of the fourth day. The carts made their way to the large market-place, where, in accordance with the custom of the country, tents were erected, and my caravans set up their encampment.

Two days later, who should appear but our fellow passenger on the unlucky *Asia*, Mr. Thomas Baines, accompanied by several Englishmen, on their way to subject the gold-yielding quartz beds of the Tati River to a more searching examination. Their expedition consisted of two ox-carts and teams as well as ours, and this increase in our numbers added much to the cheerfulness and comfort of our camp life. We now learnt that the *Asia* had again been near sinking in the Bay of Biscay, but that when all hope seemed gone, it had been saved as by a miracle by a sudden calm, and had at last reached Madeira and finally Cape Town, five days after the *Celt*, which had left England ten days later.

The situation of Pietermaritzburg is extremely picturesque, built as it is on the River Umsindusi, in the midst of a far-stretching undulating plain, shut in on almost every side by lofty hills, and with the grey masses of the mighty Table Mountain visible in the distance. No traveller is likely to forget a visit however short to this beautiful spot, so charming are the views to be obtained from it, especially when they are bathed in the glories of a tropical sunset. It is indeed an enchanting moment when the orb of day, just sinking beneath the horizon, has flooded the sky from it to the zenith with brilliant colours, which are reflected in marvellous tints on river and sward, hill and rock, bringing into sharp and

startling prominence every slight irregularity of the hills, and altogether misleading a stranger, unfamiliar with the deceptive effects of light and shade in these districts, as to the relative heights and distances of the mountains, etc. The "county" of Pietermaritzburg contains an area of two million English acres; the scenery is undulating and but slightly wooded. The climate is splendid, and the whole district is extremely well watered. The farmers raise large herds of oxen, horses, and sheep; and the fields yield fine crops of corn, maize, "durra" or millet, potatoes, beans, and other vegetables. Vines flourish, although no wine is made; and figs, quinces, apricots, and peaches are plentiful. In 1868 there were 11,000 inhabitants, including whites, Kaffirs, and Indian coolies. On a little height to the south-west of the town stands the fort, which was garrisoned at the time of my visit by an English infantry regiment of the line and some artillerymen. Like all the towns of this country, Pietermaritzburg has wide streets, which are kept cool by little streams of fresh water running through them. The business of the place is an exchange traffic, the commodities from the interior, such as skins, horn, ostrich feathers and ivory, being bartered for oats, barley, butter, cheese, preserved fruits, and other products of the farm and dairy. Many of the buildings of the town are quite elegant structures, and the shops contain

all the articles necessary or considered necessary to civilised Europeans. Riding through the streets of an evening, the music of pianos, flutes, and violins are heard on all sides, so that it is difficult to realise oneself to be in South-east Africa, in the near neighbourhood of the Zulus and Basutos.

Pietermaritzburg has been for some years connected with D'Urban by electric telegraph, the strange properties of which are looked upon by the simple Kaffirs as the results of magic, to which they ascribe everything they cannot understand.

Although the market-place, shaded by syringa trees, is the best place for studying the characteristic life of the country, we must not forget to mention that pride of all good citizens, the Park, which has been laid out in excellent taste, and at great expense, on the green banks of the Umsindusi River. Large grass plots, dotted here and there with clumps of trees and well-kept beds stocked with the almost infinite variety of flowers native to this exquisite climate, alternate in a most charming manner with shady shrubberies and winding paths. The horticulturist can indeed accomplish grand results in latitudes where the bamboo from India, Mexican aloes, Strelitzia augusta, orange-figs, oleanders, and pomegranates flourish in the open air side by side with the stately coniferous trees of Australia and New Zealand. The park of Pietermaritzburg is two

and a half miles in circumference; it is intersected by good macadamized riding and carriage roads, and the director's lodge, the pleasure houses, etc., are solid and tasty structures.

On Wednesday and Saturday afternoon the military band performs in the park, and all the residents of the town with the slightest pretence to gentility—ladies and gentlemen alike—don their best clothes and appear on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, to lounge about listening to the music, gossiping with their acquaintances, criticising each other's appearance, and so forth, only returning home when the sound of the grand national air of "God save the Queen" warns them that the time for loitering is over. The music of this familiar melody affected me deeply, for I had heard it on board British men-of-war, on the beach of the idyllic South Sea Islands, in England, on the coasts of Chili, in Singapore, in the dreamy shades of an old Buddhist temple in Rangoon, and now I heard it again upon African soil. I have noticed that the English, from noblemen to the humblest workmen, are all intensely loyal, no matter how fanatical their patriotism, the result probably, in a great measure, of the assured political tranquillity of their native land.

Pietermaritzburg has a club and several first-rate hotels, amongst which we can specially recommend the Crown Hotel, belonging to

Mrs. Watson. Of the public buildings, the new court-house, not quite completed in 1869, in the purest Italian style, is one of the largest. When I saw it, 3000*l.* had already been spent on it: hot debates had ensued in the Colonial Parliament, and the Opposition had succeeded in obtaining a temporary suspension of the works. So there it stood, empty, deserted, and useless, whilst the noise of the constant traffic in the streets of Pietermaritzburg rolled by unheeded. When the sun nears the zenith in these latitudes, its rays begin to become oppressively hot, and a perceptible lull takes place in business. At this hour, as regularly as the night watch marches down the streets of my native town at 10 P.M., three donkeys saunter to the new court-house and take an undisturbed siesta in the cool shade of the portico. There they stand for hours together in solemn meditative attitudes, only betraying that they are still alive by an occasional convulsive twitching of their ears. They are doubtless imbued beforehand with the spirit of that legal majesty which shall one day be here enthroned; and, looking at them, we are involuntarily reminded of the worshippers of Gaudama, who sit for days together in the sacred shades of the pagoda, and ponder over all things created in contemplative silence. Truth to tell, I became possessed with a notion that the bodies of the donkeys must be animated with the souls of

departed Buddhist priests, for how else could ordinary asses have hit upon the very coolest, quietest, and shadiest place in all Pietermaritzburg for their afternoon nap?

However that may be, ye will indeed be fortunate, O inhabitants of Pietermaritzburg, if your intellectual heroes, when the day of their creative activity arrives, display but half the talent of these three grey-beards in the choice of their resting-place! Thy future prosperity can never then be otherwise than well assured, and, even if wags do assert that ye have paid 3000*l.* for an ass's stall, ye may congratulate yourselves on having done a good stroke of business thereby.

In addition to the new court-house, the town possesses several churches, school-buildings, post-offices, banks, telegraph-stations, and a prison; all buildings distinguished rather for their size and practical simplicity, than for any superiority to the private residences in beauty of appearance.

On our arrival it was, at first, our intention to remain encamped in the market-place, according to the custom of the country; but it was necessary to test our instruments once more, and I was anxious, at the same time, to determine the latitude, longitude, variation of the magnetic needle, and height above the sea-level of Pietermaritzburg. This I found it impossible to do in our public camp, so over-run was it from morning to night

with inquisitive visitors, who plied us with hundreds of questions, and offered us endless officious pieces of advice. We therefore removed for a short time to the Crown Hotel, and made our observations undisturbed in Mrs. Watson's quiet secluded garden. Every morning at "coffee-time," and every evening at "tea-time," however, we returned to our camp, which presented a varied and characteristic picture of South African life.

According to the laws of the town, every cart arriving from the country can unload, and its owners encamp, in the market-place, on the payment of a very small fee. There are free pasture-lands outside the town for the draught oxen, which only remain in the camp during the night, and as soon as the dew is off the grass in the morning are driven away by the so-called "fore-loper," or "fore-runner," the Kaffir boy who walks in front of the team of oxen when they are on the march, and guides them with a thong, and whose business it is to look after their pasturage at all times. He is under the immediate control of the coachman, or "driver," as he is always called in the country, who has to see that the work is done, and, as the reader will discover in the course of my narrative, has his hands full enough with his own special duties.

The following is the daily routine in an encampment in the market-place:—Roused from sleep by

the shrill crowing of hundreds of cocks, we find the Kaffir servants already on the alert, and the crackling of wood announces that the fires are alight. Our toilette is quickly accomplished; we take our coffee; a skilful driver collects the oxen and horses, which march off by degrees in long files. Now ensues an animated scene. The relations of the pilgrims here assembled—men, women, and children—pour into the camp; cooking is going on at all the fires; the Kaffir servants set the place in order, the bed-clothes are rolled up and stowed away, and by 8 o'clock all is ready for beginning the day's work. The waggons discharge their contents; the wares brought from the interior are sold; the ringing of a bell, or the shrill cry of an auctioneer, announces that the sale of a horse or an ox is going on. The shops all round the market-place are open too; everywhere business is vigorously carried on, as in all warm countries, in spite of the earliness of the hour.

Although everything is conducted in a thoroughly European style in Pietermaritzburg, one is often suddenly and vividly reminded of the close neighbourhood of the African desert, by the characteristic scenes witnessed in the midst of the busy life of the streets Here, for instance, comes a cart with its torn or patched awning, bearing witness that it is returning home from a long hunting expedition in the interior. It is escorted by its owners,

weather-beaten fellows, with rifles over their shoulders and bunches of long white ostrich feathers in their broad-brimmed hats, and followed by some half-dozen lean, long-legged greyhounds. I saw one cart on its way home, after such an expedition, with a lion about five months old, which had been taken young and tamed, in a clumsy cage at the back; whilst from the front, near the driver's seat, a young hartebeest antelope, or kaama, looked wonderingly out with its large intelligent eyes upon the confusion in the streets. Side by side with the reserve oxen, horses, and goats of the caravans, marched several gnus and a young Cape buffalo. There is an agency in Pietermaritzburg where such wild animals are bought and shipped to Europe; and at the time of my visit part of the stables of the Crown Hotel had been hired to accommodate six large elands (*Boscephalus oreas*). When caught young, these beautiful gigantic antelopes become quite tame, and those in question were as quiet and docile as hunters. It was quite different with the quaggas or zebras housed near them, which never quite lose their native wildness and mischievous slyness.

In the evening, when the day's work is over, and the draught oxen are resting in two long double rows in front of the shafts of the waggon, peacefully chewing the cud, and supper has been cleared away, and the night-fires are blazing,

visits are made from tent to tent, or company is received at home. In the wandering Bedouin life led by many of these people they pick up information about every part of the country, and from them many practical suggestions may be obtained, which will be of great service in our further journey. In this world everything must be learnt, even how to travel in an ox-cart! Amongst the pilgrims from the interior, we often meet with old African elephant hunters; there is, indeed, but one chase which the genuine Nimrod of these parts considers worthy of the name, and that is the chase of elephants. When they talk of shooting bulls, it is understood that they mean elephants; all other animals are to them "small fry," and they sometimes speak of lions and panthers as vermin. But I need not say any more about the hunters now, as we shall become more intimate with them presently when we meet them in the field.

We left Pietermaritzburg on the 17th of March, 1869, parting with regret from our many friends there, especially Colonel Erskine, who had been brought up in Germany, and retained an affectionate feeling for our native land. Our waggons were set in motion, and we reached the Falls of the Umgeni River, near Howick House, the next day. Thomas Baines and his party had started two days previously.

Before we left Pietermaritzburg the news of the death of one of my oxen was brought to me, and Ridgway, the man who had bought the teams, did not tell me the cause of this loss, although he knew it well enough. It was not until afterwards that I learnt that the animal had died of the "lung-sickness." As I subsequently found that this same Ridgway was by no means to be depended on, I dismissed him when I reached Colenso, on the Tugela River.

On the 28th of March a good deal of rain fell, and I determined to remain near the Falls, that I might observe them more closely.

The Umgeni stream, though not here more than sixty to eighty feet wide, is subject, like all the rivers of this country, to sudden floods. At such times it rushes boisterously along in huge masses of water, flinging itself in a single bound, and with a noise like thunder, over a rocky bastion three hundred and thirty feet high into the ravine beneath, shut in by a range of noble green hills, the feet of which are clothed with thick bushes. The road from Pietermaritzburg cuts across the stream about a hundred yards above the Falls. There is no bridge, so that travellers have to wade through the water. When the river rises to a certain height, the owner of Howick House Hotel, who can see it from his windows, hangs out a red flag as a warning, and the passage is closed to

teams for a time. A good many accidents have unfortunately already happened in consequence of rash disregard of this signal. A few weeks before our arrival, an unhappy mother and two children were flung over the precipice into the abyss beneath, and doubtless dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks before they reached the bottom. Not a trace has ever yet been discovered of any of those who have been drawn down into that awful whirlpool.

On my return journey I arrived at this spot on a rainy day, and the owner told me he was going to put up the warning signal in about an hour, so that if I wished to effect the passage I must be quick about it. As I had received letters by the way which made it desirable that I should be in Pietermaritzburg that evening, we pressed forward at once. The carts went over with the greatest ease, because my "fore-runner," a Natal-Zulu Kaffir, who was thoroughly accustomed to fording such streams, took care to drag the oxen vigorously up the stream, but the dogs, three reserve oxen and their driver, a Basuto Kaffir from the interior, did not manage so cleverly. Perhaps frightened at the sight of the water rushing past him so rapidly, the boy began to give way to it and go downwards. Standing on the left bank, I saw his danger in an instant, and pointing in the other direction, I shouted to him in a voice of

thunder to go up the stream. He still hesitated, and in my despair I pointed my loaded gun at him. That quickened his movements, but it was with great trouble that he reached the other side, and that only by clutching with both hands at the handle of the whip which the first driver held out to him. Left to themselves, the oxen and dogs were dragged down the stream in a dangerous manner, and it took them four minutes of the most desperate exertion to swim through the narrow pass of sixty feet. It was a significant fact that they landed below the abandoned stone pier, which rises from a little island in the middle of the stream.

The people of Pietermaritzburg often make excursions to the Karkloof Falls, a few miles to the north of their town, or to those of the Umsindusi and Umgeni rivers; but in my opinion the palm of beauty must be awarded to the last-named and their picturesque surroundings.

When hunting in Zululand I once met an Englishman who assured me that it was all the same to him whether a neighbourhood was beautiful or the reverse. I said nothing, but I mentally thanked God that I was not like him!

Later I saw that giant amongst the waterfalls of the earth, the Mosiatunya (called Sipôma by the Betjuans or Bechuanas), the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. The difference in width of front between

the Umgeni Falls and those of the Zambesi may be estimated as one to eighty-four.

Our first view of the Umgeni Falls was from above. and standing on a projecting slab of rock, we watched the surging waters lashed into silvery foam as they sped on their headlong course; then climbing down the steep rocks with considerable difficulty, we gained an open sandy spot on the banks of the river not far from the Falls. If the scene from above had appeared beautiful and striking, how much more grand and imposing did it seem from below! Looking down into the thundering whirlpool of the falling deluge of water, a kind of giddiness, which it is impossible to shake off, confuses the senses, but it is quite different when we gaze at it from below. Then a consciousness comes over us of the impotence, in spite of its stupendous force, of the water which is brawling and blustering about us. In mad delight the young stream, so free, so unfettered, flings its ever fresh foam-kisses on to the bare, rigid, irresponsive rocks, whilst the wind, as if it too would make love to them, dashes playfully in between them and their wooer, tossing the silvery veil of spray hither and thither, so that it is only at intervals that a view of the whole waterfall can be obtained. At such moments our impressions fly away on the wings of the storm, and we can no longer find fitting language in which to clothe our rapidly flitting visions.

The painter Baines was certainly right when he said, that those who would carry away the best impression of a waterfall should look at it from below.

On the 19th of March we resumed our journey, which now led us through beautiful hilly scenery; but our progress was much hindered by storms, which harassed us the more, as the road, though a gradual, was a continuous ascent. Moreover, the oxen ought not to be made to work long in the rain, as their wooden yokes, when wet, make their necks sore.

On the 21st of March the masses of the Drachenberg Mountains, veiled in blue mist, rose before us on the west, whilst on the east we caught sight of the Karkloof Hills, clothed by magnificent forests. An Englishman, named Archibald, has taken up his abode in this beautiful neighbourhood, getting his living by breeding cattle and hewing timber, for which he finds an excellent market in D'Urban, Pietermaritzburg, and Potchefstrom. The temperature at 10 o'clock A.M. was ten degrees Réaumur. A soft north-west breeze played amongst the emerald-green foliage of the trees. The road was enlivened by a constant succession of parties coming from the interior, and troops of horses and oxen browsed peacefully about us, giving life and animation to the grassy hill slopes.

In spite of daily showers of rain, our march pro-

ceeded; but on the 23rd, when, owing to the dampness of the ground, we had encamped upon a grassy plain without a tree or shrub upon it, we were overtaken by a gale of wind, accompanied by heavy and bitter cold rain. The fires, which had been lit under great difficulties, owing to scarcity of wood, were soon extinguished, and I at once set to work, with the aid of my Kaffirs, to erect temporary shelters with the aid of the tents, canvas mats, everything we could lay hands on, in short. In one tent we placed the horses; in another, Kaffirs, sheep, goats, and dogs were huddled together as best they could; whilst some of the men crept under the carts, sheltering themselves in hammocks hung beneath them. The poor oxen, however, were left entirely unprotected, exposed to all the fury of the wind and rain.

Under these circumstances, Hübner and I shared the dry shelter of the carts with one Kaffir each, thus leaving more room to the others. My companion was my former servant, Machlapean, who had been with me on my expedition to Zululand in 1866, and was especially useful, as he could speak English fluently and correctly. In the excitement of the moment I was foolish enough to lie down in my trousers, which were wet through with the rain, a piece of thoughtlessness for which I had to do penance soon enough; at the time, however, I found myself perfectly comfortable beneath my

woollen wrapper, and now, whilst the storm raged and the rain poured down without, the following conversation took place amongst the Kaffirs in their tent:

"We Kaffirs certainly are stupid fellows, always to let ourselves be talked over by the whites. Wherever the foreigner wanders, we must needs march behind; we are like apes, like injis (dogs), who follow their master directly he leaves the court. If we had stayed at home, might we not now be sitting chattering by the fire in the kraal dry and warm? The women would bring us mabele (Kaffir grain), meat, and amasi (sour milk); but here its about as dry as the middle of a river, and 'ki nai inchlala' (I am hungry)."

Now Machlapean, lying beside me, looked upon all this as treason to his master, and he replied with all the vehemence natural to Kaffir eloquence:

"Now just listen to me, you fellows down there. You think yourselves men and warriors (majachas), and you've no more spirit than the little boys of my native Zululand. Have you forgotten how you told your wives that you meant to go with the white man, to eat his meat, to earn his money, and to see and observe everything which happened on the journey, so as to talk about it for a whole year afterwards? Didn't you sing and dance and roar like imbubes (lions) for two days beforehand? and now you can only howl like impisis (hyenas).

You're miserable fellows; your mothers didn't give you milk enough!"

Then arose a storm of opposition, and everybody agreed that as Machlapean was lying warm and dry in the cart with his master, he had no right to have any voice in the matter.

Difficulties of this kind, which a wet and stormy night brings with it, are not, however, without their advantages, for they gradually prepare each member of the party to present a bold front to the more serious hindrances incidental to the wild life in the bush.

Towards daybreak, on the 24th, the storm had spent itself, and the sun rose brightly above the horizon. Coffee was prepared for us, and a liberal meal of maize served out to the Kaffirs. By 10 o'clock all was in motion; a fresh breeze quickly dried the road, and in the afternoon we reached the large Bushman's River, with a solid iron bridge across it. The climate here is most healthy; we were already four thousand feet above the sea level, and a slight frost set in at night, but by 11 o'clock the next morning my Fahrenheit thermometer marked seventy degrees. The entire settlement here consists of no more than six houses. One amongst them caught my attention on account of its size and elegance, so I rode up to it and demanded admittance in a somewhat peremptory manner. The head waiter—at least, so he

appeared to me—with his large bunch of keys in his hand, looked at me with rather a roguish smile, and thought that, as I came on horseback, I was not the right sort of traveller for him; most of his guests were brought to him quite against their will; then I discovered that I was at the door of the prison!

I soon found the real inn, however, where we obtained lodging for the night. A pretty English maid-servant waited on us at table, who had been in Smyrna, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, and now, O good heavens! was set down by the Bushman's River. I believe she would gladly have gone with us into the desert, for she confessed that she thought there was nothing in the world so delightful as travelling about and seeing strange countries, adding with a sigh, "Such a life is so full of change and adventure." It really quite pained me to leave this kindred spirit behind me, but unfortunately the grim earnest of the rough life in the African bush is by no means suited to the fair sex.

On the 25th, our caravan reached the little village of Colenso, on the right bank of the Tugela, where we made the acquaintance of Dr. Schultze, from Berlin, who had lived in Africa for thirty years. It seems to me that natives of Berlin are neither Prussians nor Germans; they are patriotic enough to be both, it is true, but for all that they are

"Berliners," in the first place a nation in themselves, distinguished by a considerable amount of self-reliance, by their practical views of life, and by the fact that they never lose their sense of humour in whatever position they may find themselves.

Dr. Schultze's son-in-law, a Dane of the name of Torgius, formerly a sea-captain, and a very pleasant fellow, keeps a small inn at Colenso, in which we found very good board and lodging, and rested the whole of the next day, as it was Good Friday.

I was very anxious to determine the geographical position of the place. I therefore took observations for the latitude by a meridian altitude of the sun and by several fixed stars, which gave me 28° 43′ 29″ S.; for the longitude by an average of six observations with the chronometer, as near as possible at the prime vertical, which showed 29° 33′ E. The variation of the magnetic needle was 23° 51′ W.

The passage of the Tugela River was effected without difficulty in large flat-bottomed boats, constructed on purpose for the conveyance of carts and oxen. As all the traffic from the east and west meets here, it is a capital point for the traveller to obtain a vivid and characteristic glimpse of African life. The cost of transit for each waggon is about seven and sixpence.

On the 28th we reached Sandspruit, at the foot of the Drachenberg Mountains. A few days

before, I had felt rheumatic pains in the right knee. The temperature was extremely variable, frosty and bitterly cold at night, broiling hot by day. My knee began to swell, and every movement of the cart caused excruciating suffering. I could no longer mount my horse, and walking was quite out of the question. This was the state of things when we drew up in the middle of the day at Mr. Smith's little hotel. I was at my wits' end to know what to be at under the circumstances. On the 3rd of April no improvement had taken place, but I determined that the expedition, equipped at so much trouble and expense, should at all events proceed under Hübner's direction, on condition that it should wait at Potchefstrom until further news was received from me. So the carts started; the few days' rest had done the oxen good, they set off at a brisk pace, the German flag waving from each vehicle, and in about an hour the highest point of the pass was reached. Standing at the window of the little house, I was able, with the aid of a field-glass, to observe every detail. Yet once more I saw the flags floating in the breeze, bringing me as it seemed a last greeting from my native land, and then a slight dip on the right hid the last white awning from my sight.

Before my late companions are now stretched out the apparently boundless plains of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, bathed in

the brilliant beams of the tropical sunshine. They are to press on across them, whilst I must stay behind like a wounded falcon. The owner of the hotel and his wife, who had looked at me rather suspiciously when I was first carried into their house as an invalid, now finding that they had to deal with a respectable member of society, vied with each other in showing me kindness and attention.

My own servant Machlapean waited upon me, and I had kept back my best gun, a few provisions, and several books, which last afforded me some slight distraction in my forlorn condition.

As I did not know how I ought to treat my knee, I merely wrapped it in flannel, keeping it as warm as possible, and then wrote to an English doctor living in Ladysmith, and begged him to pay me a visit. Scarcely had the Kaffir lad started with my letter, when a wandering doctor of the Dulcamara sort arrived, whom I really must describe. As soon as his visitor had dismounted from his horse, Mr Smith the landlord came to my room to ask if I would like to consult him. In a position like mine we grasp at any remedy which presents itself, however doubtful may be its nature, and I therefore summoned Dr. Martin, so he called himself, to my bedside.

Heavy, resounding, measured footsteps announced the approach of a weighty person; the

door opened, and before me stood the great man of medicine.

In spite of my depression, it was as much as I could do to help bursting into a roar of laughter when I first looked at him. Imagine a fellow whose whole appearance and rough uncultivated manners and speech gave the most irrefragable proof that he had studied in the University of Newcastle amongst the coal-heavers, or at Milnwood amongst the hewers of wood, but that he knew as little about the science of medicine as a baboon about spherical trigonometry. Dr. Martin wore a broad-brimmed hat adorned with a dozen large grey, white, and black ostrich feathers; a blue sailor's shirt, a leather belt, in which was stuck a six-barrelled Colt's revolver, leather breeches, and wellingtons reaching up to the knees.

"You are a German," he began, "and in me you find a fellow-countryman." During his long residence in Africa, his language had become a kind of conglomerate of German, English, and Dutch. He was no longer able to keep the three idioms distinct, but mixed them up in his talk in chaotic confusion. He examined my knee, heaved three heavy sighs, making a kind of snorting noise like a young hippopotamus when it is wounded portentously shook his feather-crowned head, observed that the matter was serious, very serious, and the examination was over.

By this time I had become highly suspicious of the fellow, and I therefore put a few questions to him, inquiring, for instance, to what university he had been. He at once replied to St. Petersburg. There he always handed the instruments to the doctors, and had himself put on bandages, prepared plasters, etc., etc., so that he learnt to do all the doctors did, even the most skilful "Yerman" ones—meaning German, I suppose—"They were schmart fellows, those Yerman doctors."

He added with an air of the greatest assurance, "I can cure your knee in three days, but of course all depends on what you mean to pay. I am well-known in Natal and amongst the Boers of the Free State and Transvaal Republic; everybody knows me. I cure everything that comes in my way." I think Goethe must be right when he says, "only trust yourself, and other people will trust you too." At all events, I placed my case provisionally in Dr. Martin's hands, and agreed to pay him twelve dollars down.

He laid on a warm poultice of camomile flowers, wrapped it round with flannel, and most earnestly recommended me to take a stiff glass of grog as hot as I could possibly swallow it every half hour, offering moreover himself to superintend the carrying out of his prescription. Nay, he even shared this internal treatment with me in the most sympathetic manner, taking three doses to my one; so

that when I had safely got through the fourth glass, he had already disposed of a dozen. Soon afterwards an irresistible drowsiness came over me, and I fell asleep, whilst my doctor retired to the adjoining room to enjoy a hearty meal and continue his libations—all at my expense, of course!

It must have been about 8 o'clock in the evening when I was awoke by a confused noise at my door. The next moment Dr. Martin staggered into the room, his face deeply flushed, his eyes staring and unsteady, and a surgical knife in his hand. He gave me the reassuring information that he had come to perform a little operation, just to make a few incisions in my knee. With this end in view he rolled towards my bed, and I, with my revolver, which I always kept under my pillow, ready in my hand, awaited his onslaught, when, fortunately for all parties, Smith and Machlapean came in, and without ceremony whisked my Æsculapius out of the room, forbidding him on any account to enter it again. After some noisy resistance he laid down to rest, and quite early the next morning saddled his horse, disposed of two leather bags containing pills, salves, and medicines for the Boers about his own person, and rode across the neighbouring frontier at full speed, evidently unwilling to meet the doctor from Ladysmith, who would doubtless have had him up at once before the next magistrate for unlicensed practising.

The English doctor, a courteous and cultivated man, arrived in due course, and merely ordered warmth and absolute rest for a time. Eight days later I was able to walk again, and on the 17th April I already felt so well that I engaged a place in a so-called "buck-cart" bound for Potchefstrom and belonging to a Transvaal Boer of the name of Kryger. For this accommodation I had only to pay the modest sum of 1*l.* A "buck-cart" has no awning, as it is intended to carry wools and skins, a cargo of which Mynheer Kryger had just left at Pietermaritzburg. He was now returning with an empty cart, so that we should be able to get over the road very quickly.

On the afternoon of the 17th I packed my own things and Machlapean's small effects in the "buck-cart," but as my grey horse had been left behind for my use, I decided to rest one more night at the hotel and let Kryger go on without me, Machlapean, by his own choice, remaining with me.

Early the next morning my horse was saddled. It had had good times during my illness, and bounded out of its stable snorting and neighing. And now I was once more in the saddle, and after a grateful leave-taking of my kind host and hostess I rode away, Machlapean, in true Zulu fashion, running beside my galloping steed, singing

happily, and keeping pace with me with the greatest ease.

On the right, glittering in the exquisite morning light, stretched the apparently endless range of the Drachenberg Mountains; before us lay the road leading to the Reenan's Pass, winding up in serpentine lines like a yellow ribbon, whilst on the left and behind us we could gaze down upon a sea of green hills and bushes, with streams and brooks glimmering like silver threads in the tender early sunbeams, and the white homesteads of the farmers standing out in bold relief against the dark foliage. It was the land of Natal, idealised by distance, through which we had so lately passed, and to which we soon bade farewell when we reached the narrow rocky pass with a gurgling mountain stream gushing out close by our road on the right. And now we exchanged the scene of our past for that of our coming wanderings, and looked down upon the green and boundless plains of the Orange Free State, the home of the independent Boers, the pasture lands of countless herds of gnus, quaggas, and antelopes, their vast surfaces scarcely broken by so much as a tree or a shrub.

With the passage of the Drachenberg Mountains the first and easiest stage of the journey to the interior is accomplished. Thus far all has been plain sailing; farms are scattered here and there along the entire route, and furnish the camp

kitchen with meat, vegetables, eggs, bread, and butter. If the traveller does not care about sleeping in the carts, he can easily find comfortable lodging in some little inn; and the roads are kept in pretty good condition by the government engineers. But now everything begins to be different; human habitations are often a day's journey from each other; we are thrown more upon our own resources and those of our caravan. Moreover, the inhabitants of this part of the country recognise few things as necessaries; we are gradually obliged to give up one luxury after another, and rigorously to accomplish a certain number of miles per day in order to get the fresh water so indispensable to man and beast.

Once through the pass, the traveller breathes more freely; the wide plains before him seem to be the very embodiment of freedom. The stillness is so infinite, the grandeur so imposing, that the thought arises: thus must the world have looked on the day of creation; in this favoured corner has lingered a little of the primæval peace of that great morning when the earth first saw light.

On the north stretch away the weird looking range of the Nelson Kop Mountains, so aptly likened by my companion Hübner to the Königstein and Lilienstein of Saxon Switzerland, only these are three or four times as big; and on the left rises the striking Rendskop Mountain, visible

for several days, with its steep and rugged battlements, the fit retreat of the Genius of Solitude, which it pleases us to fancy may be looking calmly down from its lofty and inaccessible throne upon the boundless plains under its guardianship, whilst the vultures whirl above its head.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when, after a slow gallop, I caught sight of Mynheer Kryger's three waggons, which had halted by a little stream on the right of the path I was following. I soon joined them, dismounted, unsaddled my horse, rubbed it down, and let it graze. Dinner was being prepared, and Kryger's three sons, the youngest scarcely fourteen years old, were vigorously helping.

These people were Boers of the purest extraction; although their hair was very dark, their eyes were black, and their complexions deeply bronzed by the tropical sun. Can it be possible that the influence of a tropical climate, acting through several generations, may ultimately produce a darker coloured skin, which shall gradually supplant the fair northern complexion?

The costume of the Boers is almost always the same; broad-brimmed hats protecting the eyes from the intense glare of the sun's rays, a short hunting coat with numerous pockets for holding bullets, matches, knives, tobacco, and the never-failing pipe, with jackets and waistcoats mostly of

a very clumsy cut. Their boots, which they of course make themselves, have no heels, so that they can walk as nature intended. Indeed, high heels would be very dangerous on stony ground, and the slightest trip of the foot might have awkward consequences when hunting a rhinoceros or Cape buffalo.

Our open-air meal was soon over; it was followed by a good cup of coffee, though not Mocha; then we smoked a pipe, took a nap in the shade under the carts, setting out again at 4 P.M., and halting for the night at 7 o'clock in the evening. Our supper was simple enough: cold meat, Boer cheese, and of course the indispensable coffee, which refreshes one after a heavy march more quickly than anything else. Fortunately our escort had brought some firewood with him, of which not a scrap could otherwise have been obtained, so that we had no difficulty about our cooking. Caravans on the march are often obliged to collect and burn dry cow-dung, which burns quickly and throws out a good deal of heat; but of course in wet weather this resource fails at once.

As we only met with a few antelopes before we reached the little town of Rüstenberg, which lay in our line of march, we did not do any hunting. The lion has entirely disappeared from this part of the country. Watch-fires at night, to protect men and animals from beasts of prey, were there-

A NIGHT ENCAMPMENT IN THE FOREST.

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fore unnecessary, so that we were able to spare our fuel, which lasted us very well. When the caravan encamps for the night, the oxen and horses are driven close to the carts; but in the desert, where wild animals go forth to seek their prey at sunset, oxen, horses, goats, and sheep come back to the camp of their own accord. The oxen are made fast in long rows in front of the carts (see accompanying illustration), and the horses are tied to strong pegs; old hunters, however, only need one word from their masters to remain quietly by the caravan all night, and one sometimes meets with horses as intelligent and docile as dogs. The animals settled, the waterproof rugs are unrolled, and the traveller lies down under the cart, where he will be best protected from the night dews, and sleeps peacefully, literally on the bosom of mother earth. His dreams may perhaps be disturbed now and then by the neighing of the horses, the barking of the dogs, or the contented grunting of the ruminating oxen; but except for such sounds as these, and the occasional cry of a night bird, all is still. The wind sweeps unchecked over the green sea of grass, and in the blue canopy above twinkle the glorious constellations of the southern hemisphere side by side with many of those familiar to us from childhood in our northern home.

As we gaze up into the shining wheel-work of the heavens, which appears to rise in silent

majesty in the east, to roll onwards over our heads and sink to rest in the west, the spirit-breathings with which such a night is full seem to become more tangible to human senses, and we feel that we are not alone nor forsaken, even in the deepest solitude. Upon me, the sight of our northern stars far away in the south ever works like some magic spell, bringing home once more near to me.

With the earliest dawn all is again in motion; coffee is prepared, and in less than half an hour our day's march has begun. Since we had left the mountain passes we had not met a single traveller, and we seemed to be the only human beings in this vast undulating green ocean. As those on a long sea-voyage gladly hail the sight of every bit of wood floating on the waves, because even such a trifle breaks the dreadful monotony of the scene, so did we notice every butterfly, every locust, every bird which trilled its song above our path, every beetle, especially the remarkable scavenger beetle, probably the sacred scarabæus (*Ateuchus sacer*) of the ancient Egyptians, which walks backwards, and rolls along balls of dung of the size of a billiard ball with its hind feet with indescribable perseverance. If this beetle meets with any stoppage by the way, such as a deep cart rut, and fails after every effort to get his ball over it, he carefully reconnoitres the situation, ascertains the nature of the obstacle, digs a path through it, and proceeds on his way in the

direction originally chosen with an unerring exactitude which is positively marvellous.

Before reaching Harrismith we had to ford a little brook, which we did with scarcely any difficulty, as the water was low; but in the rainy season even such an insignificant stream is often so much swollen that the carts have to be entirely taken to pieces and carried over bit by bit. This will give the reader some idea of the difficulties and loss of time often involved in travelling in countries without roads or bridges.

My experiences have led me to the conclusion that travellers in Africa require not so much courage as boundless patience and an iron constitution. If a river remains swollen long, a large encampment often grows up on its banks. It is an old custom of the country for travellers to help each other to the best of their abilities in the difficulties attending the crossing of streams.

Near the left bank of the brook in question lived a German settler, who kept a small inn, and was ready to give travellers his assistance with their teams for a small gratuity. A small herd of tame gnus were browsing side by side with his oxen, and after I had tempted them to lick the salt I offered them, I could hardly get rid of them again. My worthy fellow-countryman was delighted to hear something about his native land, and at once determined to give us his company for a whole

day's journey. In the gladness of his heart he drank deeply of Cape wine in the evening, and during the night his horse suddenly ran away, so that we had to take the saddle and bridle to Harrismith with us, as their owner was ashamed to carry them back home himself.

We reached Harrismith one Sunday morning, after a march of not quite three days. The town is surrounded by weird looking rocky crags, in which countless vultures have their homes, living sumptuously on the herds of antelopes browsing in their neighbourhood. Harrismith and the surrounding districts are noted in the colony as being especially healthy for horses, the lofty situation rendering the air cold and bracing. In Natal, the Transvaal Republic, and the rest of the Orange Free State, hundreds of horses die of what is known as the "horse-sickness" when the rains begin in October. The first symptom of this destructive disease is a peculiar trembling of the hind legs in walking; then the eyelids swell so much that the cavity beneath the eyebrows is completely filled in, a bad tumour is formed, and death ensues in about twenty-four hours. During the rapid, and with but rare exceptions fatal, progress of the disease the horse perspires violently, its skin being covered with a white foam; it neighs piteously, and runs to the cart, trembling violently, as if it would take shelter there, finally

falling down dead. One may be a great lover of horses at home, and yet have no sort of idea what a fine hunter becomes to a traveller in the desert. If our faithful four-footed friend, to whose speed alone we owe our safety in many an exciting chase, should die suddenly of this fatal plague, none but a sportsman who has himself had an opportunity of witnessing the achievements of his own horse in the field can realise our grief.

There are districts in this part of Africa which are said to be poisonous to horses; and it really would appear to be true, for of every hundred brought into them, not more than five return alive. It is fortunate, however, that there are some few lucky creatures who are proof against the disease. Those who have come safely through two or three rainy seasons are called "salted," or "acclimatised," and fetch a price of from 50*l.* to 60*l.*, whilst ordinary animals are sold for 5*l.* or 6*l.* I have noticed, however, that some horses do recover from the sickness, but they lose much of their fire and spirit, never again to recover it.

I tried in vain to ascertain why, of two districts, the climate, water, and grasses of which appeared to be exactly the same, one should be poisonous, and the other perfectly healthy, for horses. The Zulus and other native races, however, have learnt from experience what pasture-lands to avoid.

The houses of Harrismith are mostly isolated, and

surrounded by gardens full of peach trees, which flourish well, in spite of the coldness of the climate; indeed, they are cultivated wherever it is possible, as they serve for fuel in the total absence of timber. Close to each house is the indispensable "kraal," or enclosure for the oxen, so important in a country where they are the only draught animals, and there are no navigable streams.

The commerce of the place, such as it is, is entirely in the hands of English and Scotch emigrants; the Boers settled here breed oxen, sheep, and horses.

Harrismith was as dull and unsociable on Sunday as any Scotch or English town. When we arrived, a cold wind was driving heavy masses of white cloud along the battlements of the rocks; here and there rose barren rugged crags, and the streets through which we passed were knee-deep in reddish-brown dust. We halted on a bleak piece of pasture-land on the west of the town, unharnessed our animals, lit our fire, and put on our kettle, in preparation for our meal. All the shops were jealously closed, but, for all that, I made an attempt to buy a few things which we needed badly. All I got for my pains was the severe reply from a solemn Scotchman, "We never sell anything on Sunday!" Then I went to the post-office and received a letter from London, from my brother Alfred, with English and German newspapers.

So I hurried back to my camp-fire, and dutifully superintended the preparations for dinner, etc., reserving my treasures for a quiet moment.

My worthy companions, Messrs. Kryger, were meanwhile eagerly engaged in making their Sunday toilettes, which done, they seated themselves on a cart, took out a book, and sang a psalm. Friend Surfside, one of the drivers, did not, however, join in this religious exercise, but sat by the fire opposite to me, smoking a short pipe and gazing into the flames with the apathy of an Indian. In the streets all was hushed; the very oxen in the "kraals" appeared to have caught the prevailing ennui, for they stood huddled together, motionless and melancholy, as if they were perfectly well aware that the seventh day had come round, and there was no hope of their being driven out to pasture before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the earliest. When my Dutch friends had finished their pious hymn, the stillness of the desert again fell on all around, and, but for the occasional tinkling of a little prayer bell, the sighing of the wind, the barking of a dog, or the crowing of a cock, not a sound was heard.

This state of things presently began to affect me unpleasantly, and I found myself wondering whether the Founder of our religion would have given the same kind of welcome to a way-worn traveller in the desert as my Scotch acquaintance

had given me, when fortunately the soup boiled over, and my interference became necessary. I was still devoting my whole attention to our "brew," when I heard a horse's hoofs behind me, and, looking round, I saw a rider approaching. It was a Boer from Potchefstrom, who had left his carts close by, and wished to go on with us in the afternoon. He also proposed joining our meal, and offered, as a contribution to the same, a fowl, some cabbages, and some onions, all of which came in capitally for my soup. Our new guest was a merry, amusing fellow, who seemed to have been a mighty Nimrod in his time, and was looking forward to good sport in the fine hunting districts close by. One soon becomes at ease with people who introduce themselves in this rough-and-ready fashion; our pipes glowed, the soup bubbled, the wine flask circulated freely, and I do believe we were, that day, the only cheerful creatures in all Harrismith.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the joint caravan, now consisting of six carts, resumed its march. The last mountains gradually sank below the eastern horizon, we forded the Eland stream, and, in the evening, entered a vast plain, which was almost horizontal in its unbroken surface, only here and there relieved by an occasional hill, of the form of a truncated cone, rendered conspicuous by its isolation. Such hills serve as landmarks to

the Boers, who know them so wel that they measure distances by them. When we were encamped that night, we saw the first herd of springbok antelopes.

In the earliest grey dawn of the next morning we again started, and at noon we found ourselves in a district swarming, as far as the eye could reach, with antelopes of different kinds and gnus, with here and there a solitary quagga. We left Machlapean to get the food ready, saddled our horses, and rode off to the chase, in which we were so successful that in less than two hours we had brought down five animals, which were at once cut up and suspended along the sides of our cart. The flesh of the antelope, especially of the springbok and blesbok, is very tender, and we ate it broiled and stewed; whilst that of the gnus, which is coarser and tougher, served as the chief ingredient of our soup. The sight of the vast herds of different animals grazing side by side fills the new comer with amazement; but amongst them all none are more beautiful or graceful than the springbok, which sometimes takes such prodigious leaps that it literally seems to fly through the air. The blesbok is a brown antelope with a snow-white forehead, and a long straight nose, which makes it look rather stupid. The hunting districts are unfortunately often full of concealed ant-hills, and the rider gets many a fall in consequence; but,

strange to say, I have never seen any of the wild animals stumble over them.

Two varieties of the remarkable looking gnu are met with in South Africa, the *Catoblepas gorgon* and the *Catoblepas gnu*, which form a kind of transition between the ox and horse. They resemble the horse in the form of their shoulders and haunches and in the possession of a mane, which stands erect like that of a mule or zebra. From the centre of the nose springs a tuft of long stiff upright hairs, whilst the large full eyes are surrounded by white hairs. The name of Wildebeest has been given by the Boers to these creatures, which are, however, perfectly harmless, and even when wounded seldom injure the hunter.

The gnus are extremely inquisitive, and when they are approached suddenly they at once face about, grunt, look inquiringly at the intruder, leap into the air, kick up their heels, and gallop away, often, however, stopping and looking back at their pursuer. It is most amusing to see hundreds of them together leaping and springing madly about as they run off.

Their chief food is a small long-leaved kind of grass, which the Boers call wildebeest grass. It emits an aromatic odour when rubbed between the fingers, and no oxen will graze where it grows.

The colonists say that it re-appears on deserted farms, and entirely supplants the cultivated crops

as soon as ever gnus in any numbers appear in the neighbourhood. When I was in Zululand in 1866, I saw vast plains near Lucia Bay covered as far as the eye could reach with grazing herds of the *Catoblepas gnu*, and on our line of march we observed quite as many of the white-maned sort. To give some idea of their countless numbers, I may add that, on my return home from Potchefstrom to the Drachenberg Mountains at the close of 1870, I met eighteen buck-carts laden with gnu skins; and as each cart carries at least six thousand pounds, and each skin weighs twelve pounds at the most, these eighteen loads represented nine thousand animals; yet there is no sensible diminution in the size of the living herds, in spite of this indiscriminate slaughter.

In our wanderings we were able to get quite as much game as we wanted to supply our camp kitchen. Butchers' bills are unknown, and for the rest we foraged as best we could. For instance, when we came to a farm and wanted any of the delicacies of the land, such as eggs, vegetables, butter, milk, or cheese, we just rode up to the door and offered coffee, sugar, powder, or shot in exchange for them, articles which the worthy Boers mostly prefer to hard cash.

Unfortunately, however, on such occasions the traveller is generally subjected to a trying cross-examination before he can get away. The farmer

wants to know if he is married, how many children, brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles he has got; where he is going, where he came from, whether he has travelled all the way from England or Germany in a cart, if the oxen are all well, and so forth. All this is of course a great trial of patience if one happens to be in a hurry. A very amusing account of such scenes is given in G. Fritsch's 'Three Years in South Africa.'

Most of these isolated farms have thatched roofs, adorned with a simple gable, and are built so as to use no more wood—so costly an article here—than is absolutely necessary. The internal arrangements are of course extremely simple; a massive wooden table, a few benches, a clumsy arm-chair for the grandfather, make up the furniture. Even in the hottest part of the year these thatched houses are always cool, and the dim light is very soothing to the eyes of the traveller after he has been for so long exposed to the glare from the unshaded plains.

To the jaded man, weary of the contentions and jealousies of our modern civilisation, no retreat could be more appropriate, more absolutely secluded and peaceful than such a homestead.

It is in the African spring-time, in October and November, that the farms look their best; when the tender green shoots of the different crops are beginning to appear, and the almond and peach

trees are bright with white and pink blossoms, although their stems have not yet put forth a single leaf.

Mynheer Kryger and his companions talked all day long of their wives and children, and seemed to suffer a good deal from home-sickness, a feeling which is almost unknown to me, as I generally manage to make myself pretty comfortable wherever I may be.

Our onward march proceeded with the greatest regularity; and although we sometimes indulged in an extra rest on very hot days, we always made up for it by night. We brought down a good many fine antelopes; but there is no fun in hunting without danger or excitement, and the monotony of the journey was becoming rather wearisome when it was pleasantly broken by a meeting with an English hunting party. I caught sight of their encampment by a running stream a long way off, and guessed from the way the two large tents were pitched and other details that they had been there for some time. When I got nearer I saw a lady in regular European costume suddenly come out of a tent, climb on to a box, and reconnoitre the situation. I at once put the last *Home News* and *Times* I had received at Harrismith together, rode up, and introduced myself. The lady turned out to be a Mrs. Pennefather, and told me that she, her husband, and her sons and daughters

had come from Port Elizabeth, a three weeks' journey at least—that they had been very successful in hunting, both on horseback and on foot, and that first-rate fish, sometimes weighing ten pounds, were to be caught in the stream.

Mrs. Pennefather seemed very contented with her "picnic party," as she called it; but imagine my astonishment when she went on to say that a couple of lions had carried off one of their oxen in the night, and that her husband, sons, and even her two daughters, all armed of course, and accompanied by Kaffirs, had gone to collect the scattered teams and drive them home. Whilst waiting for their return, coffee was prepared, and we continued our conversation. Towards evening the riders came back, driving all the animals before them except one, which had probably been torn to pieces. It was 7 o'clock before I took leave, carrying off in exchange for my newspapers, which were highly appreciated, a bottle of Harvey Sauce, a positive god-send to me, as our perpetual gnu soup and antelope steaks required a very good appetite to be always palatable.

My travelling companions said lions very seldom ventured so far into the open country, but on my return journey in 1870 I met with one some miles north of this spot.

At a quarter to 10 A.M., on the 23rd of April, 1869, our teams forded the large Vaal River, also

called Ky Gariep, which at the point of our crossing is at least as wide as the Weser at Bremen. It flows into the Gariep or Orange River about six German miles north of Hope Town, and has recently become famous on account of the large diamond fields discovered on its banks. The heavily laden teams staggered over the rough stones at the bottom of the stream, the clumsy carts making a thundering noise as they rolled along. Any less stoutly made vehicles must inevitably have been dashed to pieces, and as it was, a sudden halt had soon to be made, that the poor oxen might recover their breath. But the "fore-runner" soon set off again; the sixteen oxen tugged away, their sixty-four legs lashing the water into foam, and the tremendous tension making the iron chains creak and groan. The Kaffirs called out the names of the animals to encourage them, "Trek Zwartkop!" "Trek Kleefeld!" and so on. The huge whips cracked, the noise and confusion were indescribable; but at last, thanks to the strenuous efforts of the panting oxen, the carts were all safely landed on the other side.

There was a little farm on the right bank of the river, close to the "drift" at which our passage was effected, and my companions decided to rest there after their extraordinary fatigues. It was now that I for the first time noticed on the western horizon what I took

to be columns of smoke, rising higher and higher, until they reached the zenith. I thought the bush must have been set on fire, for the whole of the horizon from the north-west to the south-east was already apparently enveloped in clouds of smoke. I called Kryger's attention to this singular phenomenon, and he said at once that he knew by the yellow colour of the "smoke" that it was caused by no fire, but by locusts, those winged plagues of Africa, which destroy all vegetation.

We sat down under the shade of our carts and began to eat our dinner. But presently a few, then dozens, then hundreds, then thousands of locusts fell upon us, coming down in such heavy showers that the air was darkened with them; and through the whizzing, whirling veil they flung about us we could look with the naked eye at the sun, which, although high in the heavens, had the blood-red, rayless appearance usually peculiar to the time of setting. Above this sea of insects hovered flocks of bee-eaters, which preyed unceasingly upon them; but their name was Legion, and they were as the sand of the desert for multitude. No ravages made amongst them by the birds seemed to diminish their numbers. The garden of the farm was stripped bare in a few minutes, and the Boer family looked out from their little house upon the destruction of their property with the dispassionate apathy of Turks, which was

really just as well under the circumstances, as there is positively no remedy for the evil. The voracious creatures attack even the bitter bark of the peach trees. The worst of it all is that the locusts drop their eggs wherever they fall, so that at the beginning of the next rainy season countless swarms of young ones, as yet unable to fly, creep and hop about the ground, destroying everything within reach. The Boers call them "foot-loopers," and they are considered even more destructive than their parents. My old friend James Chapman, the traveller and elephant hunter, recently deceased, says, in his 'Travels in the Interior of Africa,' "I waded six inches deep through the dead bodies of these little creatures."

Our horses, oxen, sheep, and goats eat them greedily; elephants and other large wild ruminants seem to look upon them as dainties; and all the native races of the south-east of Africa consider them delicacies. They are collected in heaps, dried and fried. I have eaten them myself, but to me they appeared perfectly tasteless without salt. Nothing seems to check their course; when they come to a river they fling themselves into it without the slightest hesitation, and by degrees their floating corpses form a kind of bridge, across which their successors hop without a moment's intermission.

I could trace the ravages of these terrible pests

on our further journey as far as the Mangwe stream in the Matebele district, that is to say, through at least five degrees of latitude!

In the early spring the scenery on the banks of the Vaal River is not without charm; everything is so fresh and green. Here and there near the fords or "drifts" rise little hills, and most charming of all to eyes weary of the long monotony of the plains are the rows of trees lining the banks, although they are only common mimosas. In October they are covered with bright yellow blossoms, but even in April their shady horizontal branches and delicate light green leaves are very effective and pretty.

But onward, ever onward, pressed our little caravan, and on the morning of the 27th of April we caught our first glimpse of the houses of Potchefstrom, rising like shining white specks above the green expanse before us.

I took an early breakfast, saddled my horse, and bade farewell to my worthy comrades, who, delighted at being so near their homes, fired salvoes into the air with their rifles. An easy gallop soon brought me to the town, and, neighing with pleasure, my spirited steed trotted briskly beneath the grateful shade of magnificent weeping willows through the broad streets of the well-watered Potchefstrom, also called the Mooi River Dorps, or "village of the beautiful waters."

Encampment in Potchefstrom

Hübner had pitched his camp on an open and very favourable spot, just behind Colson's Hotel, and I surprised him in the act of taking the meridian altitude of the sun with a view to determining the latitude of Potchefstrom. The meeting after our involuntary separation was of course doubly delightful; I was soon introduced to various new friends, and in honour of the day the German flag was hoisted over every cart, and an extra good dinner served to all. A married lady from Berlin presided at our table, which was laid in a shady tent close to the carts, and it seemed very strange to hear the aristocratic dialect of the dwellers on the Spree near the banks of the Mooi River. The reader can readily imagine how glad I was to be back again amongst my own comrades, I might almost say in my own family.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM POTCHEFSTROM TO THE TATI.

Sickness amongst my oxen—An American circus—My sextant in danger — Philips' supper-party — Frosts — Meeting with Karl Mauch—The Cave of Wonderfontein—The Magaliesberg Mountains—Captain Diedrich's settlement—The Limpopo—My first gnu—Pallah Camp—The Devil's Kloof or ravine—Soshong and its people—Chief Matcheen—My horse's death—No water—Water at last—Hübner and the lions—Arrival at the Tati settlement.

My first care on arriving in Potchefstrom was to take stock of the condition of my carts and animals. The former had stood the journey admirably, my horses, too, were all right; but, alas, pneumonia had broken out amongst the oxen, and seven had already fallen victims to this horrible disease.

"What are we to do?" cried my first driver Philips, as the news was brought to me, morning after morning, that yet another had succumbed. There was nothing to do but to wait and keep the animals as much apart as possible, for there was no means of ascertaining how many of them had taken the contagion. Of course, if I had to buy a fresh team—and without one it would be impossible

for me to proceed—the cattle dealers would take advantage of my awkward position, and charge the highest possible prices. My resistance would make not the slightest difference to them; they had only to bide their time, knowing that I must yield at last. Anyhow, I was determined not to lose heart, and as nothing is worse for the spirits than inaction, I set to work with Hübner to take observations on the geographical position of Potchefstrom. The spot chosen for our astronomical researches was just behind Colson's house, and had served not long before as a circus ring for an American troupe of strolling players, who, starting from San Francisco, had made a tour of the Sandwich Islands, China, Singapore, Australia, the Cape Colony, and Natal. They seem to have had an immense success amongst the Boers and Kaffirs, who had never seen anything like their performances before. They carried off a large sum of money, and then departed, bound for La Plata. Very different was the scene presented in the deserted circus when Hübner and I were at work, he sitting at a little table writing down the results which I called out to him, our shady tent close by, ready to receive us when we were tired. I shall never forget one terrible moment, absurd enough to look back upon, but no joke at the time. I had laid my delicate and valuable sextant on the bed in my tent, thinking it would be quite out of

danger of injury there, and turned away for a minute to fetch a book from the table. Now a monkey belonging to the hotel-keeper had, unknown to me, been watching me take my observations, and directly my back was turned he sprang through the open curtains of my tent and was bending over my sextant, looking at it with intense curiosity, when I fortunately turned round. I gave a scream of terror, for such an instrument could not be replaced in Potchefstrom, and my four-handed friend scuttled briskly off, without my sextant!

On the morning of the 24th of April, Matchaan, one of Baines' Kaffir servants, rode in to say his master was close at hand, and to choose a place for encampment near to us. He begged for some newspapers to take back with him, but I rode to meet Baines myself, with our latest papers in my pocket. That same afternoon his party was established close to ours, and very merry we were.

Baines, though long past fifty, and in spite of a hard and laborious life, or perhaps because of it, still retained the elasticity and endurance of a young man. By profession an artist, he had become familiar with all those arts and contrivances by means of which life in the wilderness can be made pleasant. There was always something to be learnt from him. In 1855–56 he

accompanied Gregory's Expedition to North Australia; in 1858–61 we find him with the two Livingstones at the Zambesi; in 1861–68 he was the companion of Chapman on the West Coast of Africa, and he was now on his way to the north of the Matebele district. As our line of march was the same, we often met him again.

The remainder of my stay in Potchefstrom was chiefly spent in writing letters, making visits, and reading the news from Europe at the house of the Postmaster-General, a friendly and courteous German, who had fought under Hecker in the Baden rising in 1848, and after many vicissitudes had finally settled down here with his wife. I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him for all he did to further my expedition. It was owing to his experience and foresight also that I subsequently received letters and news from Europe when I was far in the interior of the country.

Another ready friend and helper in Potchefstrom was Mr. Forssmann, a Swedish merchant, beneath whose hospitable roof Hübner and I were always welcome. The indefatigable Baines was busy making water-colour drawings and sketches for his map; and I have to thank him for a pretty oil painting representing the encampment of the two expeditions (see Chap. VI.). Hübner and Nelson meanwhile made geognostic researches; Jule, one

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of Baines' companions, took photographs; and Watson looked after our domestic economy, and took care of the carts and animals.

Antelopes have been driven away from the immediate neighbourhood of Potchefstrom, but in the damp meadows and swamps near the Mooi River congregate swarms of snipes, including the pretty Rynchea, or painted snipe. When I set out of an afternoon, my double-barrelled gun in my hand, accompanied by a few Kaffir servants to carry the game, I was always sure to bring home a rich booty of these savory birds.

We Europeans could find plenty of pleasant and useful occupation, but it was quite different with the Kaffirs and Hottentots, and many a practical illustration did we have of the demoralising effects of inaction. Indeed, our servants were far more cheerful on the long heavy march, after we left Potchefstrom, than during our encampment, when they were much disposed to grumble.

Immediately on his arrival in the town, Philips looked up all his Hottentot fellow-countrymen then resident in it, who readily introduced him to their own haunts, the gin-shops; and one day he asked for some money, as he wished to give an evening entertainment to his friends. The Hottentots, be it observed, never drink alone if company can be anyhow obtained; the delight

of intoxication, to be complete, must be shared by others. I owed Philips his wages, so that although I foresaw the results I could not refuse to give him what he asked, and I let him have 1*l.*, an immense sum for such a man in such a land.

The spot chosen for the "supper-party," as Philips called it, was beneath a shady tree, near the town, where there was no danger of interference or interruption. At 11 o'clock P.M., however, the singing of the lively company became so very uproarious that the worthy police of Potchefstrom marched forth, tossed off all that was left of the spirits provided for Philips' guests, and arrested the entire party, including the host himself, who were one and all by this time perfectly helpless.

Poor Philips woke to find himself, to his great distress, bound and in prison. He sent me most piteous messages, begging me to set him free from his painful situation; but just by way of a reminder for the future, I left him to think over his misdemeanours for forty-eight hours, and when he regained his beloved freedom on the third day he had to pay his "hotel bill" out of his own pocket. For all that, he gave a similar entertainment before we left the town; but this time, for the sake of security, he and his friends met under a cart, because when a man is in his

own house, so to speak, the ministers of justice have no right to intrude uninvited!

Potchefstrom, a little town of from four hundred to five hundred inhabitants, is laid out, like most of the Boer settlements, with broad streets crossing each other at right angles, and water running through them all. Every little holding is surrounded by a garden or orchard, but the climate is too cold for the orange or any tropical fruit trees. Potchefstrom has a pretty good hotel, several handsome and well-stocked shops, a church and post-office; and in 1869 it was connected with the principal harbour of Port Elizabeth by a half-monthly service of light carts drawn by horses, which accomplished the distance, about four hundred and fifty nautical miles, in from fourteen to sixteen days, a good deal of course depending on the time of the year, the state of the rivers, etc.

As far as climate and fertility are concerned, the Transvaal Republic may be considered one of the most favoured districts of the world, but as yet its resources are very far from being fully developed. The pure dry air of the lands to the north of the Limpopo River is especially good for consumptive and asthmatic patients, and of late years many have resorted thither from England, and even from Madeira. The chief want of the whole province appears to be the judicious planting of trees, which would check the present too

rapid evaporation, and render the climate damper and less fluctuating. But this improvement will not, I fear, be seen by our generation.

The people of the Transvaal Republic have pretty well all they require; but the want of navigable streams renders it difficult if not impossible to convert the superfluous productions of the country into cash. Export is not to be thought of where the cost of transit is greater than the value of the articles to be exported. Under such circumstances it is only natural that a certain apathy should fall upon the inhabitants. We know what an electric shock seems to run through the smallest towns on the Mississippi or Ohio on the arrival of a steamer; but here there is no chance of any such interruption of the peaceful routine which makes a kind of continuous fête day of life.

The boundaries of the Transvaal Republic are not very exactly defined; but an area of not less than fifty thousand square miles is in the hands of the emigrant Boers, who number some four thousand five hundred scattered families.

On the 8th of May, Baines, whose team of oxen had remained healthy, resumed his march. I longed to go with him, for I was heartily sick of inaction. No death had occurred amongst my oxen for the last eight days, so I replaced the eleven animals which had fallen victims to pneumonia, and ordered a march to Kryger's farm.

We had severe frosts at night at this time, and in the morning the grass was covered with hoar-frost, but by noon the heat was as great as it is in Germany in July and August.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour's distance from Potchefstrom we came up with Baines' one cart, which had sunk up to the axles of the front wheels in a bog, and there remained fixed so fast, that it could not be moved until it had been completely unloaded, an operation the Kaffirs were performing with a great deal of shouting and noise.

Arrived at the farm, we completed the equipment of the expedition. On the 19th of May the well-known German traveller Karl Mauch paid us a visit, and we spent a very pleasant day with him in our tent.

On the 23rd we finally started for the interior, and taking a northerly direction soon passed the farms of Bezoidenhout, and those of Mynheer Hermanes Bodenstein. The good people in them thought us half mad when we told them we meant to penetrate as far as the Zambesi—"right in the desert," as they expressed it.

As we pressed on we still kept the crystal waters of the Mooi River close to us on the left, whilst the country through which we passed gradually became more and more wooded; the chief trees being the prickly mimosas, varied

here and there by aloes with their red blossoms, the ground between them being in many parts dotted with the greyish-yellow hills of the termites, or white ants, some of them rising as much as three feet from the ground. When we halted we got out our big map and marked the distance we had come upon it, which amounted on an average to two and a quarter or two and a half nautical miles per hour, never more. Hübner also made drawings of the geological formations whenever he had been able to ascertain them by the way. He was never without his hammer and a leather bag; every rock within reach was carefully examined, and a bit of it often enough carried away.

At last we turned away from the Mooi River, and taking a north-easterly course we cut across a steep and barren sandstone tract covered with but a very thin coating of soil, and in two marches of three hours each we could not find a drop of water for our oxen. The landscape before us seemed to roll onwards in endless undulations; in many places the grass, at this time of year yellow and running to seed, had been burnt, leaving long stretches of charred, blackened barren ground. But at last, on the evening of the 24th of May, worn out and dusty, we reached Wonderfontein.

The morning of the 26th of May was bitterly cold; the wind whistled shrilly as it swept over the

desolate country. A few black and jagged rocks stood out against the sky, and in our tent, set down amongst them, Hübner and I sat shivering, trying to warm ourselves by drinking hot coffee. Presently the sun rose, flinging a veil of rosy light over fields and cliffs, and a few birds began to chirp their morning greeting, but our four-footed friends, oxen, horses, and dogs, still remained lying quietly by the carts, for animals never get up of their own accord in cold weather.

And now footsteps announced the approach of a fellow-creature, and a young Boer appeared, provided with two candlesticks of primitive construction and a few lucifer matches. He was the guide come to take us to the cave of Wonderfontein. We followed him over a barren deserted stretch of limestone rock, and suddenly found ourselves standing in a hollow of some hundred feet in diameter, shut in by steep walls. On the western side is a crevice scarcely big enough to admit a man, but we managed to creep through in a stooping posture, and a few steps along a very steep passage brought us into a round room of about eighty feet in diameter, the roof of which is formed by a perfectly horizontal slab of rock. Opposite the entrance is a wider arched passage, the unfathomable recesses of which die away in the darkness in a most impressive manner, whilst the scene in the foreground is fairy-like, the stalactites, white as

alabaster and pure as undriven Arctic snow, hanging from the gothic-like roof, now in the form of columns, now in that of delicate draperies. Making our way down the arched passage, our lights were reflected in ghostly fashion from the white stonework, glistening apparently with thousands of gems, and on either hand opened gothic arches, revealing glimpses of a chaos of grand and delicate forms, beyond which was the weird and awful darkness, concealing we knew not what.

On we went, our footsteps falling noiselessly on the black, india-rubber-like ground; presently we heard a soft rushing and murmuring sound, and we were standing on the brink of the subterranean waters of the Mooi River—a modern Styx, black as a pall, reflecting the light of our candles in a grudging sullen manner. What a melancholy, lonely, awfully silent spot! We wandered about this subterranean palace for a good half-hour, like shades seeking in vain the dread boatman Charon. Nothing could exceed the gloom of this new aspect of the Mooi River. Here no clouds were reflected in its waters, no breeze ruffled its surface, the note of birds, the shout of the human voice, were alike unknown; unnoticed and alone it sped on its course, mourning and darkness its only companions.

We regained the entrance of the cave not a moment too soon, for our candles were nearly

burnt out. I have spent many a stormy night at sea, when the morning light was indeed a welcome sight, but never in all my life was I more glad to greet the golden sunbeams than when I had left the dim recesses of the cave of Wonderfontein behind me, for beautiful as they are, they are very terrible, and as solemn as if amongst them the best hopes of the human race had been petrified—converted into cold, lifeless, irresponsive stones.

As for the extent of the cave, or rather the subterranean passages, of Wonderfontein, all I could gather was, that from Mooi River Hole the stream flows underground for several miles, and probably winds throughout the whole of its subterranean course amongst such scenes as we had witnessed; in any case, it is certain that the part of the grotto shown to visitors is but a very small portion of the whole.

In the course of the day I went hunting and shot a little düiker antelope (*Cephalopus mergens*), two wild ducks, and some Koran birds for our table.

We resumed our march on the 27th, and halted for a short time at Daniel von Frey's farm, where we obtained information respecting the condition of the country before us, the position of the watering-places, and so forth. We made Frey a present of some coffee, and arrived in the evening at Mooi River Hole, or Hole Fontein, mentioned above,

where the Mooi River disappears from sight above ground, and begins its subterranean course. There I took the latitude, which I found to be 26° 10′. At night our Réaumur thermometer marked seven degress below zero, and there was quite a thick coating of ice on a pond near by. We had to put woollen coverlets over our horses at night, to protect them from the cold.

Early on the 28th of May we started again, and in two hours and a quarter we reached the pretty and most carefully cultivated farm of Mynheer Grovelaar, which is protected from the cold winds by the hills on the south and south-east. Wonderful to relate, the garden was bright with orange trees in full bloom, and the young maize plants in the fields were putting forth their tender green shoots, whilst at Hole Fontein the temperature was below freezing point! A climatic phenomenon very refreshing to the sight after the monotony of the succession of dull, yellowish-grey grass steppes over which we had passed.

On the north, stretching away from the east to the west, rises the picturesque chain of the Magaliesberg or Cashan Mountains, presenting a very pleasing appearance in their veil of blue mist. Presently some wild-looking fellows in sheep-skins issued from a Basuto kraal in the vicinity of the farm, who at once chummed with my Kaffirs, and of course were invited to join their meal. They

were soon chattering away as if they had known each other for years. A meal without company and conversation is an unheard-of thing amongst the Kaffirs, who are just about the merriest, jolliest fellows in the world.

In the morning I saw a herd of fine Rietboks. but unfortunately the noise of the cracking of the whips of my Hottentot drivers had rendered them so timid, that I could not get within range. The same day I went over the farm, but did not see the master, who had gone on a hunting expedition, taking his wife, two carts, several horses, dogs, and oxen with him, and was not expected home for three weeks.

Our afternoon's march brought us to the foot of the Magaliesberg Mountains, and we encamped in a very pretty undulating park-like district, with occasional clusters of bushes, dense enough to be called woods. Our tent commanded most charming views. As there was plenty of dry resinous wood at hand, the Kaffirs lighted huge watch-fires at night and sat talking by them until midnight. Unfortunately, I was here obliged to shoot one of my oxen affected with pneumonia, the first since I left Potchefstrom.

On the 29th our course led us along the foot of the beautiful Magaliesberg Mountains, which were close to us on the right. We now passed through park-like, well-wooded districts; water was every-

where plentiful, and birds, but rarely seen on the grass steppes, enlivened the way with their songs. Villages and isolated kraals were dotted here and there on the hills, and now and then we caught sight of some lonely farms nestled at their feet, black Kaffir boys tending the flocks and herds close at hand. These signs of life and human habitation added greatly to the charms of the landscape; the spirits of the whole party rose perceptibly, our servants sang their best songs, and chattered away merrily and unceasingly.

In the evening I ordered a halt this side, that is to say, on the south of the Olifant's Neck Pass A clear stream of running water gurgled close by; from the left bank rose a little farm, which supplied us with butter and eggs for supper; but we were three thousand six hundred feet above the sea-level, and our position being very much exposed on the south-east, it was so cold that the grass was covered with hoar-frost in the night. The chief vegetable forms we had noticed in our day's journey were quince, cactus, and fig-trees, weeping willows of the gigantic size peculiar to the country, syringas with stems one and a half feet in diameter, peach trees, acacias, mimosas, and aloes.

The Magaliesberg Mountains may be said to form a boundary between two climates, for we had hardly passed through the narrow Olifant's Neck Pass, when we found ourselves in tropical heat,

and amongst tropical vegetation. At Mynheer Freudenberg's farm, on our left, we saw coffee trees laden with fruit planted to a certain height on the hills, whilst round about the house stood orange, lemon, and even shaddock trees; the golden fruit glistening amongst the dark green foliage.

This change for the better is so very sudden, that the traveller finds it difficult to believe his eyes, and fancies the beautiful picture will fade away like a dream. We had ridden for about a couple of hours amongst thick bushes, or beneath the shade of mighty trees, when we accepted an invitation to make our mid-day halt at Mynheer Krüger's, one of the civil authorities.

Our view was now shut in from the north-east to the south by the Magaliesberg Mountains, forming a kind of crescent, and from the north-west to the south by less lofty heights, clothed by scanty woods; whilst on the north the country was open and unbroken, freely admitting the warm winds.

In the evening we reached the little town of Rüstenberg, which, as far as climate and beauty of situation are concerned, may well be called the paradise of the Transvaal Republic. It is set down in a well-watered plain; on the north-west rise the picturesque pyramidal peaks of the Piland Mountains, and the horizon on the east, south, and west is bounded by the Magaliesberg Mountains.

On the west gleam the white houses of Winchefsky's farm, and to the south-west lies Robinson's homestead, both surrounded by fine orchards, whilst immediately behind them rise picturesque wooded heights.

Between these two settlements rises an abrupt and barren rock of quartz and quartz porphyry, visible at a considerable distance, which has in one part been rent asunder. From the sides of the fissure thus formed hang luxuriant masses of vegetation, and at the bottom flows a clear stream, which flings its waters down over the edge of the rock in sheets of foam. The air here was soft, balmy, and extremely pure, and we met with all the fruits which flourish in the sultry and humid climate of Natal, as well as those native to the temperate zone, including very fine potatoes. The whole country is, in fact, a garden of fertility.

We were now again obliged to make a halt of eight days, as fresh fatal cases of pneumonia occurred amongst our oxen. I therefore had all the healthy animals inoculated once more, and the effect upon one of them was such that the tail, all but the stump, was completely destroyed, whilst on others, operated upon with lymph from the same diseased lung, not the slightest sign of inflammation appeared.

I think we Germans are the only people in the world who have a great national song beginning

with a question such as "What is the German's fatherland?" As if we did not ourselves know, but had to consider about it. Not much wonder, though, when we look back upon our history, before Bismarck came into power! But we may just as well ask, Where does not the German build his hut? Where is he not at home? for the very morning after our halt, some worthy fellow-countrymen presented themselves, and, thanks to the kindness of a German, Dr. Kochendorf, we were in a very short time provided with quite a stock of tropical fruits, vegetables, and new bread.

This was how we passed our time. We made excursions in the neighbourhood, Hübner on geognostic thoughts intent; we subjected our entire caravan to a radical revision and reorganisation, based on our own personal experiences; we proved our weapons, and practised shooting.

In the newspapers I received whilst at Rüstenberg I read that Marshal Niel had obtained a grant of another one hundred thousand men from the French Chambers, and on the 2nd of June, 1869, I made the following remark in my journal:—"Germany, be on thy guard, for the vainest of all vain nations will presently fall upon thee!" A conjecture which subsequent events verified sooner than I expected.

Amongst the Germans who visited us in our camp at Rüstenberg, I must make special mention

of Captain Diedrich, who gave us a very pressing invitation to go and see him at his farm of Morgensonne (morning sun), which we were easily able to do, as our route to the interior led us quite near to it, and we arrived there on the afternoon of the 8th of June.

Captain Diedrich is a Saxon by birth, and was with the Black Jägers at Leipzig in 1848, taking part also in the bloody street fights in Dresden, in which he distinguished himself by his courage and presence of mind. In 1863 he had emigrated to South Africa with his wife, a lady from Mecklenburg. Hübner was a thorough Saxon, too, and I could claim Leipzig descent on the mother's side, so that we all had plenty of sympathies in common; indeed, during our short stay at Morgensonne, I think we spent some of the pleasantest and most sociable hours of our whole journey.

We were received in a most hospitable manner, for our carts had hardly entered the walls surrounding the settlement before we heard a gun fired, and a fattened ox fell down dead. This was a sign that our Kaffirs as well as ourselves were to be well provided with meat. Our countryman welcomed us very heartily, and at once introduced us to a Dutch friend of his, who had come with a large family to pay him a visit of indefinite length. The poor women in the kitchen must have had enough to do to satisfy the appetites of so large

a company. Great activity prevailed the whole day; cooking, salting, and baking, etc., was going on from morning till night.

Great strength of character is doubtless required to work on energetically in such a place as Morgensonne, where the conditions of life must indeed be totally different from those once familiar to a young Saxon officer moving in the best society of Leipzig and Dresden. But Diedrich, by dint of patience, prudence, and perseverance, had made himself an independent position, of which he was justly proud. I think the situation of his settlement is one of the most picturesque in the whole Transvaal Republic, built as it is on well-wooded terrace-like declivities, behind which rises a wall of porphyry several hundred feet high, forming a kind of natural boundary to part of the fields, orange plantations, and kitchen gardens.

The house is a solid brick structure, with a flat roof and a broad verandah in front, the white columns of which can be seen afar off by the traveller, and are pleasing signs of civilisation and human habitation.

All this was founded by the Saxon captain himself, with the aid of a colony of Kaffirs, who have settled down beside him, and whom he has bound to his service by his humane and skilful treatment. From the pretty verandah we looked out upon a beautiful garden, in which orange and lemon trees

alternated with brilliant pomegranate blossoms or delicate pink oleanders; and on the north-west the view extended to the vast plains of the Crocodile River, whilst on the north we could see the charming districts overlooked by the picturesque blue Piland Mountains.

The chief profits of the farm are from the breeding of sheep and oxen. When first Captain Diedrich settled here, swarms of baboons, which had their homes in the porphyry cliffs, gave him a great deal of trouble, for at night they would steal down precipices absolutely inaccessible to man, and work terrible havoc among the fields of maize, actually making bundles of the ripe ears and carrying them off on their shoulders. The rifle has gradually thinned their numbers, but they will not disappear entirely yet awhile; and we often heard their hoarse cries, or saw their dark forms, now clambering about on the rocks, now sitting for hours in stoical repose, inquisitively watching the men at work on the farm. Their arch enemies are the leopards or panthers, of whose presence we had unmistakable proof on the morning of the 9th of June, when we found the remains of a calf which had been devoured by them the night beofre near our camp. The previous evening we had decided to have a grand baboon and panther hunt, at which the united forces of our Kaffirs were to assist; but just before we started some of the men thought-

lessly discharged their guns, and Diedrich put off the expedition, as he knew that such a noise would be quite sufficient to drive all the animals away from their usual hiding-places. Experience had sharpened their wits.

The last day of our stay at the beautiful farm of Morgensonne dawned. It was the 10th of June and Diedrich's birthday. At sunrise the German flag waved from every cart, whilst from the roof of the house itself fluttered the Saxon colours, and within sight of the windows all the Kaffirs were drawn up in line. We fired three salutes, and gave some thundering cheers for our host.

At noon a sumptuous repast was served beneath some shady trees near the carts. On this occasion I myself officiated as cook; a turkey brought from Rüstenberg turned out very tender and palatable, but in preparing my julienne soup I was guilty of a terrible mistake, for I put in a piece of beetroot which Mrs. Diedrich had intended to keep for seed, which caused a comic scene at table. A Prussian officer, Winchefsky by name, had ridden over on a visit, and Captain Diedrich, who had donned his Saxon uniform, was sensibly affected, for he said that he had little thought he should ever have the pleasure of being again surrounded by his fellow-countrymen on this day; and that coming as they did direct from Europe, indeed from his own

native Saxony, they had brought all the charms of civilised life vividly before him. And then the Saxon, the Prussian, and the North-German drank to the weal of their common fatherland, and added a wish for the steadfast union of all its branches in the hour of trial. Could we have read the future, we should have known that that union was to be fully accomplished in the ensuing month of August, 1870.

Early on the 11th of June we took leave of the friendly inhabitants of Morgensonne; Captain Diedrich rode with us as far as the boundaries of his settlement, and then, after another hearty farewell, we parted.

Meanwhile Baines, with his healthy team of oxen, had been pressing on before us, and amongst the Magaliesberg Mountains he had made acquaintance with Hartley, an old elephant hunter of seventy-two, with whom he joined forces, the united caravan making for the Matebele districts, with a view to testing the gold-yielding quartz strata on the Umfule and Ganyana Rivers, near the Zambesi. In October, when the rains begin, these regions are deserted, for a dangerous fever breaks out, as fatal to the natives as to Europeans. Indeed, strange to say, the former often suffer more than the latter.

Our course now led us through a hilly, parched district, thickly clothed with prickly jungle; we

passed the settlement of the Herrmannsburg mission and several native villages, and on the evening of the 15th of June encamped in a wild forest in 27° 49′, with hills on the north-east which must have been from one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet high. Here we met with a good many antelopes, including examples of the koodoo (*Strepsiceros capensis*), with beautiful long spiral horns.

We were obliged to rest on the 16th of June, as we knew we should come to no water for our oxen in the next twenty hours' march. If European animals were made to work under such conditions they would probably all die, but African bulls have greater powers of endurance.

From this time our marches had to be conducted with great caution and rigid punctuality, that we might get to the watering-places in proper time. We had hard work on the 17th, as we had to make our way over a soft sandy soil, with a dense forest before us and on the right and left. Here we noticed some trees much resembling the European oak in their stems and branches, especially those examples which were stripped of their leaves. This wintry appearance reminded us forcibly of home; but of course a primæval forest looks very different from a wood planted by human agency, in which the trees stand in regular rows, like soldiers on parade. As we looked at the tangled growth on

every side, we could not help thinking of the lines in Byron's 'Mazeppa'—

> "The wild wood—'twas so wide,
> I saw no bounds on either side;
> 'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
> That bent not to the roughest breeze."

We had just sat down to our mid-day meal at our little table, when two hartebeests or kaamas rushed in amongst the oxen grazing about us and almost into our camp. Unfortunately our guns were not at hand at the moment, so the beautiful creatures got away unhurt. In our afternoon's march we saw a great many wild animals, and at 4 o'clock I shot a male hartebeest. The blood-hounds were very expert at following the scent; their barking soon led me to my prey.

On the 18th of June, after an arduous march, we got safely out of these barren districts, and arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening on the banks of the Limpopo or Crocodile River. The thirsty oxen at once rushed into the stream, and it was a pleasure to see how thoroughly they enjoyed their drink. During the afternoon's march I suddenly saw three ostriches grazing in the forest. The first sight of these gigantic birds running wild in the wilderness is always very startling. I crept within two hundred paces of them, trembling with eagerness, and fired, but too high! The birds, startled by the noise, wheeled round in short

semicircles, and then fled away with the speed of racehorses.

The mouth of the Limpopo River was first discovered in 1869 by my friend Vincent Erskine, who was killed in the Kaffir war in 1873.

When I was on the Tati River in August, 1869, I became acquainted with Frederick Elton, who built himself a boat there, and at the expense of an infinite amount of trouble had it carried by natives to the river, and launching it on its waters, set off on a bold voyage down the stream, which resulted in the discovery of the Tolo-Azime Falls, in the Zoutpansberg district, formed by the fall of the Limpopo over a precipice, the sides of which are from seventy to one hundred and fifty feet high.

The river district in which I halted with my waggons on the 18th of June had also been the scene many years before of the hunting feats of the celebrated Scotch Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, who was the first to describe the plentiful and interesting sport to be obtained in this part of Africa.

Elephants have now entirely disappeared from this neighbourhood, driven away by ceaseless persecution. It is quite a mistake to imagine them to have been all killed; indeed, I was assured by the well-known hunter Ziesmann that they emigrated in small troops, most of them following a north-easterly direction, and maintained their course as regularly as if they were guided by a compass.

WATERBUCKS.

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It would be simple suicide to bathe in the deep parts of the Limpopo River, for they are the favourite resorts of crocodiles, which often come up in the heat of the day to lie motionless on the banks, enjoying the sunbeams. Both here and in the Tugela River, oxen which have come down to drink have been seized and carried off by these powerful and dangerous creatures. The chief wild animals met with on the banks of the Limpopo are buffaloes, gnus, giraffes, waterbucks, and the so-called "royboks." The roaring of lions is also heard almost every night.

The stream is bordered with fine shady trees, visible a long distance off, and here and there grow tall masses of rushes, in which lions, buffaloes, and other large wild animals take shelter, only coming out of their concealment at nightfall.

In the days of Cumming, and for that matter, of Hartley and Ziesmann too, these districts must have been a paradise for hunters, a kind of natural zoological garden teeming with all the wild animals of Africa. Besides this, the nearest Boer settlement is not far off; the climate throughout the year is beautiful and healthy, the country around is pretty, and there is always plenty of firewood and water of the best quality.

On the 19th of June we pressed on again, keeping the river close to us on the right. At about

2 o'clock in the morning we were awoke by the barking and howling of our dogs. Some lions were going through the river a little lower down, and, as we discovered by their footprints the next morning, they must have passed within three hundred paces of our camp.

Hübner and a Mr. Wilson, who was going to the Tati River with us, shot at roodeboks or pallahs several times, but without bringing any down. Even when they are mortally wounded these creatures will run an enormous distance before falling, and of course, encumbered as we were with waggons and obliged to march on, we could not follow up their track. Our booty obtained by the way therefore generally consisted of animals whose death when struck is instantaneous. In the course of my day's march through the forest I came across a bleached buffalo's skull, several very shy gnus, numerous antelopes' horns gnawed by worms, and the fresh carcase of a buffalo, which had been attacked in the night by hyenas.

I made the following notes on the 19th of June in my journal: "We unharnessed in a charming spot on the river; the little snow-white tent, with the carts standing near it, surrounded by mighty trees stretching out their umbrella-like branches, was visible a long distance off. How lovely was the tender green of the foliage, how soothing to the

ear were the melodious voices of the wood, which the whispering wind called out as it swept by! In the cool stream stood the oxen, quenching their thirst, above us was spread out the deep blue tropical sky; the notes of strange birds made themselves heard, and through the vast plains, clad with pale yellow withered grass, like a broad green ribbon wound the serpentine banks of the Limpopo River. It was noon; our little table, spread with a white cloth, stood beneath a shady tree. Hübner, who had taken the fowling-piece with him, had brought home some partridges as booty. We sat down to our meal; Kaffirs, horses, dogs, goats, and sheep lay peacefully around us. It was a true picture of wandering life in Africa."

We reached the Marico River on the 20th of June. The banks are steep, which rendered the passage very difficult, and one of the carts stuck in the middle of the stream. It cost twenty-eight oxen a vast amount of trouble and exertion to pull it out. On the left bank a party of miners were encamped, who had been to the Tati River under the guidance of a Mr. MacNeil, and were on their way back to D'Urban. They did not speak favourably of the state of affairs on the Tati; four of their companions had been carried off by fever, and the specimens of quartz they showed us contained very little gold.

In the afternoon I went hunting and shot a "steenbuck" or steinbok, the pretty little Ikina antelope of the Zulus. Although my ball had torn the lungs terribly, the poor creature ran on for sixty paces before it fell dead.

On our further march on the 21st we came to a district which I shall best describe as an endless sea of jungle, with here and there isolated clumps of trees rising up like islands. We could trace the course of the Limpopo a long distance off by the gigantic trees on its banks, which are the monarchs of the vegetation of this part of the country. There is something very melancholy in these monotonous stretches of rigid lifeless brambles, stretching out their armour of thorns, and only enlivened by the occasional appearance of a long-billed rhinoceros bird, a large black and grey francolin, a few guinea-hens, or by troops of roodeboks on their way to the rich pastures on the river banks.

The 21st of June is the shortest day here; but the sun was bright, the sky cloudless, and at noon my Fahrenheit thermometer marked 83°.

On the afternoon of the 24th we again reached the river near the place where the cart-ruts branch off in a north-westerly direction towards the large Bechuana village of Soshong or Bagmanwato. There we found good pasture for the oxen, plenty of game, and fine shady trees. We made rather

a long halt, as we wanted the oxen to get well rested before starting on the weary march through the wilderness which was before us.

We had now learnt from experience how to decide at once on the best places for encamping, and in this instance we arranged our carts so as to be protected on the right by the banks of the Limpopo River, and on the left by some ponds, which would keep away wild animals at night, so that we had only to pile up brambles in the front and at the back of our position. This last precaution was by no means superfluous, for we heard the roaring of lions regularly every night, and Mr. Wilson told us that on his last journey to the Tati River two of his oxen had been devoured by these voracious beasts of prey close by here.

Our camp was surrounded by mighty trees, which afforded a pleasant shade in the heat of the day. We fastened a long pole to one of them and hoisted the German flag, which was visible a long way off, and marked the site of our encampment. The prettily contrasted colours gave me fresh pleasure whenever I looked at them, and seemed to bid us welcome to our own fireside when we returned from a long day's hunting.

There was very little game on the left bank where we were encamped, but "royboks" or Melampus antelopes swarmed on the right; and some three hundred yards lower down the river

there was a very shallow ford, by which we crossed over to the hunting grounds whenever we were so disposed. Waterboks, gnus, and "royboks" were our chief booty.

On the afternoon of the 27th I took my double-barrelled gun, for which I had had steel shot made in Sömmerda, and set out on an exploring expedition in the jungle. Suddenly a blue gnu ran past me. I fired, and the ball struck the right shoulder, passed through the body, and came out with a whiz on the left side, the animal falling down dead. I was some distance from the camp, and as my prey was a good fat beast, I was bound to secure it for the use of my people; so I covered it carefully over with brambles to keep off vultures, and then with the help of my Kaffir companion I collected a lot of branches and set fire to them. This conflagration would serve the double purpose of frightening away beasts of prey and guiding my Kaffirs to the spot.

When I got back to the carts it was already dark; but as it was a cloudless and starlight night, Hübner, Philips the driver, and several of the Kaffirs were ready to set out at once to fetch home the booty, taking six draught oxen with them. I gave them an exact description of the spot where I had left the gnu, telling them they must go a mile and a half up the right bank of the river, when they would come to a place where

MY FIRST GNU.

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I had laid some big green branches at right angles with the stream; then they were to turn to the left, keeping carefully in the direction of the branches, and march on for another mile. They could not fail to find the way, I said. But anyone who has lived long in the bush will know how uncertain a search by starlight is in such a district, even with the very best directions, and I was doubtful of the success of the party.

It would have been a simpler course to send back the Kaffir who had been with me, but the man was as tired and hungry as I was myself, and it would have been sheer tyranny to send him back against his will. So my people started with Hübner, and I sat by the fire, smoked my pipe, sipped my coffee, and enjoyed the beauty of the night; the peaceful calm of which was only broken by the occasional roar of a lion, or the barking of my dogs at the jackals and hyenas prowling about the camp.

The mode of bringing game home is as simple as it is effective. A kind of stretcher, with a cross-bar at each end, is constructed of strong branches bound together with thongs of buffalo leather; it is strewn with tender branches and grass, the animal is laid upon it, the oxen are harnessed to it with a chain fastened to the front cross-bar, and it is dragged easily along.

For two long hours I awaited the result of the

little expedition with strained attention; then I heard shouts and the firing of guns in the distance. I replied again and again with my own rifle, and presently I saw my comrades approaching. I rushed to the ford; the gnu was found. The moon, now risen, was flinging its silver beams upon the stream, and as the men and oxen advanced, the scene would have been no unworthy subject for a painter. As may be imagined, the details of the search were earnestly discussed over our watch-fire.

As the spot we had chosen for our encampment is of some importance to all travellers going to Soshong, and of considerable interest to geographers as being the point at which the Limpopo branches off to the north-east, we were careful to ascertain its position, and the average result obtained in some seventeen observations was 20° 52′ E. longitude and 23° 40′ 23″ S. latitude.

On the 2nd of July, after a stay of twelve days, we left the Limpopo. We gave the site of our encampment the name of "Pallah Camp," on account of the number of antelopes we had seen, and it was duly entered in Petermann's maps under that title. We had thoroughly enjoyed the freedom of our wandering hunter's life; and now that I am again surrounded by all the comforts of civilisation, I look back upon those happy days

with pleasure. My present existence is so totally different, that it sometimes seems to me as if this episode of my life must be the work of my imagination, and that I never really made this march in Africa, or went through all these fatigues, exertions, and privations.

A fortnight's stay in such a place as Pallah Camp is quite enough to convert it into a kind of home; and when we leave for ever the shady trees beneath which we have worked, and the spring or stream from which we drew our water and at which our cattle have quenched their thirst, it seems as if we were leaving a little piece of our lives behind us, and are oppressed with a mild form of home-sickness.

We were off again, then; the oxen refreshed by their long rest and ready to go to work with a will. But at first a certain red bull with a headstrong, stubborn temper, appropriately called the "Pearl" by Philips, not only stood stock still shaking his head when the others advanced, but tried to turn back. A good deal of whipping was required before he could be got to go forward.

The march to Soshong led us through a dreary, dusty wilderness of jungle without water or game. It took us three days and a half, and it was not till the morning of the second day that we came to a little brackish water, which the animals were unwilling to touch. For the next thirty hours

they got nothing to drink at all. Those who travel in these districts of Africa, learn to appreciate the incalculable value of water, to which the Kaffirs give the name of *Amanse*, a word I shall never forget as long as I live.

In Petermann's map for 1873 of the latest African discoveries, a brook called the Sirorume is marked, running almost parallel with our line of march, which comes from Bagmanwato and flows into the Limpopo on the south; but it is only in the rainy season, that is to say, for six weeks or two months at the most, that it contains any water. Not a drop is to be obtained in the other ten months, even by digging in the bed of the stream.

On the evening of the 5th of July we came to the greenstone cliffs a few miles to the south-east of Soshong. The oxen and horses, half dying from thirst, were driven in amongst the rugged rocks, and in an almost circular hollow a good supply of water which had remained from the last rainy season was discovered, but we found none anywhere else. The path we had to ascend was only fit for goats and chamois, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we got the oxen up; every moment one or another of them fell on its knees on the slippery rock, and could not rise again without assistance. The Kaffirs had to haul them up, so that it really was most exhausting work, requiring unlimited patience. The knees of many of the

poor animals were bleeding from repeated falls, and we decided in commemoration of their sufferings here to call the place the "Devil's Kloof" (the Devil's Ravine), and it is marked on the maps under that name. The next morning we arrived in Soshong, where the Bechuana chief Matcheen resides. As we approached the village we had large cultivated maize and Matebele corn or durra fields on either hand; but at this time of year they contained nothing but stubble,—the country was everywhere sterile, parched, and dusty.

Soshong or Bagmanwato is a place of some commercial importance, as it is the market for valuable ostrich feathers, a monopoly in the hands of the king. At the time of our arrival it was the refuge of all the tramps and vagabonds of the Bechuana, Makalaka, and Zulu races, and, amongst others, we came across a Matebele who had been implicated in a love affair with one of the daughters of the mighty chief Mosilikatze (recently deceased), and had had to fly for his life. It was very amusing to hear him laughingly assure our people that nothing but the dread of death at the hands of his fellow-countrymen would have induced him to leave his native land, for, compared to it, the neighbourhood about Soshong was a mere wilderness.

As Matcheen was on very bad terms with his powerful northern neighbours, the Matebeles, there were a good many spies and emissaries lurking

about the banks of the Maklontsi stream, running through the debatable frontier districts; and every day natives armed with muskets passed backwards and forwards, for nobody trusted in the maintenance of peace.

The English missionary living in Soshong estimated the number of the inhabitants at some 30,000. In any case it was the largest and most populous village I saw on my journey from the Drachenberg Mountains to the Zambesi. The dirt in the streets, if the footpaths running between the huts can be dignified by that title, surpasses belief, and it must be simply impossible for a European to stay in the place in the rainy season, when all the sewers must overflow. This is evidently the opinion of the missionary, who has built his simple dwelling in a rocky valley about a mile from the village.

The traders told us that Matcheen could send at least eight thousand warriors to the field, nearly all of them armed with old English Tower guns. Weapons are the favourite articles of commerce here, and we were eagerly asked if we had any fire-arms, powder, or shot to dispose of.

On the 9th of July the chief, accompanied by some of the principal people of his kingdom, paid me a visit of state, and remained to dinner and supper. He seemed to relish our European cookery and drinks, for his hunger and thirst were alike almost

insatiable. He is a big, corpulent man, six feet high, with a heavy, gloomy, sensual face, and when I saw him, he wore a European costume.

The noise of drums, dancing, and singing, or rather howling, went on without ceasing all night, so that it was almost impossible to go to sleep. It was just the time when young women who have come to a marriageable age are subjected to a peculiar treatment. A minute account of the ceremony is given by Dr. Fritsch, in his valuable work on the people of South-east Africa. Whole crowds of these poor young creatures are placed under the control of old women, who make their ugly faces yet more hideous by painting them with yellow ochre, varied by diagonal stripes of a flaming red colour. Their power for the time being is almost unbounded, and nobody dares resist their order. When these Megæras pass out of the village with their troop of young maidens wearing short petticoats of plaited rushes, all the men get out of the way. Should they approach, even by accident, the furious old witches, armed with prickly brambles, would fall upon them and belabour them shamefully, for no one would venture to come to their assistance. Later, the young women are exhausted by excessive watching and dancing and made to carry water and heavy loads of wood to the village, by way of learning their future duties as wives.

Whilst we were in Soshong an important deputation of Matebeles, or Idunas, as they called themselves, arrived from Pietermaritzburg, whither they had gone in search of a pretender to the throne, the young prince Kuruman, son of King Mosilikatze, who had been taken to Natal to be under British protection by his mother, in her fears for his safety.

Matcheen had heard of their arrival soon enough, but he chose to ignore them for some days, and then sent them a pair of lean goats as a welcome. But although the Zulus may be said to have been standing helpless beneath the spears of the Bechuana chief, they were proud enough to send back the haughty answer: "Lions are not accustomed to picking the bones of goats, which are only fit for jackals!"

Soshong is three thousand three hundred feet above the sea level, and it was so cold at night that icicles ten inches long were formed beneath our water cask, which leaked a little, and was kept in the back of a cart, whilst at day the heat in the tent was very oppressive. The thin dry air does not retain the heat well; the sun has scarcely set, when the cold seems suddenly to rise from the ground, and here, in S. latitude 23° 2′, we see men of an evening in fur cloaks and hoods, a costume which reminded me forcibly of that worn by the natives of the western shores of the icy Behring Strait.

I must not forget to mention an industry for which Soshong is rather famous. I allude to the tasteful making up of skins into the so-called karosses, or African cloaks, which find their way from here over the whole of South-east Africa, and are often introduced into Europe. I have seen specimens of them at a furrier's "Unter den Linden" in Berlin.

My hunter, my beautiful grey horse, was now taken ill, and in twenty-four hours it died of the terrible horse-sickness to which I have already alluded. But two days before a trader had offered me ostrich feathers to the value of 37*l.* for it.

As the climate was dangerous for horses, and I was unwilling to sacrifice any more of the poor creatures needlessly, I sent them all back to Natal, under the care of the homeward-bound trader Cooksley, so that I was left with nothing to ride, for the present at least. Three of my Kaffirs, Tom, Maritsch, and Osaga, who had only engaged to come as far as Soshong, also returned with Cooksley.

My waggons resumed their march on the 10th of July, and Matcheen received two sovereigns and a little powder and shot for permission to pass through his dominion. I was glad enough to get out of the dirty hole of Soshong, but before taking a final leave of it I will just bring its history down to the present day, by adding that early in 1873 Mosilikatze's son and successor, Lumpengula,

marched against it, defeated Matcheen's forces, drove him away, and set the son of a former Bechuana chief on the throne in his stead.

We now found ourselves in a hilly district, with greenstone rocks on every side, which looked as if they had been flung down helter-skelter in some mad humour of Mother Nature. From their crevices sprang luxuriant patches of a pretty but at present leafless tree, with bright scarlet blossoms, which clung to the rocks like ivy, and at the slightest touch yielded a soft, milky juice, the outer skin of the stem and branches being so thin that it looked like torn tissue paper. Here and there, upon the brownish-black crags, grew isolated bushes with tender green foliage, but where they got their nourishment from it was not easy to see. The gloomy colours of the huge cliffs contrasted well with the bright hues of the vegetation, and combined to make a picture of refreshing beauty in the midst of these sterile districts.

Where the valley widens, and we catch a glimpse of the plains, we see nothing but wastes of withered grass of a pale yellow or grey colour. Two travellers passing through this neighbourhood, the one in the dry the other at the beginning of the rainy season, must necessarily give totally different descriptions of the scenery. When Hübner returned in November, 1871, all was changed; every shrub was in full foliage, the trees were all

in bloom, and the tender green grass was bright with the beautiful blossoms of the bulbous plants in which Africa is so rich.

On the 10th of July another ox died of pneumonia, and my black servants wanted to cut it up for food, but this I resolutely refused to allow. Some of Matcheen's subjects who lived hard by, however, took possession of the carcase with the eagerness of starved hyenas.

Our further march was through monotonous mimosa and mopane (Bauhinia) woods. As it was cool and there was plenty of moonlight, we went on until late at night, finally halting beside some isolated rocks rising abruptly from the ground. There we cooked our supper with the remains of the water we had brought with us from Soshong. The poor oxen had nothing to drink, and every bit of grass had been devoured by the locusts, which were hopping about everywhere. I took the latitude, which I found to be 22° 57′ 7″ S.

At daybreak the next morning we discovered the dry bed of the Mahalapsi stream close to our resting-place, and on digging in the sand we were fortunate enough to find water for our suffering animals.

On the morning of the 14th we encamped on the Teuani brook, and I again took the latitude, which was 22° 14′ 3″. I made these constant observations with a view to ascertain how great

a distance we had come, which, as our course was due north, could be pretty accurately estimated by this means.

A few hartebeests and duiker antelopes were the only game we saw, and here and there, near the ashes of old camp-fires, we noticed the bleached bones of a giraffe, but as yet we had not met with a living example of that huge and stately animal.

Walking in the forest in advance of the cart, I came across a party of wandering Amatongas with six women from the neighbourhood of Zoutpansberg. They told me they were native actors, and were going to dance and give performances in Matcheen's presence. So there is a kind of theatre here, if not much like ours at home!

On the afternoon of the 15th of July my oxen had had nothing to drink for four marches. The Kaffirs drove them into the dry bed of the Lotsani brook, but came back with the dreary tidings that in spite of all their digging there was not a drop of water to be found, or as they laconically expressed it, "Aykona amanse!" (water is not there). The exhausted, emaciated, and thirsty creatures had to be harnessed again, but after another three hours' march they stopped, unable to proceed farther, and men and beasts had to settle themselves for the night without water as best they could.

I myself did not close my eyes, for the situation

was serious; my Hottentot drivers were anxious to know what I thought of doing, and my decision was promptly made. As soon as it was light I left the two carts in the desert, with three Kaffirs to look after them, and marched on with the rest of my people and the oxen, which were left loose and uncontrolled. We had gone about a couple of miles when the oxen scented water, and rushed off in a north-easterly direction, as if guided by the compass, the Kaffirs following them with loud cries. We soon reached some ponds in natural clay basins, a most pleasant surprise; but unfortunately the thirsty oxen drank such quantities in hot haste that one of them fell down dead. The swarms of francolins and Namaqua partridges, which even our firing could scarcely drive away from the water, proved that the drought extended throughout the length and breadth of the land.

On the afternoon of the 16th the waggons and their escort also arrived at the watering-place, and as it was necessary to know positively when we should again find water, Hübner offered to go on in advance with four Kaffirs. He made for the Gogwe, in a northerly direction, and took with him provisions for three days.

The next morning I was sitting alone in my tent writing my journal, with the dry, gloomy looking desert dotted with dull green thickets of bushes stretching away before me, when a man

suddenly galloped up with a smoked ham, which we had dropped out of our cart a few days before, hanging from his saddle. The new comer was Mynheer Osthuis, who was also seeking water for his teams, and told me that his companions, all of whom were hunters, would soon be up with three carts and some horses, adding that in the morning his party had brought down two fat giraffes, so that there would be plenty of meat of the very best quality, and lots of juicy marrow-bones for us all.

Whilst I busied myself in making coffee and preparing a plentiful breakfast, my guest examined my different weapons and told me his hunting adventures. He had explored the district on the Maklabas, a stream which flows into the Limpopo ten nautical miles from our Pallah Camp, and his booty consisted of eight Cape buffaloes and a black-maned lion.

Soon the cracking of whips announced the arrival of the carts, and in this spot, a short time before so lonely and deserted, sprang up all that varied and animated life which is so characteristic of an African encampment.

In talking with my visitors, I heard that an Englishman of the name of Hart, who had recently been married in D'Urban, was close behind us with his young bride, whom he intended to take all the way to the Tati River, thus combining his honeymoon with a hunting expedition. An idea so

original, that none but a native of Britain could have conceived it!

My guests, who had seen something of Mr. Hart, though they commended his courage in hunting, thought he was not quite right in his head, and on this account urged me not to let him catch me up, but to press on, so as to have the full benefit of the little water there was on my line of march; and as I got good news from Hübner from the Gogwe on the 18th, I left the Palatje, as the hunters called the site of our encampment, that same evening.

Strange to say, Hübner had sent back all the men who had gone with him, which made me uneasy, as the hunters told me that at this time of year, when water is scarce, the Gogwe ponds are visited by troops of lions, and that it is absolutely necessary to keep up a good fire at night and to pile up strong hedges of brambles, as a protection from their attacks.

On my march on the 19th, I saw a great many troops of giraffes, and in the afternoon, following an old cart-rut, I suddenly came upon a flock of at least thirty ostriches, which had buried themselves like hens in piles of the ashes of former camp-fires. The Kaffir carrying my gun had lagged behind a little, and he came up so suddenly that all the birds ran away before I could fire. I slept very little all night; the oxen were very restless, the dogs never ceased barking, hyenas

howled about our camp, and in the morning the roaring of lions came so close that we fired off our guns several times. We found a little muddy water in a pool, which the oxen nearly emptied. This was the second night Hübner had been alone in the wilderness.

We started very early the next morning, and we had hardly harnessed the oxen when Mr. Hart came up after a forced night march, made in the hope of finding water. The appearance of his thirsty oxen pained me. Our march on this day and the next took us through a mopane forest, with quartz hills here and there. We halted after a tramp of four hours and a half, and found our latitude to be 22° 13′ 3″. In the afternoon we saw numbers of the curious, stiff-looking euphorbia trees so common in Natal. I shot one koodoo, two düiker antelopes, and eight francolins.

We pressed on without a moment's rest from 5 to 10 P.M., for, after the noise made by wild beasts the night before, I was anxious about Hübner's isolated position, and would not for the world have left him alone in the forest a third night. Shortly before dusk the lions recommenced their concert, and my Kaffirs thought it well to go on in advance, carrying burning brambles fastened to poles. At last we saw a fire glimmering through the bush on the left; we fired twice, and in a few minutes Hübner and I were re-united.

He had had a truly African adventure early that same day, which he would never forget as long as he lived. After he had sent my men back to the Palatje with a message that there was plenty of water for men and animals for several days, he had set up his primitive camp near two mimosa trees, close to the right bank of the Gogwe. He wanted to see how it felt to sit alone by a fire in a howling —and, I may well add, roaring—wilderness. The first thing he did, in order to provide himself with a harbour of refuge in the last extremity, was to remove the thorns from one of the mimosa trees with a small axe for a height of twenty or twenty-five feet from the ground, so that he could easily climb into it. He soon enough had occasion to recognise the wisdom of this precaution, and had no reason to grudge the time and labour spent upon it. At midnight on the 19th of July, when everything around was hushed and the crackling of his fire alone broke the stillness, he lay down to rest, his double-barrelled gun beside him, his cartridges under his pillow. He slept peacefully and undisturbed all night, and when he awoke, the sun was on the horizon and the fire burnt out. Then he suddenly heard the howling of a jackal close by, and climbing into his tree to reconnoitre the situation, he saw a lioness pass from the left bank of the Gogwe right through the stream, and land on the very spot he had just left. The lioness, scenting

prey, stopped and crouched down like a cat ready to spring, but perceiving nothing, went back a few steps, as if frightened. All this time Hübner was seated in his tree unarmed, a witness of the way the poor beast was cheated of the breakfast of which he himself very nearly supplied the materials. Presently, however, a horrible roaring was heard from several points at once, and three lions and another lioness appeared on the scene, who were shortly joined by two more lions, making no less than seven in all. If only my friend had had his gun and ammunition with him, what royal sport he might have enjoyed!

The animals remained about half an hour, playing together much like cats, and rubbing their furs, wet with the night dews, dry upon the grass. Only every now and then the first lioness, who was rather lean, came and prowled about under the tree, her eyes gleaming with a pale yellow light, as Hübner described it. At last they all went down into the water and disappeared in the bush, the hungry lioness going last of all.

We soon made ready for the night, that is to say, we flung up a hedge of branches and brambles, and the beasts of prey began their usual concert, but our fire kept them at a respectful distance.

I passed the night of the 23rd July in a tree near the drinking-place, and watched for lions; and to increase my chances of success I sent the

waggons on a quarter of a mile. Nothing appeared, however, but jackals and hyenas. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the quiet was intense, the scenery looked lovely, but the hours seemed endless, and about two hours before daybreak it became very cold. Tired of watching, I tied myself to the stem of the tree with a strap I had brought with me, laid my head back, and went to sleep.

I awoke, feeling very cold about the head, and saw my cap lying on the ground. The sun was already ten degrees above the horizon, and I could hear the voices of my people in the distance, so I let my gun down by a string, and followed it myself.

I had hardly gone fifty steps when a lion came out of the jungle on the left, and pausing abruptly, glared at me for a moment; it was immediately joined by another. We gazed at each other as if petrified for a few seconds, then the animals turned tail, and I quietly went on my way; for, surprised as I was, I had no inclination to become the aggressive party.

The black-maned lion of South Africa seldom attacks men by daylight, especially in districts where there are plenty of large wild animals. But for this peculiarity, many more accidents would happen. Wandering Kaffirs and elephant hunters, when overtaken by the darkness, just light a fire and feel perfectly safe.

In uninhabited districts the king of the beasts does not come out to drink until broad daylight. Near the Tati, on the shores of the Sacha and Ramakoban, rhinoceroses dig, or rather shovel out, deep holes, which become partly filled with clear water. These are the favourite drinking-places of lions, and they come to them after their nocturnal hunting expeditions, before retiring to their lairs amongst the tall yellow reeds which grow on the river banks.

When I was encamped on the Sacha with Hübner in August, 1869, these great beasts of prey were unusually numerous; large and small antelopes, Cape buffaloes, giraffes, etc., supplying them with plenty of booty.

The sun has hardly sunk beneath the horizon before the rolling voice of the "Bush-baas," as the Kaffirs call the lion, announces that he has left his retreat and his time is come. The lions in the neighbourhood answer the signal, and, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, they assemble and go hunting in packs. Some nights the roaring was without intermission, and on others there was absolutely silence from midnight to 4 A.M.; but towards morning, as if the lions were protesting against the coming of the daylight, the fearful noise began worse than ever, now rolling away in the distance, now coming disagreeably close to the camp.

On the 20th I left the Gogwe and passed through the dry yellow sandy beds of the Katchani and Seribe streams, and the larger Schascha, all running from the south-west to the north-east, and full of the traces of countless troops of wild animals which had been down to seek for water. The banks are clothed with dense thickets of pale grey jungle edged with tall light yellow rushes, the favourite haunt during the day of lions and Cape buffaloes. Beyond stretch undulating districts, with weird-looking, rugged granite rocks rising here and there above the monotonous and apparently endless forest of mopane trees, with their rigid perpendicular branches and folded leaves, affording no more shade than a fishing net spread out in the sun. We made our way through these parched and dreary districts, and on the morning of the 26th of July arrived at the Tati settlement.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE TATI TO LINYANTI AND BACK TO THE MANGWE.

The Tati gold-fields—Sir John Swinburne—Unsettled state of the country—Hunt with Bushmen—The black rhinoceros—The young Monyama—Fermin killed by an elephant—Karl Meyer—The Mangwe River—Poor Watson—Arrival in Linyanti—Return march—Hübner remains behind—The young ostriches—A visit from Lumpengula—A hunt with MacGillivry—My garden and the locusts—Hartley—The Masaras—A hunt with Ziesmann—Hübner's return.

THE Tati settlement was founded by Karl Mauch, who, with Hartley, an old elephant hunter of seventy-two, had discovered traces of gold in the quartz strata in 1868. The news spread like wild-fire over the Cape Colony, Natal, and even reached Europe; but the miners who had hurried to the place from all parts of the world had hitherto found little to reward them for their trouble.

Amongst the discontented and disappointed whites, who numbered some thirty or forty, was an English nobleman, Sir John Swinburne, who, misled by the glowing accounts in the papers, and without waiting for their corroboration, had set

out, accompanied by an engineer, and provided with a steam-engine for crushing the quartz, and enough provisions, clothes, weapons, powder, shot, etc., to fill a magazine. The steam-engine was dragged up to Linyanti by thirty-two oxen, but as the Matebeles had a superstitious dread of it, supposing the whites meant to take possession of their country by its means, Sir John was obliged to have it brought back to the Tati.

The tents and huts of the miners were situated on the left bank of the Tati, a tributary of the Sacha. On the right, after passing the sandy bed of the stream, we came to an unfinished powder magazine, and on the left lay a dried-up swamp, full of the footprints of elephants; the animals themselves, however, had of course disappeared on the arrival of men. In previous years, troops of them probably haunted the site of the present settlement.

On the hills near by are carefully-constructed stone walls of a considerable age, which were thrown up at the expense of a vast amount of trouble by the Machonas, now driven into the north by the Matebeles, as a protection against the sudden inroads of their enemies. These walls cannot fail to excite astonishment in a country where the largest buildings erected by the natives consist of clay, grass, and branches.

Swinburne's people told us that the Matebele

country was in a very unsettled state, owing to the death of the notorious old chief Mosilikatze; so I got the outposts under old Monyama, a chief of secondary rank, to ask if I might pass through their land, sending the customary present for the acting chief or regent, whoever he might be.

Under the most favourable circumstances I could not expect an answer in less than a fortnight, which I did not regret, as rest was absolutely necessary for my exhausted oxen. We therefore resumed our ordinary occupations when on a halt; Hübner testing rocks, I taking astronomical observations. When Hübner and I arrived, Baines, with Hartley, the elephant hunter, who knew the Matebele "Indunas" well, and was highly esteemed by them, had already been allowed to penetrate into their country, and Sir John Swinburne was on the fruitless errand already alluded to.

We soon made friends with the settlers on the Tati, who included adventurers from every part of the world. Work was carried on as energetically as possible, not only all day but also all night. Most of the miners were sturdy, athletic, weather-beaten fellows, who still hoped, by perseverance and labour, to bring hidden treasures to light. Even in Africa gold is an element which calls out the energy of the human race in a marvellous manner, and spurs them on to the greatest exertions.

Presently my old servant Machlapean came to me and said he could not stand it here any longer, the country was altogether too gloomy for him; it was a regular desert; the rivers had no water, only sand; it was a place for Impisis (hyenas) to live in, not for men. Then he begged me most earnestly to let him go, for he wanted to get back to his wife, his children, and his hut, to the green hills and mountains on the Tugela, where the oxen were fat and the cows gave plenty of milk.

As a Mr. Sutton of Swinburne's party was just about to return to England, having been suddenly enriched by the death of a wealthy uncle, I let Machlapean go with him, for the poor fellow was quite ill with home-sickness, and had lost all his bright humour and cheerfulness.

The miners were getting very short of meat when two Bushmen arrived at the camp, rejoicing in the wonderful names of Ramurpisi and Kamarana, who brought news of the presence of large herds of game on the Lower Sacha. The miners tried to persuade me to join the aborigines in a hunting expedition, and, as I was already rather tired of the monotony of camp-life, I agreed, and providing myself with weapons, provisions, bed-clothes, cooking utensils, etc., I soon set out with my strange companions; but, before doing so, I made my Kaffirs set a hearty meal before them, for the poor fellows looked as if they had fasted for

months, and been well flogged into the bargain. As they understood the Bechuana language, I learnt through my servants Sililo and Umloi that Kamarana was unmarried, but that Ramurpisi was now living with his third wife and had several children. His first two wives and most of their children had been carried off by the Matebeles, and he himself had barely escaped with his life.

The Bushmen of these districts live like hunted game between the Matebeles on the north and the Bechuanas on the south. The former race look upon them as outlaws, and a young warrior would think little of testing the sharpness of his spear by pinning a Bushman to the earth with it. The Bushmen may be said to be the gipsies of South Africa, for they have much the same wandering instincts as those outcasts of Europe, and never seem able to accustom themselves to a settled dwelling-place. They are very clever in the preparation of concealed pitfalls, in which they entrap game of all kinds; and when meat fails them, they live upon bulbous roots and wild honey. They can hit a partridge or a guinea hen whether running or on the wing; vultures guide them to the place where lions have brought down their prey the night before, leaving many a juicy marrow bone for those who come after them, in a word, Bushmen can support themselves where Europeans would starve. They have to pay a tribute out of

the skins of the wild animals they destroy, but it is very irregularly exacted. Ostriches and elephants, on account of their feathers and tusks respectively, are the monopoly of the chief, and Bushmen are forbidden to kill them; but the wilderness is wide and the aborigines crafty, so that these costly articles can often be bought from them.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we finally packed up our belongings. After an hour and a half's march we came to some huts made of branches and foliage, with the smoke from the fires curling upwards; then we heard human voices, and two little black fellows, Ramurpisi's children, in costumes *au naturel*, ran out to meet their father, but seeing a white man, whom they evidently looked upon as a monster, they fled away yelling like hunted game.

The Bushman, however, soon reassured the frightened children, giving them some glass beads which he had received from me at the camp. To my surprise, Madame Ramurpisi was not nearly so ugly as I expected, in fact, she was almost good-looking, with thin lips and a slightly hooked nose; and I mentally wondered where her husband had picked her up. Before we started again, Ramurpisi took his children in his arms and caressed them, and his wife watched him from the door of the hut till he disappeared. This leave-taking

struck me as quite civilised, and reminded me of scenes at German railway stations.

The comical part of the expedition was that I did not know a word of the Bushmen's language, nor they of mine; but where there is a common interest and a common aim, people soon manage to understand each other, and so did we in this instance. My object was to have good sport, that is to say, to shoot plenty of large wild animals, so I had my best weapons with me; the Bushmen, on the other hand, wanted to eat the game when I had killed it. They knew as well how to trace it as the best trained bloodhounds, and were as familiar with the forest all round as I am with the streets of my native town. The only expressions intelligible to both parties were the Zulu words, jebo (yes), aykona (no), inyati (buffalo), monati (honey), but they served our purpose very well.

We must have marched for rather more than three hours altogether, when I brought down a koodoo with my polygonal rifle. We were then close to the Sacha, about twelve nautical miles below the spot were we had crossed this periodic stream with our waggons.

The Bushmen selected a resting-place on a gentle slope between two large trees, and after carefully examining the ground to see that there were no snake holes about, they set fire to the underwood with wisps of grass, spread a layer of

loose grass over the charred remains, and laid my sleeping rug upon it.

In everything they did they manifested the greatest caution. A fire was lighted to protect us on the side of the river, but it was kept of a moderate size, to prevent the flames from rising to any great height. In front of us lay the yellow sandy bed of the Sacha, and some five hundred yards to the left was a pool of water, the borders covered with the footprints of wild animals, which we avoided approaching, lest we should frighten the game when they came to drink at night.

The fire for making our coffee and cooking our supper was between our camp and the bed of the river, but as soon as we had finished with it we smothered it, leaving only a glimmer visible. When the necessary preparations for the night were made, my companions went back to the koodoo I had shot, and having cut it up they hung the joints in a tree, to be out of the reach of beasts of prey, bringing however one leg, with the liver and kidneys, to the camp for supper. After that meal I gave them some tobacco for them to have a smoke, and then lay down to rest. Beside me, under a rug, to protect them from the dew, lay five loaded rifles, ready for use at a moment's notice.

The way a Bushman prepares a pipe is very simple and effective. He kneads earth mixed

with water into a paste, moulds it into the shape required, makes an oblong hole in the top, burns the hole dry with a coal, takes a reed or grass stem, and with it bores through the stem of the pipe till the oblong hole is reached, clears the reed or stem from the bits of earth which may have got in, and the pipe handle is ready. Cut-up tobacco is put in at the top, coal is laid upon it, and the operation of smoking may commence.

All the people of South Africa, such as Zulus, Bechuanas, Makalakas, and Matebeles, draw the smoke right into their lungs, and then cough violently with evident enjoyment. They are also all enthusiastic snuff-takers: and when two Zulus meet, the first thing they do is to offer each other a pinch of snuff.

Although the night passed over quietly enough, I awoke several times. The pale yellow sand of the Sacha stream glimmered in the faint moonbeams, and the forms of the antelopes, which came down almost noiselessly to drink, cast long shadows upon the ground. Their keen scent would soon make them aware of our neighbourhood, and then they would suddenly stand stock still, or as the barking of our dogs was heard, they would start as if struck by lightning. But for these sounds and the loud snoring of my companions, who, rolled up in their karosses, lay like dogs at full length upon the ground, all was perfectly still, until an hour

before daybreak, when the beasts of prey appeared to hold a gala meeting, for the noise at times was deafening, but then again everything was hushed, and it seemed as if all life were extinct.

I had just roused myself from my morning dreams, the birds were chirping in the bushes, and it was already quite light enough for shooting, when I suddenly felt a very light touch on my shoulder, and saw the old Bushman Kamarana crouching on the ground like a panther about to spring, and drawing my attention to the bank of the stream behind us. My double-barrelled gun was in my hand in an instant, and I crawled up the bank with him. Arrived there, he held me firmly and pointed to a bush; as he was in a great state of excitement, I thought he must have seen some large beast of prey creep behind it, and I peered about with my eyes close to the ground, but could discover nothing, although the man still continued to point in the same direction. But now, looking a little higher, I suddenly saw the object of his attention, for three large bastard elands with mighty horns were standing scarcely thirty-five paces from us, listening and moving their long donkey-like ears backwards and forwards. Another moment, and they will be off! Stealthily I took aim, and fired both barrels in rapid succession, and the animal immediately opposite to me stood still for a moment, and then fell down dead. The distance

had been so short that the pointed bullet had passed right through the poor animal, piercing the heart, and death must have been instantaneous. A second antelope was wounded, and as soon as my big grey-hound Jack heard the shots, he started in pursuit.

To this day I cannot imagine how the old Bush-man got an inkling of the arrival of the game, for from our position it was impossible to see anything on the other side of the steep bank. He gave me to understand, by pointing to his ear again and again, that he had heard a noise; and if so, all I can say is, that the ears of Bushmen must be differently constructed, or rather, very differently trained, from ours.

The booty, which had fallen into our hands so opportunely, was at once drawn and quartered, and breakfast was prepared. Then, all three working together, we dragged the heavy carcases, weighing some six hundred pounds in all, to the fire, and completely covered them with bushes. The Bush-men and Makalakas, before they go hunting, always throw their magic dice, little bits of ivory marked with dots and other signs, and from the way they fall they know beforehand what will be the result of their expedition. In the present instance the dice-throwing lasted at least a quarter of an hour; then my guides got up, pointed to the right bank of the stream with their long spears, shouldered one of my reserve guns each, and we pushed on.

A hunt in this part of Africa differs from the tame pleasures of the ordinary chase in Europe, not so much in the quantities of game to be found here, as in the excitement and suspense of wandering through endless forests haunted by all manner of wild animals, which may surprise us at any moment. On this account we notice everything, listen to every sound, and carefully examine every thicket as we advance, such as buffaloes or the dreaded little black rhinoceros love to frequent. Another source of enjoyment is the sense of absolute freedom; we know that there are no boundaries anywhere, and that our hunting districts extend as far as we can carry our guns.

We had proceeded for about half an hour without uttering a syllable through a forest of mopane trees, growing at pretty wide intervals from each other, and alternating here and there with a denser growth of jungle, when my companions stopped, and pointed with their spears to some perfectly fresh buffaloes' spoors. They then indicated the direction I was to take and disappeared, one going to the right, the other to the left. In a quarter of an hour they rejoined me, having found the buffaloes. I followed them, and after a short march we halted; the Bushmen removed their sandals of untanned skin, and made me take off my boots. The sharp, reed-like grass and the rough ground, which seemed to be literally

strewn with pointed thorns, hurt my feet dreadfully at every step. Presently I saw a herd of buffaloes standing beneath the shade of some thick trees, and so well covered, that at first I could not tell their heads from their tails. On the back of one of the animals nearest to me I noticed one of those black starling-like weaver-birds, known to naturalists as the *Textor erythrorhynchus*, which live upon the larvæ and insects infesting the skins of buffaloes, and follow them everywhere. The bird was the first to perceive us, and flew up with a shrill cry, then perched again on the buffalo, stretched out its neck and flapped its wings.

Our game was alarmed, and raising its fierce head with its mighty horns, looked round at the spot where we were all crouching behind a bush, but fortunately without seeing us. The moment had come for firing. My long, heavy gun (calibre No. 10), loaded with a leaden bullet pointed with tin, lay ready on my shoulder; a thundering report rung out, succeeded by the rolling, crashing noise made by the buffaloes tearing their way through the dry bushes; clouds of dust rose in the air, and that was all we could see at first.

The animals had scarcely disappeared when the Bushmen, armed with their long spears, hurried forward; but I could not immediately follow, as I stopped to put on my boots, not being minded to run through the jungle barefooted! I then

reloaded my gun and followed the buffalo spoors, to find that the animal fired at had gone off with the others, leaving not so much as a trace of blood behind him. From the wood on the south-east of the stream, however, I heard loud bellowings and cries, and after a few moments' rapid running I saw my companions cautiously keeping under the cover of a thick bush, watching the wounded buffalo at a little distance off, but not daring to approach it. Wounded *Bos Caffers* are amongst the most malignant animals of Africa, and every year some accidents happen to hunters in encounters with them. Unless they are disabled by their wounds, they make furious onsets before death, and their tenacity of life is marvellous.

I had only my heavy single-barrelled gun with me, and if the ball hit the right place death would be certain and instantaneous; but all depended on that. My appearance on the scene revived Ramurpisi's courage, and creeping to within fifty paces of the buffalo he threw stones at it, on which the wounded creature slowly turned round, lowered its head, and came a little way out of the bush, its small green eyes glaring with rage, and its breath coming in short gasps. It stood still, staring at the Bushman, and I seized the opportunity to advance within forty paces, for there was no time to be lost, as an attack might follow at any moment. I fired; the shot took effect behind the

shoulder, and, as if struck by lightning, the huge beast fell to the ground—a long plaintive yell, true music to the ears of the hunter, announcing that the wound was mortal. No experienced hunter ever approaches a dying buffalo until this characteristic cry has been heard. We now examined our prey, and found the first ball embedded quite high up in the left shoulder, and a good deal of inflammation about the wound. As I was too far from my camp to be able to make any use of the carcase, I gave it to the Bushmen, who covered it with bushes, lit huge fires near it, and made marks on the trunks of the trees with their spears, to call the attention of any of their friends who might happen to be wandering about the forest. Four times more in the course of the day the unrivalled instinct of my companions brought me within firing distance of buffaloes, and each time traces of blood were left behind. It was often as long as three quarters of an hour before the Bushmen returned from following the spoor; but each time all they had to say was "Aykona chaya"—You have missed, or the game is gone! Now the distance had been in each case so short, that I could not have missed, and it was just possible that the men deceived me, to avoid having to carry the heavy horns to the camp for me.

It was about an hour before sunset when the Bushmen cried: "Hamba umlilo"—Let us go to

the fire," that is to say, to the camp; and I agreed. They pointed out to me where it lay, and I subsequently found it was an hour's distance from us; but I should never have found my way alone through the winding paths of the wilderness, in which, however, my black guides were quite at home. We had been picking our way along for about a quarter of an hour in the cautious, suspicious manner which becomes habitual to the hunter or traveller in this country, when we reached a spot where some large animal had evidently been quite recently rolling in the sand, and from the footprints we at once recognised it to have been the dreaded Pedjami, or small black rhinoceros. We hurried on with hushed footsteps, and presently saw it trotting away at about one hundred paces from us. The natives, who were again armed with my reserve guns, wanted to run after it and send a few bullets into it, and I had great difficulty in keeping them back. But the rhinoceros, hearing a noise, instead of the pursued became the pursuer, and, snorting like a steam-engine, he made for the bush behind which we had taken shelter, as affording us some little protection.

The black rhinoceros is a singularly nervous animal. If it sees danger or an enemy, such as a man, before getting scent of it, he generally rushes snorting away; but if he gets scent of anything unusual, and his sense of smell is of extra-

ordinary keenness, he suddenly charges out of the bush with great vehemence. Accidents often result from this last peculiarity, as horses are so terrified by the unexpected appearance of so formidable a beast, that they cannot be made to stir from the spot. Oswell, the former hunter and companion of Livingstone, when hunting with Edwards in the Matebele land, had a horse killed under him by the charge of a Pedjami on one occasion, and on another his own leg was pierced through, his life being only saved by the opportune appearance of Edwards. Dubois, a colonist living in Natal, relates that when hunting on the Amatonga Plain, near Lucia Bay, three of his Kaffirs were killed by a furious black rhinoceros in as many minutes.

Fortunately, the animal does not see well, and can easily be eluded in the forest by any one with ordinary activity and presence of mind, although it must always produce a certain feeling of nervousness to have a snorting Pedjami at one's heels.

In my African hunting expeditions I have shot at fifteen rhinoceroses and brought down seven. On the open plains, however, I am careful to avoid them, although John Dun, of the Tugela, will grapple with them even there; but then he is a perfect veteran in hunting.

When our enemy was about fifty paces from the bush he halted a moment and listened, moving

his long hog-like ears up and down. I was standing, ready to fire, a little in advance of the two Bushmen, who waited one on each side of me with the reserve guns in their hands.

The mighty animal advanced briskly but with marvellous caution. Probably it was not even now quite sure of our exact whereabouts, for when only twenty paces from us it hesitated and raised one leg like an expectant spaniel. Then it bent its head, showing its short smooth horn, and I fired as well as I could from my oblique position at the left shoulder, immediately springing aside four or five paces. A cloud of dust, a smell of smoke, a loud grunting, and the crashing of bending and breaking branches, were all we could see or hear. I looked for the Bushmen; they were in full flight, fifty paces from me, but when they saw the Pedjami was in retreat, they turned round and set off in pursuit. It was already so late, that, although the bushes and sand were plentifully sprinkled with blood, we were soon obliged to give up following our wounded prey, and it was not till a few days later that the Bushman found the dead body. He brought the short horn to me on the Tati, as a trophy.

Before we got back to the camp we saw a herd of some hundred buffaloes on a rising ground, wending their way to the right bank of the Sacha. They were marching in closely serried ranks, and

every now and then some old bulls with mighty horns, which seemed to act as a rear-guard, stopped and looked back over the road they had traversed. When we reached the bed of the Sacha I fired off my weapon, without taking aim, just to frighten them. Clouds of dust and a great uproar ensued, that was all.

The Bushmen thought from the movements of the animals that they were pursued by lions. We did not, however, catch sight of any; probably the noise of the firing drove them away.

We were only some thousand paces from our camp when I succeeded in bringing down a fine Impallah-bok. Arrived at the site of our fire I found, according to agreement, a buck-waggon belonging to the miners, some of my own people, and my big greyhound Jack, waiting for me. The bastard eland and the koodoo of yesterday were already packed in the cart, but as it was so late my servants remained with me for the night, starting very early the next morning.

The next day I again went hunting with the Bushmen, who were very anxious that I should shoot a zebra, as they, together with the Makalakas and Matebeles, consider the flesh of that animal a delicacy. I found its sweet taste repulsive, except in soup, with plenty of pepper, but I have known Boers and even Englishmen who prefer it to every other game.

A few hours' march, during which I shot one quagga, a blue gnu, and two Impallah-boks, brought us close to the huts of the Bushmen, and I then directed my course back towards the settlement on the Tati.

In this day's hunting the Bushmen, by following the flight of some bees, had discovered a nest full of honey, of which they took possession. These bees are scarcely so large as common house-flies, and they have dark bodies with dingy brown stripes. They are stingless, and build their nests in the ground. The honey is clear and has a pleasant taste. It is not stored in cells, but in loose grey bags, some of which are as large as a grape, or even a walnut.

We probed the nest with a flexible stick to see if it contained honey, and once convinced of that fact, it was quickly dug out with the spears of the Bushmen.

Arrived at the Tati, I learned that Monyama would not admit any one into the Matebele land; and it was evident that, if I wished to effect anything among its people, I must go myself.

A stranger visiting the Zulu or Matebele lands in time of peace, when the chief is reigning in his capital, surrounded by his Indunas, is as safe in life and property, if he complies with the customs of the country, as he would be in the best governed parts of Europe; I might almost say safer, as the

dirt and crowding in the narrow streets of our over-populated towns are as yet unknown amongst the "barbarian" natives of Africa.

When I was hunting in Zululand in 1866, during the reign of Panda, my carts full of all sorts of things stood quite unprotected at the Makameny Kraal, near the Shlue Shlue, for six weeks, and not so much as a nail was stolen. But now the common people stole everything they could: there was no king, and saying that, we have said all.

When angry or excited, the Kaffirs, whether Zulus or Matebeles, can be regular wild beasts; but those who know how to manage them can get on with them very well, and I have often found them as obedient and docile as children.

When travelling in these countries it is customary to make a present to the chief of the district about to be traversed, and to send messages to announce one's arrival. The value of the gift determines the rank of the stranger or the nature of his business.

It seems to me that the chief does not care so much for the actual present, as for the honour of receiving it from a white man. His subjects talk about it, and it gives them a more exalted notion of the rank of their ruler and the estimation in which he is held by foreigners. The chief always sends a present in exchange, and daily

gifts of meat, Kaffir beer or amasi, etc., arrive at the camp.

A traveller anxious to shoot elephants must pay a tribute of weapons, arms, etc., for which he will receive permission to hunt for one season, from May to October, for instance. The king assigns him a district, in which no one is allowed to compete with him. "The elephants await thee!" is the formula by which permission to hunt is announced. The necessary contingent of men for arranging the encampment, tracking and carrying the game, etc., are also supplied by the king, the European paying for their services in woollen wrappers and glass beads. The rewards agreed upon are deposited with the king, and not given away until the contract is fulfilled.

When I made the tedious Guay march with Hübner in the beginning of the rainy season, I showed each of the natives their rewards in beads and calico in the presence of their chief, N'Umkaniula, and in token of their complete satisfaction and readiness to go with me, they laid their shields and spears down beside them. The contract was thus formally ratified, and come what might they could not evade it, and would have been bound to go with us to the Victoria Falls, if we could have got as far. I confess, however, that I had my own fears of a breach of contract, and I expressed them to the chief, who laughed heartily at the very idea,

shook his spear, and made a very intelligible gesture of incredulity.

The Matebeles were originally a branch of the Zulu race, a lineage of which they are still very proud; and when driven from Zululand by the tyranny of the chief Chaka, they are said to have numbered some twenty thousand souls, including women and children. They made their way over the Drachenberg Mountains, but were pursued and overtaken by the Zulu despot and his warriors. A fierce battle ensued, and the Matebeles—whose very existence was at stake—fought so desperately as to completely defeat the hitherto victorious Chaka, and slay more than half his warriors. The Matebeles, led by the renowned Mosilikatze and his general N'Umbaze, then pursued their course in a north-westerly direction, driving all the Bechuana hordes in their path before them, till they settled down in a very fruitful district near the Magaliesberg Mountains, where they lived undisturbed till the Boers made their way over the Vaal River, and the interests of the two races clashed, after which ensued a long desultory struggle, the Matebeles being finally driven away by the whites, whose firearms gave them an unfair advantage. Mosilikatze then led his people to the district named after them, which begins a little to the north of the Transvaal Republic, at about 22°, and extends to the Zambesi. The former inhabi-

tants of these lands were the Machonas, who are gradually being exterminated by the stronger Matebeles.

As I said before, no successor to Mosilikatze had been appointed on my arrival at the Tati, for although the Indunas met daily in council at Umchlauchlausela, they seemed unable to come to a decision. Hundreds of oxen were slain and devoured, and rivers of joalla or durra beer consumed with no result. Such was the state of things when circumstances rendered it necessary for me to pass through the land of the Matebeles, as the quickest way to accomplish the aim of my journey.

We left the Tati and started in a northerly direction for the Ramakoban, a tributary of the Sacha, arriving there at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we halted and cooked our meal.

The entire march from the Tati to Linyanti is over a rocky plateau with an inclination to the north-west and south-east, and our course led us between the sources of the periodical streams and rivers which—on the left—run from the south-east to the north-west, and flow first into the Guay, discovered by James Chapman (which also, as I ascertained later in 1870, receives the Tchangani), and then into the Zambesi, and on the right, those of the streams running from the north-west to the south-east, and belonging to the system of the Limpopo or Crocodile River, which flows to the

Indian Ocean through the comparatively unknown coast district of Inhambane in S. lat. 25°.

We had hardly set up our camp before I went down to the right bank of the stream, still partially filled with water, and turning to the left I cut across the bed, which at this point is six hundred feet broad. The numerous and recent footprints convinced me that there were plenty of large animals, such as buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and giraffes, in the neighbourhood, so the next morning I had both the waggons taken some miles further down the stream, and decided to give up a day to hunting, in the hope of bringing down a buffalo.

Before I left the Tati I had engaged a young Makalaka, about nineteen years old, of a modest and winning appearance, in fact, the best looking native I ever saw in South Africa. His figure was of wonderful symmetry, and he was so fleet and indefatigable a runner that none of the Kaffirs could come anywhere near him, and he could keep even an unwounded buffalo in sight as long as he chose. He was equally expert in throwing the spear, wrestling, and all manly exercises.

This black Apollo, in whom I was much interested, was named Monyama, and was a son—although I did not know it at the time—of the crafty old guardian of the Matebele frontier of the same name already referred to. Young Monyama's only reason for taking service with us was to spy

A BUFFALO HUNT.

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upon us undisturbed; and he found means, unknown to me, of keeping his father supplied with almost daily reports of our very slightest movements. This mode of ascertaining the actions, wishes, amusements, etc., of visitors to their country is very characteristic of the Matebeles, who do not consider espionage at all derogatory to their dignity, but rather a necessary attribute of a superior man. In the present instance they were chiefly anxious to find out if we were on a search for gold, and as Monyama saw Hübner collecting, examining, and testing stones every day, he made sure we were. This information was important to old Monyama and the Matebeles, because they thought as the whites value that metal above everything, they would be able to exact a larger tribute or Tusa.

On the morning of the 18th August, I took young Monyama and my Bechuana servant Umloi out hunting with me, giving them my guns to carry, that I might make my way more quickly through the forest unencumbered with weapons. After following a spoor with first-rate success for about an hour and a half, I came upon buffaloes, fired, and brought down a beautiful young cow.

The sound of my shot had scarcely died away when I heard a great tramping of horses and human voices close to me in the forest. The next moment a troop of Boers rode up, amongst whom,

to my astonishment, I recognised Mynheer Osthuis, of Palatje, from whom I had parted nearly a month before, to meet in the midst of an endless wilderness in this unexpected manner.

I pointed out the direction taken by the flying buffaloes, and four of the Boers, with loud hurrahs, galloped after them as fast as their horses would go. Osthuis however remained behind with me. He told me that a few days before he had had two ribs broken when hunting a giraffe, and asked if I could not give him some healing ointment which would cure him as quickly as possible, offering me a couple of elephant tusks in payment! A Boer expects under such circumstances to be put to rights with an ointment as easily as we mend a broken table leg with a bottle of glue! Mynheer Osthuis went on to say that he had actually stayed in his tent for two days, but, when he heard the firing of his friends in the bush, he could bear the inaction no longer, although, when he was in the saddle, every step of the horse gave him pain.

I was reluctantly obliged to inform him that I understood nothing of the lofty and philanthropic sciences of medicine and surgery, but that I thought absolute rest was urgently necessary, and that even the most learned physician of my native country would not advise a buffalo hunt, if he wished to heal broken ribs. At that the poor fellow looked disconcerted, got down from his

horse with a deep groan, lit his pipe, went into raptures over my long rifle, and thought if he had such a weapon he would like to live in the bush for ten years. I imagine he meant without broken ribs, but he said nothing about that.

Our further conversation related to the ordinary topics of bush life, the state of the oxen, watering-places, game, and the Kaffir servants. We were soon interrupted by the noise of rapid firing, and a little later we learnt that four more buffaloes had been brought down by this cannonade. Osthuis then remounted and rode slowly away. Meanwhile my people had marked my buffalo cow, and covered it with bushes, the two large greyhounds remaining behind to feast upon the lungs and heart, which had been cut out for them. Leo, the bloodhound I had brought from Europe, had died from a wound, and the beautiful bitch Norma had been left behind in Rüstenberg, on account of her health.

It is better for hunters to be content with dogs born in the country, which are quite accustomed to the climate. A cross between a bulldog of pure breed and a fine greyhound produces splendid animals, which are alike strong, active, and brave.

Pure bulldogs are not to be recommended, on account of their lion-like boldness and their propensity to fly at the game at once; for they all come to a violent death sooner or later. Large

wounded Harrisbok antelopes or bastard elands with their long horns are more dangerous to dogs than buffaloes. In the spring of 1870 I saw John Lee's three best dogs killed by a wounded antelope before he could reload.

When I got back to the camp at 3 o'clock in the afternoon I sent Philips to fetch the buffalo cow; but in spite of the exact directions I gave him, he had the greatest difficulty in finding it. He had not gone far before he came upon some buffaloes, shot one, and followed up the blood spoor, but got no booty. Then he found one of the buffaloes belonging to the Boers, which showed him his mistake. Much mortified, he went with the Boers to their camp, remained with them for the night, resumed the search the next morning, and returned with the buffalo cow, after an absence of twenty-four hours. We had sat by the fire till late in the evening waiting for him in vain, and were terribly afraid he had been torn by lions and his oxen dispersed. The only advantageous result of his long search was that he brought back fifty pounds of white rhinoceros fat from the Boers, which was at once melted down and bottled, for our stock of American pig's fat was getting low, and we were very glad of this substitute for cooking our chops and steaks. We never drew upon the small flocks of sheep and goats accompanying us, except in cases of absolute necessity.

After leaving Ramakoban the country became more fruitful, and near the river the immense thickness of the trunks of the trees especially struck us. A few miles to the north we saw the first marula trees, the yellow mango-like fruit of which, when ripe, covers the ground beneath them. These trees require a rather rich soil, and the Makalakas, Matebeles, and Machonas plant them in their orchards. The women prepare a clear tartish kind of drink from the ripe fruit, which is called marula wine, and of which I subsequently imbibed large quantities. The sky was now often clouded, and the weather remained pleasantly cool; even in the middle of the day, with a fresh south-east breeze, the temperature was often as low as 52° Fahrenheit, so that we suffered less from the heat than we often do at home on warm September days, and it really was a pleasure to set off in the forest, our guns over our shoulder, and our dogs and Kaffirs beside us.

The south-east wind blows so regularly here from May to near the end of September, that I might almost call it a trade-wind. When it is very strong it always drives those characteristic white ball-like clouds before it, which apparently still contain a good deal of moisture.

A little to the north of the spot where we passed the bed of the stream of the 21st of August is the grave of a young Englishman, of

the name of Fermin, marked by a huge heap of stones and protected by thorn bushes. The poor fellow had come out from England on purpose to hunt, and was killed by a bull elephant which he had mortally wounded. He was accompanied by an old experienced hunter, and the animal, apparently dying, was standing still in the bush, which it could not be induced to leave, when, against the advice of his companion, Fermin sprang from his horse and approached the elephant. It suddenly rushed at him, and before he had time to fire seized him, flung him in the air, and when he fell, stamped on him till his body was so completely crushed and mangled that no one could have identified it.

The lookers on were powerless to assist him, and a Mr. Byles, who was present, told me his skull had been split into three pieces. It was the elephant's last despairing effort, and he suddenly fell down dead beside the remains of his victim.

A grave of this kind in the wilderness, or rather the heap of stones over it, becomes larger year by year, as the Kaffirs who pass by consider it an act of piety to fling a stone upon it.

Our further march led us through a desolate uninhabited wilderness, from which rose the curious masses of granite so characteristic of the Matebele land. Round blocks of stone perched on the edge of some lofty crag, and looking as if the slightest

push would fling them down, are one of their most distinctive peculiarities.

On the 25th of August we entered the old waggon track which leads into the Matebele land, and towards 9 o'clock in the morning I heard the crowing of a cock on the right side of the road. As we were not in India, where cocks run wild in the jungle, I concluded that we were near some human habitation, and following the direction of the sound, I came to a hut in a hollow not far from the Mangwe stream, with blue smoke curling up from the roof, and a few Kaffir draught oxen, sheep, and goats grazing near; close to the hut stood a dilapidated old cart. I hurried up to the door and entered the house so suddenly, that its three white inhabitants, who were sitting at breakfast, could not speak for astonishment for several minutes. They were sun-burnt, sturdy fellows, and as soon as I had explained where I came from and where I was going, they invited me to share their meal, which I was quite ready to do. I sent the Kaffir who had come with me back to the carts to order a halt.

My hosts, who were elephant hunters, and had just returned home from the north of the Matebele district, gave me some interesting details of the state of things there. All they had got in their expedition was fifteen hundred pounds of ivory, a very poor booty, with which they were much

dissatisfied. Behind the little hut stood a forge, provided with an anvil, bellows, and all the instruments necessary to the business of a wheelwright; and I discovered that my new friends did a good business by repairing the carts, etc., of passing travellers. Two of the men spoke English with the accent peculiar to Boers, but the third at first appeared to be a regular John Bull.

After breakfast we went out to the place where my men were encamped, and whilst the two Boers examined the state of the harness, etc., with the air of connoisseurs, the supposed Englishman tested the wheels and told me that, if I wished to keep my carts in good condition, I had better have the iron bands of the wheels tightened, as owing to the great dryness of the air the spokes in the naves were already rather loose.

In making these technical remarks a few German words escaped my new friend, and I at once exclaimed in my native language, "Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"My name is Karl Meyer, and I was born in Lützen," was the reply.

This meeting with my fellow-countryman was one of the fortunate accidents which enabled me to continue my journey to so great a distance, for, thanks to his repairing, my carts became as good as new, and were in such a capital state of preservation when I got back to the coast, that they

fetched almost as much as I gave for them. Meyer only charged me 6*l.* for everything—a sum I did not grudge in the least.

Meyer's life had been full of adventures. After the sale in 1849 of the German fleet, on which he had held a situation as locksmith, he took service on the Bremen whaler *Otaheite*, Captain Wietig, and had wandered about with him in the South Seas for several years, so that when I went on board the *Otaheite* in the harbour of Honolulu in 1851, I very likely saw Meyer without knowing it. About 1865 he came to Port Elizabeth in an American ship, and, obtaining his discharge, made his way overland to Natal. The names of his two present companions were Ziesmann and Byles, and with the former he had hunted elephants for several years. During the rainy season, when it is impossible to go about in the Matebele land, he occupies himself in repairing the weapons of the natives, for which he receives enormous payments in ivory, ostrich feathers, and rhinoceros horns, exchanging these articles with passing traders for hard cash, powder, shot, articles of clothing, or anything he may happen to require. As he is industrious and thrifty, he had already several hundred pounds sterling stowed away in his trunk. For sixteen long years he had heard nothing of his relations in Europe, and when I got back to Germany in 1871 I hunted some of them out, and

met them at the Hauffe Hotel, in Leipzig. They were of course not a little astonished at obtaining detailed news of one whom they had long reckoned amongst the dead.

During my stay on the Mangwe I carefully examined the neighbourhood, and found it to be lofty—the surrounding districts sloping down from it on every side—airy, and well watered by the river and its tributaries, which are never dried up.

Firewood is everywhere easy to obtain, and game, such as giraffes, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and the stately Harris or sable antelopes, plentiful. The Makalaka villages near by are very convenient for provisioning a caravan, as durra, corn, maize, water-melons, sheep, and goats can be bought in them, and those who have patience enough to fish may make sure of good sport in all the streams. I therefore determined that the Mangwe district should be the scene of my encampment, if I were prevented from reaching the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi before the beginning of the rainy season in October.

After our waggons were mended, we made our way to the rocky station of Monyama. The old Makalaka chief worried me from morning to night with ceaseless begging, and did all in his power to delay me. Not until the 7th of September, when I threatened to turn back at once, did he tell me what he had hitherto craftily concealed, that the

Matebele Indunas had commissioned him to send me up to Linyanti, where the two English missionaries Thomas and Sykes were staying. Near Monyama's pass a district begins which may be justly characterised as a sea of rocks, for enormous masses of granite in chaotic confusion stretch away from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye can reach. Here and there stand solitary rocks, looking like half-fallen towers or huge old deserted fortresses. When a storm breaks over this petrified ocean, the thunder-claps echo from rock to rock in an awful manner. All is barren and desolate; no plants clothe the slippery rocks, which are as smooth as if they had been polished, only here and there from their crevices shoot thorny euphorbias and aloes, their rigid motionless forms, which the strongest wind is powerless to stir, harmonising well with the surrounding scenery.

On the 9th of September I reached the banks of the Kumala River, and in a miserable cabin, with one Kaffir servant, I found Mr. Watson, belonging to Baines' party, who was brought so low by an attack of rheumatism that he could only hobble painfully along with a crutch. I supplied him with some refreshments and books, to cheer him in his lonely and deserted situation. He told me that, soon after the arrival of his party at this spot, a draught ox had been torn by a lion in broad daylight before their very eyes. No less than three

guns were discharged at the beast of prey without fatal effects, and he finally got away, wounded as he was, leaving the dead ox on the ground, so that the flesh at least was saved.

Baines had made a fine sketch of this attack, which he called "Blauberg's End." The lion had sprung sideways upon his victim, and dragged it down, burying his fore-claws in the neck and shoulder. Bellowing loudly, the poor ox strove to shake off this terrible embrace, but soon lay dead upon the ground.

We passed the elephant hunter Steward, on his way to the Mangwe; his booty consisted of fifteen animals, which had yielded one thousand two hundred and sixty pounds of ivory.

On the 14th of September we reached Umbigo's large kraal of Sunkendaba with the exhausted and half-starved teams, after passing through a parched and extensive forest, in which nearly all the grass to the very roots was being devoured by swarms of locusts.

The Zulus of Sunkendaba had already decided against the choice of Lumpengula, one of the candidates for the vacant throne; they were determined to have nothing to do with him; and Umbigo, who had command of four élite regiments, numbering some five thousand men, and known as "the blacks," hoped with their aid to decide the future fate of the Matebele kingdom. No secret

was made to us of the fact that the choice of Mosilikatze's son would lead to a declaration of war. On our first arrival the common people behaved very insolently, and not until Umbigo himself had paid me a visit in my camp, and taken a meal with me, did they change their tone.

On the 17th I reached Linyanti, but before arriving there I met Thomas, the English missionary, and Lumpengula, on their way to the chief kraal of Umchlauchlausela. I inquired what my chances were of carrying out my plans with regard to the march to the Zambesi, but I only got diplomatic and evasive answers.

Not to encourage the good people in any useless illusions as to the extent of my patience, I now declared straight out that, bearing in mind the shortness of my provisions and the exhausted state of my oxen, it was impossible for me to waste any more time in a country where there was neither fodder for cattle nor food for men. The reader must know that in a state of interregnum, such as now prevailed, no Kaffir will sell an ox of any kind, for everything in the country is supposed to be the property of the ruler, through whose grace the subject enjoys all that he has; and the answer we received when we wanted to buy an ox, a sheep, or a goat was: "How can I sell anything which does not belong to me?" But when the king is on the throne his orders are: "Sell the white man

what he requires." Now, however, there was no one to give orders.

Like all Europeans who live long amongst the natives and learn to speak their language perfectly, Thomas had been drawn into the politics of the Matebeles, and was far more of a state-councillor to them than a missionary. This state of things comes about of itself, for, in spite of the often absurd vanity of the natives, they soon recognise the superiority of a white man; they consult him at every turn, and express their feeling that brain power is more effective than brute force by saying: "You white people can conquer everything, excepting death."

We visited the families of Thomas and Sykes. The latter had married a German lady, and it seemed strange to hear the children talking our native language at dinner, when we remembered what a distance we were from the nearest port to Europe. In the missionaries' gardens, maize, potatoes, and cabbages flourished side by side with tomatoes, fig-cacti, and peaches.

According to my observations, Linyanti is situated in S. lat. 19° 40′ 47″, and E. long. 29°40′, and is four thousand one hundred feet above the sea-level.

A few days later we heard that the Matebele Indunas, in their wisdom, had decided to banish all Europeans or Boer elephant hunters from their

country for the time, and to send them back to the Mangwe, there to await their further pleasure. Thomas and Sykes, however, were to remain in Linyanti.

At first I thought this proceeding very despotic and unjust, but later I recognised that it was the result of a well-meaning solicitude for the safety of the whites. The natives expected an outbreak of hostilities, and were anxious to know that all foreigners were in a place of security, as accidents to them were apt to lead to difficulties with the English colonial government.

Under these circumstances my decision was soon made. I knew that the choice of a king might not take place for some time, and as there was neither grass for the oxen nor game for the men within easy reach of Linyanti, I was determined to go back to the Mangwe as soon as ever my exhausted oxen were a little rested. Their condition unfortunately involved a delay of another whole week, during which my patience was sorely tested by the natives, who stood in groups about the carts for hours together, crying incessantly, "Tusa monale, Tutusa monale"—A present, sir! give us a present. Luckily, they think witches and evil spirits haunt the darkness, and look upon a man who stays out at night as an uncanny fellow, or sorcerer, so they all retired to their own huts at night, leaving us in peace.

The first hunting party to arrive at Linyanti was Jennings'. Baines and old Hartley were still four days' journey off in the north. The unfortunate Sir John Swinburne was a fixture here, with his locomotive, and his engineer, Arkel, was in despair at the bad results of the expedition. Sir John's courage, however, was still kept up by his companion Edwards, a sturdy African veteran, whom I had known since 1866, when I met him in Natal. It was this Edwards who first introduced a white man—the missionary Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law—to the cruel and notorious old Mosilikatze.

Jennings' party came to see me every evening, and amused me with anecdotes of their interesting and daring hunting life. The dilapidated state of their carts, and the terribly emaciated condition of their oxen and horses, betrayed how arduous had been their expedition. They had just come from the banks of the Ganyana River, near the Zambesi, and three of their horses showed symptoms of the tsetse-sickness, the result of the bite of the venomous insect of that name. I therefore administered strong doses of eau de l'huis, or extract of ammoniac; and all I can say as to the results of this treatment is, that none of the horses died. This medicine is equally efficacious in the case of snake-bites; it is kept in small bottles well corked, and the traveller in Africa should never be without it.

As I did not want any other party to march before mine, and consume the little grass there was in the way, I started with one waggon on the 27th of September, having succeeded, after endless delays, in purchasing one fresh draught ox from the Matebeles, who managed, during the negotiations, to carry off a roll of wire, in spite of the constant watchfulness of six men; so that the animal, for which I nominally gave one woollen rug, cost me dear.

Hübner had offered to stay behind at Linyanti as long as possible; and a few days after I left he rode to the capital with Thomas, and tried to obtain permission to go to the Zambesi by way of the Guay River; with what results we shall presently see. I need only add here that on this mission he displayed a patience, courage, and perseverance which would have done honour to a diplomatist.

With infinite fatigue and trouble I managed to reach the Kumala with my exhausted oxen, arriving on its banks on the 31st of September. A few showers had already fallen, and the ground was so soft that I was obliged to halt for a few days. Here the Jennings met me on the 3rd of October, bringing with them eight young ostriches, only six days old, which they presented to me. The Kaffirs soon made a big cage of branches, which was fastened across the back of the cart; and in a

very short time the birds became quite tame and affectionate. They travelled with us in their cage, and when we halted we let them out to graze on the tender grass shoots which were now beginning to spring up everywhere.

Although ostriches are amongst the wildest and most timid of living creatures, they can be completely tamed when taken quite young. My pets soon learnt to know me from the Kaffirs; and when I went for a walk they would run after me like house-dogs. At four weeks old they ran so fast that none of my people could keep up with them; and when we were encamped on the Mangwe they sometimes remained away for the whole day, but they always came back to the tent in the evening with the oxen and goats. I rewarded them for their faithfulness, on their return, by strewing a spoonful of coarse salt on the ground, which they picked up eagerly. As they grew older their digestive powers increased, and they swallowed down whole chops, bones and all, maize, cooked buffalo's flesh, goat's ribs, and, on one occasion, even a pocket-knife with three blades, belonging to Ziesmann, without any ill-effects whatever. Four of them must have travelled more than one thousand three hundred miles with me altogether; and as they grew bigger they became as accustomed to the noise of firing as old grenadiers. If I wanted to call them back when they

were out with me, I had only to let off my gun, and they would come running up at once.

On the morning of the 6th of October I wanted to make an attempt to resume my march to the Mangwe, and had already begun harnessing the oxen when I suddenly saw a rider approaching followed by several spear-bearers. It was Lumpengula, the future king of the Matebeles, and it at once struck me that I should be asked for more presents; but in this I did the princely barbarian injustice, for he behaved with the greatest courtesy, expressing his deep regret that he had been unable to further my wishes, etc., and offering me two saddle-horses, as I was unmounted, to take me to the Mangwe. Some of his spearmen should go with me as an escort, and bring them back.

I declined his kind offer, and presented him with two pounds of shot, half a pound of powder, and a box of matches. As we were dining together in my tent he noticed a gold medallion, containing a coloured portrait of my deceased mother, which I wore round my neck. He asked to look at the picture, and talked a great deal about it to my driver, who told me the prince saw a likeness to some one in it; and when he heard that the lady it represented had long been dead, he said, "Oh, you white men are fortunate; your art is so great that you can still see those who are gone: your hearts need never be sad." No civilised person

could have expressed himself with more tact. My visitor took leave at 5 o'clock, with all the politeness of a chivalrous knight; and as he mounted his horse he saluted me with the well-known expression, "Hamba gushli"—Go in peace.

Heavy storms are very common during the prevalence of the west and north-west winds of this time; and one broke over us amongst the rocky ravines of the Matoppo Mountains, the thunder echoing from side to side as if the very cliffs must burst. It was in the midst of the roaring of Heaven's artillery that I reached Monyama on the 11th, arriving at Meyer's smithy on the Mangwe in the afternoon, not a little delighted at being once more in a district with plenty of fodder for my cattle.

On this return march from Linyanti to the Mangwe, I often had occasion to notice small whirlwinds, which would rise up suddenly, especially about noon, with a roaring, threatening noise, tearing up grass and bushes by the roots, and even breaking off the branches of trees. They were the result of the conflict between the prevalent south-east wind and the west and north-west winds.

When marching through a parched forest near the Kumala we were suddenly surprised by such a whirlwind. The noise was so great that we all at once took shelter behind some thick mopane

trees, thinking a herd of flying buffaloes were upon us. Another moment, and the whirlwind swept by, covering us with dust, grass, twigs, and leaves as it pursued its uninterrupted course, cutting through every obstacle in its way, its dark encircling dust-mantle rising to an enormous height.

With October the rainy season began, and, as matters stood, I knew that I must remain on the banks of the Mangwe until it was over. I pitched my tent beneath the shade of some tall marula trees, on as lofty a position as I could find, from which I could command an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The Jennings were encamped close by, amongst whose party was a certain Mr. MacGillivry, from Perth, who had lost all his money in commercial speculations, and had now become an elephant-hunter. On the 14th of October this gentleman and I went hunting together, I being mounted on his pony Colbrook, an animal famed far and wide for his notable qualities.

We were both provided with light needle-guns, manufactured especially for hunting in Africa, by Dreyse of Sömmerda. After riding for about an hour, we came upon several large elands and a herd of quaggas. No sooner did our horses perceive them than they dashed off in pursuit like greyhounds; and a mad chase, through bush and

over débris, ensued, the quaggas and elands at first keeping together. Presently, however, they separated; and singling out a fine male eland I followed it on the swift little Colbrook until I was but a few paces from it, when a shot rung out just behind me, and my game, terrified into putting out all his strength, sped away like the wind. But Colbrook was not to be outdone; he quickly caught the eland up again, and for a few minutes the two animals were close upon each other. Then I suddenly dashed a little in front of the eland, drew rein, flung myself from the saddle, fired, and the poor creature staggered and fell down dead.

Five minutes later some of the Kaffir attendants came up, and from them I learnt than an eland had also been brought down by MacGillivry, who soon joined me. We lit our pipes, and rode slowly back to the tents.

My old friend Meyer, from Lützen, at once started with his fresh and sturdy oxen to bring home the game; so that we had plenty of fresh meat of the best quality, for a fat eland weighs some thousand pounds.

I carefully ascertained the position of several of the most striking mountains and cliffs with my compass, so that I was not likely to lose my way at night. Moreover, the granite rocks on the plains are of such peculiar forms that it is almost impossible to mistake their identity. To two of

them—one resembling an old ruined Norman castle, the other a dilapidated round tower—we gave the names of Lee's Castle and Lee's Tower, after an elephant-hunter settled in the neighbourhood.

About a mile to the north of my camp I one day discovered some stone walls, erected on the summit of a perfectly barren granite hill, probably, like those on the Tati, the work of the Machonas.

On the 18th of October we heard that Lee, mentioned above, had arrived at the Tati with two waggons, containing provisions for Baines' party; but that his oxen were in such an exhausted condition that it was impossible for him to come on any further for a month. This news was a terrible blow to a younger brother of his, who was waiting for him on the Mangwe; and he came to me, telling me that his provisions were nearly exhausted, that he had neither beads nor wire to barter with the natives, and begging me to let him hunt for me in exchange for free board, tobacco, and lodging until his brother's return.

I agreed; and on the 21st of October he commenced to put his part of the agreement into practice, returning the same evening with the news that he had shot two white rhinoceroses, of the kind called Incombo by the natives, and had left three Kaffirs in charge of them for the night.

Early on the 22nd, Ziesmann, Lee, and I started

with a cart and fourteen oxen, to bring home the game. Scarcely half an hour after we had set out we suddenly came upon an entire herd of buffaloes; a hunt of a few minutes ensued, and two of the huge creatures soon lay dead on the field, a third escaping, sorely wounded, into the dense jungle, from which he could not be brought out.

Ziesmann, who had ridden into the midst of the flying animals, was suddenly charged by a cow, with a young calf beside her. His horse, seeing the danger, turned round in no time, and sprung sideways between two mopane trees growing very near together, thus saving his rider's life, for the angry buffalo overshot the mark, and dashed past him. Ziesmann's knee was so crushed, however, that he was lame for a fortnight afterwards.

At last we came to the rhinoceroses. My Kaffirs had had to spend half the night in trees, as two lions, attracted by the smell of the blood of the game, had prowled about uncomfortably close to their camp-fire, an adventure which the men related with the merry humour so characteristic of their race. I had the heads of the rhinoceroses hewn off just below the ears with sharp American axes, as I wanted to preserve the skulls. It took four men to heave each massive head into the waggon, and the larger of them with the horn weighed one hundred and eighty-eight pounds.

Soon after the fall of the first rain I laid out

a vegetable garden by way of experiment, and planted it with seeds of several kinds, which I had brought with me from Cape Town, reserving some in case of accidents. My beans, cabbages, tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, lettuces, etc., etc., throve admirably, and I was already looking forward to the time when they should garnish my table. But, alas, on the 24th of October, a host of young and wingless, but not the less destructive, locusts appeared, and though I defended my garden with ten Kaffirs armed with torches and brambles as gallantly as did Leonidas the Pass of Thermopylæ, it was all in vain; everything—except the cucumbers, which were left untouched—was destroyed. My ostriches ate locusts from morning till night, and four of them soon afterwards died of dyspepsia. There is evidently a limit to the digestive powers even of ostriches!

On October 27th Hartley arrived, having left Baines behind him at Monyama. Hartley is an old man of about seventy, with a long silver beard, who has been an elephant hunter since his twenty-sixth year, and is well known from Potchefstrom to the Zambesi. He told me that he had shot altogether over one thousand elephants, and he is at present the oldest and greatest hunter of Africa south of the Zambesi.

He is of middle height, very muscular and strongly built, and still mounts his horse with

great agility. His face, arms, and hands are bronzed by constant exposure to the tropical sun. The most remarkable thing about him is that he has a lame foot and can only walk very slowly, so that all his hunting has to be done on horseback. The love of hunting runs in his family, and some of his sons always accompany him on his expeditions, so that the fine farms owned by them in the Magaliesberg Mountains are often neglected for months.

Hitherto Hartley had met with no accident to speak of, but about a fortnight after our meeting, when near the Ramakoban, he saw a white rhinoceros standing amongst the rushes. It was apparently an inoffensive, lazy creature, and Hartley fired at it. The animal fell, and the old man, quite contrary to all usage, dismounted and approached it without reloading. At that moment his servant, who had ridden up, saw the rhinoceros struggle to its feet, and called out to his master to come back; but he was too late. Hartley was seized by the wounded beast, flung into the air, and alighted on its back, breaking two of his ribs, just before it expired.

Fortunately there was a doctor, Coverley by name, amongst the miners on the Tati, not of the Dr. Martin sort, but an experienced physician, who had taken his degree at the Edinburgh University, and practised for some years on the

Cunard line of steamers. Old Hartley was taken to him, suffering tortures by the way in the jolting ox-cart, and Dr. Coverley pronounced his recovery certain, but ordered absolute rest for six weeks.

I became acquainted with this Scotch doctor, and found him a very cultivated man. He told me Hartley bore his sufferings like a hero. We found plenty to talk about, and I shall never forget his cutting criticism of Dr. Mary Walker, who had visited him when he was a hospital doctor in Edinburgh.

When old Hartley arrived at the Mangwe he brought me a letter from Hübner, which contained nothing but complaints of the state of the oxen and the melancholy news that the Indunas had not yet come to any decision.

The grande armée of locusts had hardly taken their departure before I re-planted my garden, and that in even better style than the first time; with what result the reader will presently learn.

Whenever a pause in the rain occurred the Makalakas attacked old Monyama, and then he would retire to his hut for several days and try all manner of spells to make it rain. Finding them useless, he at last said the fluttering of the German flags over my carts evidently scared away the rain spirits, and he must beg me to take them down.

Knowing how useless it is to argue against

superstition, I yielded, and took down the flags for a few days. No rain came, however, but a little later, seeing from the falling of my barometer that it might be expected soon, I sent to tell Monyama that I knew for certain from my books of magic that the rain spirits were only angry at his letting a stranger thirst close to his kraal when his pots at home were overflowing with joalla (Kaffir beer); so he had better send me some, and I would take care there was a down-pour within twenty-four hours. The beer came, and soon afterwards the rain; the old man had discovered that I was as good a weather-doctor as himself, and the German flags were allowed to float undisturbed.

Many messengers whom I sent to Hübner at this time to urge him to join me at the Mangwe as soon as possible were stopped by the crafty old Monyama, and sent back to me with the order that we were to remain where we were; writing letters only caused confusion. Why couldn't we be content to wait? Did we think the Victoria Falls would run away? and so forth. Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to wait as patiently as we could.

At this time of year the temperature in the middle of the day was very hot and oppressive, and at half past 11 A.M. on the 29th October the Fahrenheit thermometer marked 90°.

In the afternoon Ziesmann brought me news of

the arrival at his hut of nine half-starved Masara Bushmen, who had come to beg him to shoot some game for them, as there were buffaloes and elands close at hand. Delighted at an excuse to get away from the camp again, I loaded four of my Kaffirs with provisions, bed-clothes, ammunition, etc., and started in the early dawn of the next morning with Ziesmann, the Kaffirs, and the Bushmen for the hunting-field.

The Bushmen were so famished that they had bound wide straps round their trembling and wrinkled limbs, evidently with a view to keeping them in their places! Acting on Ziesmann's advice, who thought a hungry Masara would track the game better than a well-fed one, we gave the poor fellows very little to eat before they started. Whether we were right or wrong, I can only say that, although we had the advantage of being mounted, we had every reason to admire their wonderful keenness of scent. The nine Bushmen, their spears in their hands, marched along in a line in front of us, at distances of some two hundred paces from each other, which they maintained, although their course was often a zigzag one. Not one word was spoken; but if a spoor was detected, it was quickly pointed out with a spear and as quickly telegraphed along the line.

We soon discovered quite a fresh eland track, and our guides at once came together in a body,

pointing out the direction the game had taken, giving us to understand that it was as they believed in good condition, and would be found close by. They then persuaded us to dismount and to avoid all noise for a few minutes, and the two youngest and most active crept as silently and stealthily as panthers through the bush, quickly disappearing from our sight, but returning in the same cautious manner in less than ten minutes to say they had found the game—a mighty eland bull—standing under a tree. Ziesmann and I sprang into our saddles, and the chase began when we were about three hundred paces from the eland. The ground was pretty clear, and my horse became restive, dashing past the rest of the party and the eland itself. For a few minutes I could not guide it at all, but presently I heard a shot behind me, and my steed stopped so suddenly that I was nearly flung over his head. I had only just recovered my seat when the eland dashed up so close to me that I could almost have touched it with the end of my gun. I fired, it swerved aside and halted in a thicket of bushes, breathing quickly and heavily. I was off my horse in a moment, how I don't know; my needle-gun was quickly reloaded, and a second shot brought the stricken antelope to the ground. All this time I had seen nothing of Ziesmann, so I now rode back and soon saw all the Masaras, gesticulating wildly, gathered round a figure lying

motionless on the ground. A few paces off lay poor Ziesmann's gun, lock and butt-end broken, and beside it his broad-brimmed hat with its ostrich feathers.

I raised his head, shook him, called him by his name, and after a terrible pause he slowly opened his eyes, and, looking about as if stunned, asked where he was. So I laid him gently down, and running to a pool hard by filled my chip-straw hat with water and bathed his forehead and temples. At last, after spitting out some dust and earth, he revived, got up, and explained that his horse had stepped into an ant-eater's hole and thrown his rider. In about a quarter of an hour he was able to remount, and I rode slowly back to the camp with him, whilst the Bushmen undertook to bring the flesh, fat, and marrow-bones of the eland after us.

Living long amongst savages seems to affect white men with their superstitions, for we had hardly arrived at the camp when Ziesmann began to inveigh like one possessed at an unfortunate one-eyed Kaffir servant who had remained behind at the Mangwe, declaring that he would like to shoot him down, if he had to pay the Matebele chieftains five oxen for it. He was the cause of everything going wrong; it was all his fault that he had had to leave twenty wounded elephants behind him on the last hunting expedition for the Bushmen to get the ivory.

At this tirade I observed with the gravest air in the world that I never should have expected such heathenish talk from him, knowing as I did that he was a religious man, who read the Bible and sang psalms every Sunday.

These words sensibly affected the simple fellow, and he wrung my gloved hand in his own bear's paw, saying he was glad to meet with a good comrade and honest Christian in this desert land, where the devil had it all his own way.

A similar incident occurred a few days later, when I was making an observation by moonlight. I let Ziesmann look through my telescope, and he seemed much struck by what he saw; but presently he disappeared, and Meyer told me afterwards that he was very indignant with us for prying into Heaven like that, and thought that it behoved us as good Christians to wait till we were dead, when the "dear Lord God would show us His wonders up there."

Immediately on our return to the camp after his accident Ziesmann sent his gun to Meyer's smithy to have it mended, and I sent two Kaffir servants for a couple of goats from the cart, as I had no notion of drinking raw coffee if milk were anyhow to be procured.

If a traveller wishes for a sight of the natives of Africa he has only to kill an antelope, a buffalo, or a giraffe, and they will scent the game like

vultures, and spring up on every side as if from the ground.

Our nine Masaras were now joined by their families, including many women and children, some quite little mites, and new guests arrived every moment, so that towards evening the natives mustered at least thirty strong. They encamped about one hundred paces to the left of us, and close to us on the right were our hunting horses, under a guard of Kaffirs. On the east we were protected by a solid hedge of thorn bushes, and in front we had large pools of water in natural granite basins.

When it became dusk large fires were lighted everywhere, and the Bushmen set to work to prepare their food by soaking huge pieces of flesh in water, and then cutting it in long strips, they hung it up to dry on trees and bushes. As they carried the meat on their woolly heads from our camp the blood ran down their hair and faces, presenting a horrid spectacle; and when they danced round their fires singing the praises of the white men and lauding the pleasures of the chase, they looked like very devils celebrating a feast in hell.

When the men were tired the women took up the dance; and as no bribe could persuade them to be quiet, we were obliged to resign ourselves to the noise, which, combined with the screaming of the luckless babies suspended between the trees in leather hammocks, the yelling of hyenas, the

snarling of jackals, and the barking of dogs, passes description.

In spite of it all, however, I was so tired that I managed to get some sleep, rolled up in my rugs and furs; and early the next morning I was cheered by the return of the men I had sent out, bringing not only Ziesmann's gun and the goats, but also a letter from Baines, who had now arrived at the Mangwe, much to my delight, as I knew that would eventually be my place of encampment for the rainy season.

When Ziesmann saw his new gun he seized it eagerly, raised it to his shoulder, and said to himself with solemn earnestness: "I think I will shoot something to-day." Such an assertion spoken with such an air was likely to be fulfilled; so after our simple meal we mounted, and for three quarters of an hour rode without drawing rein through a district marked with all the usual characteristics of the country, that is to say, full of ant-hills as tall as a man, ant-eaters' holes, and pillar-like blocks of granite.

Suddenly before Ziesmann, who had gone on a little in advance, rose up a beautiful sable antelope with dark brown fur (on which my feet rest at this moment), snow-white flanks, and large sweeping horns.

How far Ziesmann was from the antelope when he fired I don't know, but I should say about one

hundred and eighty paces. To his disappointment he missed, as he aimed too high; and as the frightened animal dashed across my path at about three hundred paces off I fired, heard the whizzing noise of my bullet, and at first fancied it had gone right through the game. No such thing. In another moment it sped up a hill and disappeared, two of the Bushmen, one armed with a spear, the other with a small battle-axe, following in pursuit.

I did not trouble my head any more about it, but followed Ziesmann, who was not in the best of humours at having missed fire. After we had ridden in silence for a short time he said, "You shot the buck right through the body, but he'll run a long way yet; he has great tenacity of life. Your bullets are too small," and so forth.

Soon afterwards we caught sight of animals in front of us. They were zebras and elands, and the hunt began. Presently a herd of buffaloes rushed out of the forest on the left, and dashed as if possessed after the flying animals, so that buffaloes, zebras, and elands soon formed one moving mass, pressing on, snorting and grunting, through clouds of dust and over breaking branches.

The horses, always excited on such occasions, galloped along at the top of their speed, and threaded their way in and out amongst the trees and bushes with wonderful skill. Of course, we riders often had to duck our heads, but I got on

better than I expected, only I could not keep up with Ziesmann, who was more accustomed to this kind of work than myself. But now we came to an opening in the forest, the hunted animals divided into two parts; my horse, making a new and yet more strenuous effort, brought me so close to them that I was covered with the dust their hoofs kicked up. I pulled my horse in with all my strength, jumped down, fired three times with my needle-gun, and remounted; but after a quarter of an hour's hunt I was obliged to come to the conclusion that I had hit nothing. So I again dismounted, lit a pipe to console myself, and let my horse graze. Twenty minutes later, some of the natives came up, but though they made a careful examination of the ground they found no traces of blood.

A little later we heard a shot a long distance off, then ensued a pause, then several shots. They evidently came from Ziesmann, and we set off in the direction of the sound, finding him, after halt an hour's trot, sitting on a fallen tree stem, break fasting off a freshly cooked eland's liver, which he was eating like a piece of bread. Beside him stood his brave steed Wakkerstrom. From the forest rung out the joyful shouts of the natives; they had meat enough now, for Paul Ziesmann had kept his word; he had shot something, namely, two buffaloes and an eland.

When the natives are not in a hurry and can pack up game at their leisure, they do it very ingeniously. They cut a number of stakes, arrange them parallel with each other on the ground, lay long straps cut from the skin of the animals just killed beneath them, strew them with fresh grass, and then tie the meat on to the stakes with the straps, finally carrying the heavy loads thus prepared to the camp on their heads.

Bushmen and Kaffirs alike will run for miles with such a load, weighing at least one hundred and twenty pounds, when the meat is for their own benefit, and will not leave a shred behind them for their natural enemies the hyenas; but when they are wanted to carry things for their masters on the march, they find fifty or sixty pounds too much. The women are, however, the best porters; accustomed to hard labour from their earliest girlhood, their powers of endurance are astonishing.

Towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon we rode slowly on in advance, with a few men to carry our guns, and about half way home I saw a wild pig. I fired, breaking one of the thigh bones, and the poor creature stopped with a loud cry. I reloaded quickly and hurried up to it, when I found, to my regret, that it was an old sow with ten little ones. A second shot at a short distance put it out of its misery. The Kaffirs rushed upon

the squeaking brood, which were running off in all directions like rats, and captured five of them, but they were so rough with them that three soon died. The other two were carried to the camp alive, and I took the poor orphans under my special protection.

The news of the result of our day's hunting was hailed with the wildest glee by the wives of the Bushmen, and they at once hurried off to meet their husbands, leaving all the children behind, who, quite accustomed to such treatment, waited patiently by the fires.

The two Bushmen who had followed my sable antelope had not yet returned, and great was my delight half an hour later to see them appear laden with a splendid pair of antlers. I had not missed after all, and I had the gratification of carrying this rare trophy home with me. Sable antelopes are also called Harrisboks, Harris having shot the first known to science. The native name for them is Kolate.

I gave the men who had found my treasure a present of beads, and I can honestly say that whites and blacks were alike well satisfied with their day's work. We enjoyed supper, our pipes, and our coffee as men do who have earned them by healthy and sustained exertion; and in spite of the terrible hubbub made by the Bushmen over their spoils, I slept like a top.

But before I went to bed I had a serious question to settle : What was I to do with my little pigs ? If I left them out all night, they would be sure to be eaten up by hyenas or jackals, which came close to our camp, in spite of Kaffirs, Bushmen, dogs, and fire. But suddenly a capital thought occurred to me, on which I acted at once. I packed one of them in each of my long riding-boots, and tied the boots at the top, so that the little fellows could only poke out their snouts; then I laid one on each side of me under my rug. At about 2 A.M., judging by the position of the stars, I was awoke by a very energetic grunting and squeaking. I put my finger in at the opening of one of the boots, and the little tenant began sucking at it. He was evidently thirsty, so I called one of the Kaffirs, told him to milk a goat, and when the milk was brought I dipped my finger in it, put it through the opening again, and finding the milk greedily sucked away, I finished the feeding with a teaspoon.

It was interesting to note the effect of this kind treatment of the helpless little creatures on the Kaffirs. Always sharply observant of everything a European does, they are soon ready with their verdict of his conduct, and in this instance they said: "These white people are certainly very strange; they shoot all the large dangerous wild beasts of the forest dead, but they are like mothers to the little ones who cannot help themselves."

I fed the little pigs in the same manner the next morning, and then had them carried to my head-quarters on the Mangwe, where Ziesmann and I arrived at eleven o'clock the same day. With regard to their future fate I will add that I brought them up, and they became as tame as dogs; but after accompanying me on many a march they fell victims one night to hyenas, much to my own and my Kaffirs' regret.

On the 20th of November Hübner at last arrived with the news that he had got permission from the Indunas to march to the Zambesi, although Lumpengula was not yet king. The latter had fallen in love with one of my large greyhounds, and that turned the scale. Hübner, to whom I cannot be grateful enough for his patience, must have found the negotiations dreadfully wearisome.

I had many a long consultation with the experienced Edwards as to the feasibility of a journey to the Victoria Falls so late in the year. He thought I might perhaps venture, but Byles and Ziesmann were very much against it. As Hübner however declared for the forward march, I decided to try my fortune, and on the 22nd our two carts were again under way, taking a north-westerly direction, and making for the kraal of the Matebele chief N'Umkaniula, where we arrived on the evening of the 24th of November.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE MANGWE TO N'UMKANIULAS' KRAAL, AND FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO REACH THE ZAMBESI BY WAY OF THE GUAY.

Return march to the Mangwe—Arrival at the kraal of N'Umkaniula—I doctor Mrs. N'Umkaniula—Start for the Guay—Sudden rise of the river—A night in Shlangeen—A cart sunk in the swamp—Baines' camp studio—A poisonous snake—March to the Tati—Christmas amongst the miners—Australian Charley and his nocturnal freak—Hübner leaves for the diamond fields.

THE country we now passed through was thickly wooded and full of the masses of granite already mentioned, which sometimes shut us in so completely that we could see no way out of them.

However, a pass was always discovered sooner or later, and great was our delight at finding everywhere plenty of pasture for our oxen, the warm weather and rain having made the grass grow apace.

Presently we came to a Bechuana village called Chikamabele, its beehive-like huts nestling close up against the rocks, like swallows' nests on a wall.

Many of the natives of the country round about had never seen a white man, and consequently

they came swarming into the kraal as soon as they heard of our arrival. The waggon and its arrangements, a watch, the sound of an harmonica, all excited the greatest astonishment, but the white men themselves were the chief objects of curiosity; and when one of us threw an old sailor's shirt out amongst our visitors, there was a regular struggle for it, the fortunate possessor finally marching off with it on, as proud as any peacock. One very old native with silver hair came to me in my tent, and announcing his name as Kabona, said he should very much like to see some writing done, so I wrote his name on a sheet of paper, and gave it to him. He took it away with him, and presented me with two beautiful ostrich feathers in exchange.

The large kraal of N'Umkaniula is situated in a hollow surrounded by granite rocks, forming regular walls. The entrance, which is so narrow as to admit only two men abreast at a time, is further protected by an abattis of palisades, and the huts of the natives are not visible until this abattis is passed.

Soon after my arrival I paid the chief a visit, and found everything in his habitation in apple-pie order. Of course he had heard of my approach, and all about me, through his spies, for a Matebele never allows himself to be taken by surprise; and all the women were busy brewing

beer, an important operation, presided over by the chief's favourite wife.

With the aid of Philips, who acted as my interpreter, and one of the minor Matebele officials, who carefully explained my plans to his chief, we soon understood each other thoroughly. N'Umkaniula had new clean mats laid down in front of his hut, and active young slave girls handed round joalla beer in drinking vessels of closely plaited straw. This beer was cool, slightly sour, and very pure. It smelt rather like freshly baked bread, and I liked it quite as well as any European beer I have drunk since. I thought I owed it to my nationality to pledge my black friends in thoroughly German style; so whenever my "basket" was empty, I called one of the girls to me in the purest Zulu idiom, saying: "Lete chêcha joalla mezesani amuchli," which, being interpreted, signifies, "My pretty child, bring me another drink quickly," and when it came I tossed it off like the last. My cool behaviour pleased the astonished chief so much that I heard him exclaim "Uf" several times!

My main object was to engage guides and baggage carriers acquainted with the country as quickly as possible, so as to be able to press on at once; but this did not tally at all with the secret wishes and hopes of N'Umkaniula, who wanted to delay me as long as he could, with a view to extracting plunder. He said at once that it was too late to send out for

carriers, etc., and begged us to visit him often in his kraal and drink with his people, promising on his part to return this our first call at once. Then when he found what a good table we kept, he appeared on the scene with touching punctuality every day! He was a near relation of Lumpengula's, and, like nearly all the Matebele chiefs, a tall, handsome, well-built man.

After waiting three days in vain for the promised carriers, I went to the kraal to refresh N'Umkaniula's memory, taking Philips with me. When we appeared, our host thought we had come to complain of his doctor, a miserable little cripple, who had been flung out of our camp and over the fence by my sturdy servant Edward Powers, as a punishment for his constant begging and thieving; but by the perpetual repetition of the word Zambesi we soon made our real grievance apparent enough.

Philips wound up by saying that, if his master got no carriers the next day, he would go back and complain to Lumpengula, for it was his belief that he was only detained to be robbed and begged from, and was determined to give no more presents!

This speech took effect, for the chief now replied that the carriers and guides had just arrived, and he would have sent them to us before, but he had been anxious to wean us, who had become his best friends, from our idea of marching to the Zambesi,

as he knew we should be overtaken by the rain! However, as we would insist upon going, all was ready and in order. Once more beer was freely circulated, and the business was settled.

Then appeared N'Umkaniula's wife, a woman of quiet, modest demeanour, attended by two of her maidens. She sat down, and her husband begged me to examine her head, as she complained of pains in it. At first I thought they must proceed from rheumatism, but presently I noticed an old hard swelling above the ear, and on inquiry learnt that her lord, having taken too much beer, had struck her there with a stick. I did not hesitate to tell him, through Philips, what I thought of such conduct, and he inquired if white men never hit their wives? to which I replied that they loved them too much; and if such a thing occurred amongst us, the culprit was looked upon as a Bushman, or, according to Matebele notions, a cowardly fellow.

As the chief insisted upon my doing something, I sent to my cart for my razor, shaving-brush, soap, and some spirits of camphor. I then removed the hair from the sore place with the razor, rubbed it with an impromptu ointment, and bound up the patient's head with a new coloured cotton handkerchief, which I told her she might keep; N'Umkaniula's friends looking on in motionless horror as I performed this operation on the great lady with all the skill of the Barber of Seville.

Then we returned to my tents, where eight bearers soon arrived, shortly followed by six other natives. They laid their spears and shields beside the glass beads and calico which were to be their wages, and the chief then took charge of them until the contract should be fulfilled.

The next morning I took leave of "Mrs. N'Umkaniula," who told me she had slept quite well, the spirits of camphor had done her an immense deal of good. Four bottles of joalla beer had already been sent to me the previous evening as an honorarium, and I now received two fat sheep, from the good lady herself; but in spite of this recognition of my medical skill I was glad to get away, as I had no confidence in any permanent results from my treatment.

Everything was now soon ready for our march. The waggons could not be taken any further on account of the rocky nature of the country to be traversed, and were left under the charge of Philips, N'Umkaniula issuing an order that from henceforth none of his people were to approach the camp. This order, being delivered with due emphasis, was obeyed.

On the night of the 24th of November I ascertained the latitude of the kraal I was leaving to be 20° 16′ 6″ S., and longitude 27° 53′ E.; and I shall never forget a comical scene which took place whilst I was making my observations. The Kaffirs

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were lying stretched out on the ground near the goats' stall, when a couple of hyenas came so close to the latter, that the terrified animals, numbering some thirty, broke loose and dashed over the sleepers, who, awoke by the trampling of their sharp hoofs on their half-naked bodies, started up screaming, thinking somebody must have been seized and carried off by a wild beast at the very least. Up to the little table on which stood my delicate instruments rushed yelling Kaffirs, barking dogs, and panting goats, whilst I, holding my sextant aloft, shouted in vain, "Aykona imbube"—It's no lion. A panic had seized them all, they would not listen, and not until Hübner had fired several times did the Kaffirs become sufficiently calm to catch the goats with the help of the dogs, and restore quiet and order to the camp.

MARCH TO THE GUAY.

Early on the morning of the 29th we were on the march, our party consisting of fourteen Kaffirs, Edward Powers, Hübner, and myself. As it was absolutely impossible to make the various packages all the same weight, and each bearer wished to have the lightest to carry, the reader may imagine that is was no easy task to load the Kaffirs.

On such occasions the first march is never very long, and in this instance our first halt was at the Machunde kraal on the Isusunge River, about

twelve miles to the north-west of N'Umkaniula. We arrived at about 5 P.M. The wind had veered round to the north-west, the sky was clouded, and threatened rain. We cooked our supper, and I passed the night with Hübner in a small tent. The Matebele servants sent with us by N'Umkaniula now showed what first-rate metal they were made of, for they complained of nothing, but laughed and talked merrily over their meal of goat's flesh and durra. Before going to rest, they threw up a semi-circular hedge of bushes as a protection, and then lay down, each man with his shield of ox's skin striped with various colours rising above his head from a long stick, and several spears within easy reach of his right hand.

On the 30th of November we were off as early as 6 A.M., and pressed on without stopping in a north-westerly direction, until we reached the little kraal of Malissa at 1 o'clock, where we rested a bit, and refreshed ourselves with tea and our people with durra. Another hour and a half's march in a north-easterly direction brought us to the Guay, which we crossed in a heavy storm, arriving at Melembo's kraal of Shlangeen on the right bank. Hoping for better weather, we tried to set up our tents, but everything was soon wet through, and Melembo cleared out a hut for us, in which we immediately had to receive visits from some fifty Kaffirs, so that the atmosphere in our small lodging

soon became oppressive. For all that, however, we were glad enough to be under shelter, and directly our guests were gone, we got our supper and went to bed, passing but a wretched night, as the tempest howled without, and the noise of countless rats in the thatched roof disturbed us within.

I was now convinced that it would be impossible to continue our march to the Zambesi, but until Hübner came round to the same opinion I was bound to go on; so we started again on the 1st of December, and with infinite fatigue and trouble we managed to advance another twelve miles in a north-westerly direction, now on the right, now on the left bank of the Guay.

Towards six in the evening a storm broke over us, but the spirits of the party remained good. I gave the men some tobacco, and they soon made themselves some watertight huts with the skill peculiar to the natives of Africa. We also succeeded after a good deal of trouble in keeping a good fire burning. I had two goats killed, and we made a hearty supper.

A little later, as I was wandering through the forest with my Matebeles, I suddenly came upon a Bushman and his family encamped in a lonely spot. At the sight of my natives armed with spears the man, his wife, and children all gave themselves up for lost, and not until they saw me did they recover their composure. I gave them some glass beads,

and took the head of the family back to my tent with me, as I wanted him to make a drawing in the sand in the presence of all my followers of the further course of the Guay. That done, he promised to come the next morning and guide me to a buffalo he knew of; but as he did not trust my Matebele companions, he moved his wife and children and all he possessed to some more secure asylum in the very depth of the forest, evidently thinking

> Perfect is this world's seclusion
> Only when free from man's intrusion.

The next morning, when my Matebeles found out that the Bushman's hut was empty, they talked as if they had been robbed of four genet furs, which they had seen in the possession of the aborigines, and had counted upon appropriating.

On the 2nd of December we managed to make another twelve miles in a north-westerly direction; but at 4 P.M. we were overtaken by a fearful storm of rain and hail, accompanied by ceaseless thunder and lightning.

The pools of water in the forest became ponds, and during the night the storm increased in fury. Our little tent fell upon us, and as well as we could, owing to the darkness, we rolled our costly weapons, instruments, etc., in waterproof rugs, taking shelter ourselves beneath a large tree hard by. Later, the wind went down a little, so we set

up our tent again, and enjoyed a few hours' sound sleep.

After these experiences, however, even Hübner gave up all idea of proceeding, and on the 3rd of December we decided to turn back. It was high time, for when we awoke in the morning the Guay had become a rushing torrent, at least three feet deep, and we had to go some two miles up the stream before we could cross it. It was a harrowing moment when we did, for the Kaffirs, expecting soon to get back to their kraals, were in the maddest humour, and danced, shouted, and skipped about like school-children, carrying our invaluable instruments carelessly on their woolly heads; whilst we, who knew that if anything happened to them they could not be replaced, and that our journey to the interior would be useless for all scientific purposes without them, looked on in terror-stricken anxiety. Again and again the men stood still with the water up to their hips, or had to creep along, feeling their way with a staff; but as soon as the ground became more even, off they bounded like wild kids, perhaps, amidst the mocking laughter of their comrades, to step into some deep hole the next moment.

The little flock of goats soon lost their footing, but managed to swim across in safety, although they were carried some distance down the stream.

I remained on the other side with my Kaffir

servant Umloi until the whole passage was happily effected; then I took off my clothes, gave them to Umloi to carry over on his head, and swam across myself.

After going a little way up the right bank of the stream, we noticed to our astonishment some huge crocodiles, and wondered where on earth they came from, for there was no water in the bed of the stream just there, or, at least, nothing but puddles. Could they have been lying in the sand in a state of torpor till aroused by the noise of the approaching flood?

On the 4th of December we were back at the kraal of Shlangeen, and as I crossed the stream on Umloi's back, I saw some old acquaintances from Germany, in the shape of hundreds of storks, awaiting me on the other side.

We passed a horrible night. The natives allotted a small hut to us, our possession of which, however, was hotly contested by two dogs, who had already taken up their abode in it, and were only expelled after repeated assaults from our English servant Edward Powers. Outside, the wind howled and the rain splashed; inside, an army of vermin disturbed our slumbers.

Until 10 o'clock the next morning not a sign of my native bearers was to be seen, as their quarters were distributed all over the village; and if it is difficult to entice a dog from his warm place on the

hearth, still more difficult is it to induce a native of Africa to leave the shelter of a hut, take up a heavy load, and carry it over a swampy country for some ten or twelve miles, without knowing where he may be able to lay his head at the end of them.

Finally, however, by the interference of the chief of the kraal, my people were collected, and on the morning of the 6th of December we got back to my waggons at N'Umkaniula's kraal, having marched some one hundred and twenty miles there and back since we left it.

As rain now fell regularly every day, I thought it best to go back to the Mangwe; so we bade farewell to N'Umkaniula on the 9th of December, and set out to make our painful way through the soft sand and clay of the mopane forests. The 11th of December was a day never to be forgotten, for we came to a standstill at 7 A.M., one of the waggons having sunk up to the axles in a swamp. We yoked twenty-eight oxen to it, and tried to make them drag it out; but it was all in vain, as the poor creatures sank up to their hips in the mud themselves. At last we were obliged to hew down branches of trees, and force them with our united strength beneath the wheels of the cart, by which means we finally rescued it.

A provisional camp was then set up on a little hill, in which Hübner remained with all the servants

but two, hoping that a break in the weather would soon free him from his involuntary captivity; whilst I pressed on with the two other Kaffirs at 6 A.M. the next morning, arriving at Meyer's smithy at twenty-five minutes past 4 in the afternoon, when my first thought was to send back a re-inforcement of men and oxen to Hübner.

Fortunately, a few days of fine weather ensued, and on the 15th Hübner and his people arrived, having managed to get off without any assistance.

We took up our old quarters on the Mangwe, and found ourselves in the midst of quite a lively little European society, consisting of Baines and his party, Ziesmann and his wife and children, who had come to join him from the distant Transvaal, attended only by a few Kaffirs, Byles and Meyer, the elephant hunters, and a wandering trader of the name of Coward, who had in his service the well-known Hottentot driver and hunter Bokkis, the former companion of the English traveller Baldwin. This Bokkis was an enthusiastic hunter and a capital shot, and as his contract with Coward expired in January, I engaged him from that time, finding him, as we shall presently see, a most valuable acquisition.

Meyer had looked after my garden during my absence, and great was my delight at finding it now full of vegetables ready for the table; a fact to which I am inclined to think I owe much of the

health my party enjoyed, whilst the Englishmen on the Tati and Ramakoban were suffering from scurvy.

We found plenty to do when we got settled, Hübner pursuing his geological studies, and I taking constant astronomical observations. My tent rocked so much in the wind, however, that I generally went down to Lee's large thatched hut on the Mangwe, from which I had a very pretty view, embracing the river, the tents of my own and Baines' encampment, the grazing flocks and herds, etc. When I had sat alone at work for hours, Mrs. Ziesmann would often send me a glass of fresh milk, a water-melon, or some maize bread, by the hand of one of her fair-haired little ones. A young Machona girl, who had been stolen away by the Matebeles and now acted as playfellow and nurse to Ziesmann's children, soon took a great fancy to me; and it pained me to notice that her master, a kind-hearted man enough, had a prejudice against allowing her to share the family meals on account of her black skin. I could not help thinking that it would have been awkward for us if Lumpengula and his spearmen had cherished a similar dislike to the whites, or if the blacks had declined to work for us or to give us food and shelter because of the difference in our skins.

We usually all met for dinner in Baines' large tent, part of which he had fitted up as a studio,

spending most of his time in painting oil and water-colour pictures, and preparing the fine sketches with which his map is filled. The four chromo-lithographs in the present volume are after his designs.

On the 19th of December a few Hottentot and Zulu hunters arrived with one little cart, in which lay an unfortunate man who had been terribly torn about the arm and shoulder by a lion before it was killed by his comrades. Baines dressed the poor fellow's wounds and gave him some medicine. He bore all his sufferings with stoical composure, and in a short time was well enough to resume his wanderings.

On the 22nd of December my observations were complete, and I sent them to my friend Kiesch, then on the Tati River, begging him to forward them on the first opportunity to my former teacher, Dr. Arthur Brensing, director of the naval school of Bremen.

The storms at this time were often more violent than I had ever seen them, even in India. Under date of the 23rd of December, I find the following notice in my journal: "A fearful storm in the evening, thunder and lightning; mountain-like cloud-masses. The lightning, now silvery, now greenish-red, emitting large shining globes of light, which often shot through the air for some distance in a horizontal direction. Just as I came out of

Meyer's hut with Baines, the long slab of granite in front of it was struck by a flash of lightning; the splinters of stone flew about us, and a lizard a foot long was flung dead at our feet. Baines stooped down, picked it up as quietly as if nothing had happened, carried it into the tent, painted it, and then gave it to Watson to be stuffed."

A good many rats had appeared near our camp and in the huts on the Mangwe, which were quickly followed by their natural enemies, snakes; and on the 24th of December Watson killed a black mhamba eight and a half feet long, the largest poisonous reptile of this kind I had ever met with on my travels.

When the sky was clear, the atmosphere was wonderfully transparent; the mountains looked like blue masses of glass; the yellowish-red bastions of rock stood out clearly above the tall grass and rich foliage of the surrounding districts; all was fresh, bright, and full of life.

The 25th of December duly came round, and was of course celebrated with extra good fare. Our garden was robbed of its best treasures, and our two last bottles of Cape wine were consumed in drinking to the prosperity of our native land and the health of our absent friends.

Amongst my guests was Sir John Swinburne, who had just returned from a Makalaka village, where he had been bargaining with the natives for

sheep and goats for his people. The rain had compelled him also to rest for a season; but as the ground was now drying rapidly, he meant to return to the Tati.

In the course of conversation with him I learned that he had been present at the taking of Rangoon and the storming of the famous Shoay Dagon, or Golden Dagon dagoba, in the last Burman war; and he asked me if I had met a certain sea captain of the name of Brett when I was in India. Strange to say, Brett had been my nearest neighbour when I was living in Bassein in 1857 and 1858, and we had become very good friends.

As I heard there was a trader at the Tati settlement with different things we wanted for sale, and as I was moreover anxious for a change of society, I joined Sir John Swinburne on his return journey, starting with my carts on the 27th of December, and arriving at our destination on the 31st.

At about half a mile from the miners' huts, as I was walking along with my gun over my shoulder, a large herd of jackals suddenly came out of the bush on the right. They were unusually bold and confident, and not until I had shot the one nearest to me did they move off. I concluded that some large animal had probably been killed by a lion, and that the jackals had been feasting on its remains.

I had not been at the Tati long before I heard

that two lions had in fact made their way into the settlement the night before, sprung into Sir John Swinburne's large cattle shed, and torn down two oxen. The enclosure of stockades and thorn bushes was no less than seven feet high, but the robbers easily got away over it, whilst the whole herd of cattle, consisting of some forty-five animals, burst out and dashed away in the darkness in all directions, bellowing horribly. Europeans, Zulus, and Hottentots, guessing at once what had happened, came running out of their huts and followed in pursuit, armed with guns, torches, etc., soon coming up with the lions, which were still clutching at the throats of their prey. An uncertain and intermittent fire was opened upon them from all sides, but they both got away, growling and gnashing their teeth, only one of them having been even wounded.

Captain Le Vert, who described the scene to me, said his chief surprise was that the Zulus and Hottentots did not shoot each other, as they were so excited that they fired in the wildest manner.

The death of the oxen was soon got over; they were in capital condition, and supplied the roast beef of a grand dinner given on New Year's Day by the London and Limpopo Mining Company, at which much whisky punch was also consumed.

At this time most of the settlers on the Tati led rather a wild, unruly life, making up for the ordinary uniformity of their hard routine by excesses which disturbed the peace of the little colony. One day, for instance, when I was sitting in Captain Le Vert's hut, enjoying the punch for which he is noted, several adventurers dropped in one after the other, and amongst them a certain miner known as "Australian Charley," whose custom it was to work like a slave for six days in the week and get tipsy on the seventh.

On this occasion he had already taken several glasses, when it occurred to him that it would be fun to make a little nocturnal excursion, and pay a visit to a hut some six miles off on the Upper Tati. No sooner said than done. The novelty of the idea was delightful. Several men declared themselves ready to join. The astonished Kaffirs had to fetch four draught oxen; they were harnessed to a two-wheeled barrow, and taking with them a few bottles of the "noble whisky," the party set off in the best of spirits.

All this happened at a time when the roaring of large beasts of prey, at no great distance off, was heard pretty well all night long, and at a place from which, but eight days before, a man, who had gone to look for his ass alone and without weapons, had disappeared, never to return, his fate rendered only too certain by the discovery of his torn clothes

and scattered bones. For all that, however, the party disappeared in the darkness of the night with a shout of "There's nothing like a free life and whisky!" and the noise of the barrow rattling over the stones soon died away.

After about half an hour's march the oxen, who were the most reasonable members of the expedition, seem to have suspected the condition of their masters, and preferring the camp on the Tati to a senseless march through the bush, they overturned the barrow and broke away from it, leaving its inmates on the ground beside the broken bottles, wherever they happened to fall.

The smell of spirits is evidently not attractive to lions, at least only by that supposition can I account for the fact that the members of this nocturnal pleasure party all got back safely to the tents at 10 o'clock the next morning, the loss of the barrow, which was broken to pieces, having considerably damped their ardour.

At this time the rumours of the discovery of diamonds in the Vaal River near Pniel were confirmed by new arrivals at the settlement; and Hübner, who, accustomed to an active life, did not relish the notion of remaining quietly on the Mangwe until April, proposed that he should go and examine the diamond district, taking with him one cart and half the men. After some consideration I agreed, and we parted on the 2nd of

January, much to my regret, for the death of a dear friend could scarcely have made more difference to me than the loss of Hübner, who had so long been my companion in my arduous and wandering life.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN MARCH TO THE MANGWE—RETURN TO THE TATI.

My new servants Cluley, Bokkis, and Induke—An adventure with a snake—Greit's lonely hut—Visits from lions—Meyer's smithy—Native warriors—The puff-adder—The last of Macobi's tribe—Horses wounded by lions—Our tannery—Return to the Tati on the 7th of March—Mynheer van Tunder.

A TRADER in ostrich feathers of the name of Cooksley now arrived, bringing me letters from my brother Alfred, in London, dated August, some newspapers, and a friendly letter from Dr. August Petermann of Gotha, with some numbers of the 'Geographischen Mittheilungen' all of which had been sent on from Potchefstrom through my old acquaintance Jeppe.

As Edward Powers and Philips had recently become home-sick, they went back with Hübner, an Englishman from Australia, of the name of William Cluley, who was tired of mining, taking the place of the former, and my new Hottentot servant Bokkis that of the latter. Cluley could write a good hand, and could read off the time when I

took observations quite correctly; but he had no love for hunting, was an indifferent walker, and had an enormous appetite.

Amongst the new Kaffirs I engaged in the stead of those whose time of service was expired, was a young Matebele athlete of the name of Induke, whose intellectual power far exceeded that of all the Kaffirs I ever met with. I believe, indeed, that if he could have been educated according to our notions, he would have become a distinguished man.

The plan I now decided on, and which I subsequently carried out, was first to make my way back to the healthy, hilly districts on the Mangwe, wait there until the close of the rainy season at the end of March or the beginning of April, go back to the Tati, and follow the course of the stream till I came to the large kraal of the Makalakas on the north-west; then go to Wanki on the Zambesi with bearers, and from there to the Victoria Falls. As many of the elephant hunters, etc., however, considered this a wild and impracticable scheme, I said no more about it at the time, though I kept to my original purpose.

When I had settled the business I came for, I invited Edwards, who was rather tired of Sir John and his whims, and two cultivated Scotchmen, Dr. Coverley and Mr. Harley, to bear me company for a few weeks, which they gladly consented to do.

I was heartily glad, after endless delays, to get away from the Tati settlement on the 23rd of January, and still more glad when I arrived at the tents of my friend Baines on the 28th.

I must not forget to mention an adventure with a snake, which occurred on the 14th of January at the miners' camp. I had been sitting outside Swinburne's hut, talking with him and Arkel the engineer, until 11 o'clock at night, and when I rose to go, saying I was tired, Sir John offered to walk to my cart, some thousand paces off, with me. We had scarcely gone two hundred steps when we saw something moving in front of us, and in less than no time up rose a snake six feet long, which began hissing and spitting, some of the spittle going into one of Swinburne's eyes, although we were at least ten feet from the reptile. My two Kaffir servants, who like all their race could see better at night than Europeans, quickly despatched the snake with their spears, and Dr. Coverley treated Swinburne's eye, which was terribly swollen and remained quite blind for three days afterwards.

I relate this anecdote, because it was the solitary instance which came under my personal notice of a snake spitting out venom before reaching its victim. Strange to say, after writing the above I came across the *Cape Town Standard and Mail*, bearing date April 25th, in which a very similar incident is related, a certain James Brickhill having been

injured in the same way by the venom of a spitting snake at a distance of eight feet.

Just before I left the Tati settlement I fulfilled an old promise I had made, to visit a German of the name of Greit, who lived alone about four miles to the north-east of the miners' colony, for the purpose of working a quartz pit supposed to contain gold.

His little hut was strongly built of stakes and brambles, but its solidity was nothing to that of the night quarters of the goats, situated about sixty paces from it, for on Greit's first arrival, lions had made an attempt to carry off his goats almost every night, terrifying the poor creatures dreadfully.

An Australian miner, living about ten minutes' walk farther on, had made an opening in the side of his hut, at which he watched for the lions, and one night he managed to kill two of them.

The day we called on Greit there were numerous footprints of lions close to his hut; and he told us that when he lay awake at night he often heard the stealthy footsteps of these beasts of prey approaching, but he felt so secure of his own safety that he kept no weapons by him but an old fowling-piece and a revolver, and that he found a random shot in the darkness was quite enough to keep the unwelcome visitors away for several nights.

Greit might have shot plenty of lions from his

hut without any danger to himself, but though a brave man enough, he had no fancy for the sport. It would be difficult to imagine anything more lonely, deserted, and melancholy than this little settlement surrounded by mopane trees and tall grass; but what will not a man put up with in the hope of winning gold?

My companions Dr. Coverley and Mr. Harley, who had been out of health in the Tati settlement, soon felt good effects from the change of air and diet they enjoyed in my encampment on the Mangwe.

As I had plenty of time at my disposal, I now gave most careful attention to every detail, however apparently trifling, of my equipment, for I was as anxious to make sure of the stability of my vehicle before starting again as any captain could be of the sea-worthiness of his vessel; and with the aid of my friends Meyer and Ziesmann everything was overhauled, every wheel, bolt, and screw tested, and the old travel-stained and torn awning replaced by a bran new one. I gradually made up my complement of oxen to eighteen by buying fresh animals of passing hunters and traders, and increased my flocks of sheep and goats. Makalakas from the neighbouring villages who wanted my glass beads did not get them, unless they brought goats, sheep, or corn to exchange for them.

The reader will doubtless wonder what any one

wanted with flocks of sheep and goats in South-east Africa, where there is always plenty of game to be had! Now the fact is, that it is not always possible to hunt when food is required, because it is necessary above all things to get to the watering places in good time. Moreover, the most enthusiastic hunter, when on a heavy march, is not ready at any minute to endure the extra fatigue of a chase; and even in South Africa there are districts, such as those to the north of the Maytengue and Nata Rivers, which have been so long tenanted by elephants, which give warning of their presence by the constant noise of the breaking of branches and tree stems, that all other animals have been driven away. On such emergencies the domestic animals are slaughtered, and the traveller would indeed be fool-hardy who should attempt a long march without them. Goats are especially suited for long journeys; on account of their elastic natures, they can accommodate themselves to any circumstances, live upon any and the scantiest food, walk immense distances, and above all, they never suffer from the bite of the tsetse fly. As a result, they are taken from one end of the African continent to the other. It is, however, very different with sheep. They are more dainty about their food, cannot stand long marches, and soon get thin if forced to take them; but they are easily kept when the caravan is halting, as ours was on

the Mangwe, and their flesh is pleasanter to the taste than that of goats.

My time was now fully occupied with reading, hunting, writing letters, receiving visits from deputations from the native tribes living round about, and looking after the countless domestic details of every-day life.

Lee, whose family arrived later from Rüstenberg, employed himself in cultivating some fields, which he planted with wheat and potatoes, subsequently adding almond and peach trees, brought by native couriers from Thomas the missionary at Linyanti.

Almost every day Matebele warriors came to Meyer's smithy to have the broken locks of their clumsy old-fashioned Tower guns mended. In many instances very little repair was necessary, but it would have been unbusiness-like to own that to the crafty natives; and as in matters of conscience as well as of trade one should look after one's own interests first, a great deal of skill was put forth in making much ado about nothing. I blew the bellows, and Meyer hammered away at the glowing iron, whilst the people looked on in astonishment at our cyclopean exertions. The work completed, payment was made in rhinoceros' horns, ostrich feathers, or ivory.

Sometimes when we were at our work at the forge, which was rather defective, being full of holes and fissures, we heard a strange puffing and blowing

sound. Natives and Europeans were agreed in supposing the noise to come from a puff-adder, one of the most poisonous snakes of Africa. But where could it be? Then weeks would pass, and everything remain perfectly quiet until we again heard the ominous noise, either from the forge itself or close by it.

At last one morning Meyer, who slept in a little bed in the smithy, was getting up, and was just going to put on his leather apron when he suddenly flung it from him and rushed out of the hut, shutting the door after him. In the folds of his apron he had seen a snake five feet long, and he at once rushed off to tell me the news. Armed with a loaded gun I hurried to the scene of action, found the adder near one of the bed-posts, fired, and reduced it to pulp.

Dr. Coverley and Mr. Harley went back to the Tati on the 14th of February in company with Captain Le Vert, who had been bartering for corn and goats in the Makalaka villages.

The next day I paid a visit to old Monyama in his rocky pass, and as we had always been very good friends I took him some little presents in the shape of shot and blue beads. Edwards, who accompanied me, knew the Makalaka language—a dialect of the Bechuana—perfectly, and was well acquainted with the history of the people speaking it. In the evening he noticed a man who held

himself aloof from every one, and seemed wrapped in the deepest melancholy. "Have I not seen you before?" inquired Edwards. "Do you not belong to Macobi's tribe?" Evidently affected at this recognition, for it was eight years since Edwards saw him, the poor fellow answered, "Yes, indeed, I did belong to that tribe; but its name must no more be mentioned in this country. I see, though, that you whites know your old friends again, even when they are in trouble!"

This was how the matter came about. The Matebeles were not friends with Macobi, because they thought he had secret relations with the Bechuanas, so they invited him and his whole tribe to a feast in the friendliest manner. A large number of Macobi's people, suspecting nothing, presented themselves, many of them even bringing their wives and children, but suddenly they were attacked and slain, this man being the only one to escape the massacre. Afterwards, when it was ascertained that the whole tribe was exterminated or scattered, the unhappy wretch was allowed to pass the remainder of his joyless, hopeless existence in the camp of old Monyama, under the spears, so to speak, of the murderers of all he had held dear.

Revenge is sweet, as the savage full well knows; and when revenge is deferred with him, its flavour becomes heightened, like that of old wine. I pity the Matebeles if ever the Machonas, Makalakas, or

Bechuanas should sit in judgment upon them; for if blood and murder can fill up the measure of iniquity, their iniquity indeed is full.

On the 16th, and again on the 18th of February, messengers arrived from Lumpengula, whose election to the Matebele throne was now rapidly approaching, urging me to visit him at the chief kraal of Umchlauchlausela, but fearing fresh begging from his subjects, I politely declined all his invitations. At last he sent me two saddle horses by Ziesmann, who had gone up to his camp, but even then I felt not the slightest inclination to go to him. At this time I heard that the Zulu chief Umbigo, of Sunkendaba, relying on his élite regiments, the "blacks," already referred to, was growing daily more aggressive and presumptuous. It was evident that hostilities must break out sooner or later.

Although Ziesmann went back without me, I sent a message to Lumpengula, asking him to let the chief of the Makalaka kraal on the Upper Tati know of my proposed march to the Zambesi in the ensuing April, in order that everything might be in readiness for me on my arrival, and no further delays incurred. The future king complied with this request in the readiest manner.

On the 31st of January a body of Majacha warriors, under Chief Bucuela and my old friend N'Umkaniula, passed through Monyama's camp in

pursuit of some troops gone to the British Colony of Natal to fetch the young prince Kuruman, whom they hoped to set up as a rival to Lumpengula. Had they been overtaken, they must inevitably have perished; but they had had a hint of their danger at the Tati settlement, and nothing had fallen into the hands of the enemy but their cattle, which were driven up to Umchlauchlausela in triumph.

The Jennings and MacGillivry now arrived from the Lower Sacha, having shot fifteen elephants there during the rainy season. The whole party had suffered more or less from fever, and looked sickly and emaciated.

An elephant hunter has no easy time of it, as the following anecdote will show. Two days before their arrival at my camp, the elder Jennings and my friend MacGillivry had mortally wounded a large male elephant, but on account of the thickness of the bush and inequality of the ground it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could keep the animal in sight, although both were well mounted, especially MacGillivry, who rode a swift, celebrated, and very beautiful hunter, known as Colbrook, for which I had myself once offered 60*l*. The twilight was closing in when they at last came up with the elephant, which had sunk down exhausted in a thicket of thorn bushes, there, as it seemed, to die. Not to disturb the animal again, the hunters

crept away some little distance to windward, tied the docile horses to pegs, and lay down to rest, worn out and hungry, their loaded guns beside them, not daring, however, to light a fire, as it would have frightened the elephant.

It was a dark night, as there was no moon, and at about 1 o'clock the sleepers were aroused by a terrible noise just in front of them, and saw at once that a lion had sprung upon each of the horses. They fired, and the horses, released of their enemies, dashed off into the darkness. The lions also disappeared. A watch-fire was then lighted, and Jennings and MacGillivry awaited the daylight. At the first glimmer of the dawn they set off in pursuit of the horses, and after following their track for a couple of hours they at last found them; the faithful creatures recognising their masters' voices even at a distance, and running up to them, neighing with delight.

Arrived at their fire again, the hunters' next care was to look after the elephant, which they found lying dead in the bush. The valuable tusks were removed, and the huge feet, baked on coals, served for breakfast. The feet of elephants are the only parts used for food by Europeans, and the gelatinous portions, eaten with a little salt and pepper, are considered great delicacies by hunters. The rest of the flesh is so coarse and tough, that none but a Bushman or a Zulu could digest it.

The two wounded horses were brought just as they were to the Mangwe. The marks of the lions' claws extended from the throat to the shoulder, where the skin was drawn up into little tumours. Thomas Baines proved himself a skilful veterinary surgeon, but it was months before the wounds healed entirely; and when I saw the horses again in November the scars were still very conspicuous, as the hair had not grown over them.

Amongst the many and varied industries practised on the Mangwe, that of leather-dressing must also be mentioned, for it will readily be understood what quantities of boots and shoes would be worn out in the wandering life we all led, especially when the state of the roads in the wilderness is taken into account.

The tanning business was commenced by Paul Ziesmann as early as November. My Kaffirs had to collect the bark of mimosa trees, some of which yield the material for an extremely strong and soft tan; pits were dug behind the huts, into which the skins of antelopes were flung, the hair, etc., having been removed by lime water, and by the middle of February we had plenty of first-rate leather.

Of course every Boer and professional hunter is his own shoemaker, and the shape is of little account, a great deal more attention being given to solidity and an easy fit. Thanks to Ziesmann's and Meyer's assistance, I now became the happy pos-

sessor of six new pairs of shoes, a stock of the very greatest importance to a traveller such as I.

At the beginning of March the marula trees about my camp yielded their first ripe fruit, which both in taste, form, and colour much resembles the Indian mango. Mixed with Cape wine, water, and a little pure honey, it makes a very good and wholesome preserve.

As I sat before my tent of an evening smoking my pipe in happy contentment, and looking out upon the beautiful, vast, and fitfully-lighted landscape, my only regret was that all its riches would be lost to me. What a wealth of fodder might have been gathered in by industrious hands, which must now sooner or later fall a prey to drought, fire, and locusts, because no man had need of it.

All the elephant hunters, who had been encamped a week's journey off at least, now assembled on the Mangwe to get their carts and harness repaired before setting off for a new campaign in the vast wilderness near the Zambesi.

On the 7th of March, after a period of dry and beautiful weather, I at last broke up my camp and began my march to the Tati. Even on such an occasion it is sad to leave for ever one's "old fireside," the huts and the place where our tent and waggons have so long stood beneath the trees; and it was with a feeling of regret that I looked back for the last time at the little garden, which had

yielded so much at the expense of so small an amount of trouble, at the Mangwe and its neighbouring stream, the smithy and the well-known caves of Lee's Castle and Lee's Tower, with the blue mountains on the north, the home of old Monyama.

As I was well known, and I think I may also add popular, amongst all the people staying near the Mangwe, I received a formal ovation when I started. Flags were hung from Baines' three waggons as well as from Meyer's and Ziesmann's hut, and the elephant hunters fired salutes. I mounted Isabele, a horse I had bought of Coward, and waved my farewell in every direction with my own German flag, which I held in my right hand; my long procession, consisting of one cart with its oxen, forty goats, sixteen sheep, eight dogs, four ostriches, two wild pigs, and fourteen Kaffirs, filing slowly by.

We halted by a row of crags near a crystal stream in the midst of a vast forest. To one of the rocks I gave the name of "Cannon-shot Hill," because on its summit close to the edge lay a huge block of granite, at least fifteen feet in diameter, which was almost as round as a cannon-ball.

Later I climbed the rocks and looked out upon the far-stretching landscape, every mountain, hill, and brook in which was familiar to me. Everything was so peaceful, so hushed, so solemn! The

melancholy notes of thousands of wild turtle doves were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the upper air; but at my feet I could hear the ceaseless chatter of the merry Kaffirs, whilst ostriches, oxen, goats, and sheep grazed happily near.

The next day two couriers arrived from old Monyama, bringing me four ripe water-melons. The chief had heard I was leaving, and had sent to wish me a pleasant journey. I scarcely expected such a delicate attention, and thoroughly enjoyed the luscious fruits.

No incidents of importance occurred on this march from the Mangwe to the Tati. On the 9th of March I shot a female giraffe when I was about two miles in advance of the cart. The next day two hunters from the Tati joined me, and as we were all at dinner together we heard the hissing of a puff-adder quite close to us. I had the water-proof wrapper on which we were sitting on the grass gently removed, and the terrible reptile was lying beneath it, but a flash from Induke's javelin, and it lay torn to pieces at our feet.

The next morning, when I was near a little river, about fifty paces in front of Cluley, who was driving along the unharnessed oxen, the animals suddenly became shy and went on one side. I inquired what was the matter of Cluley, and he replied with the greatest phlegm, "Did you not see the lion

which stood and drank at the river at your right hand ?" I had noticed nothing, but the fresh foot-prints in the sand on the banks of the stream convinced me that the man was speaking the truth.

When I got to the Ramakoban I heard that the trader Francis had died of fever, and his wife, who had been very ill from the same cause, could only drag herself painfully along on a crutch. The whites of her eyes and her complexion were as yellow as a quince. I gave her a few doses of sulphate of quinine, some antimony wine, and half a dozen seidlitz powders.

In the afternoon I received a visit from a regular Nimrod, mounted on a well seasoned and therefore valuable steed, and wearing a kind of cap of leopard's skin and short riding breeches of the same material, coming down to the knees only. This strangely dressed personage gave his name as Mynheer van Tunder, and seemed as pleased to see me, though this was our very first meeting, as if he had known me all my life; but presently catching sight of my coffee-pot, he suddenly paused in his talk, and to my undisguised regret tossed off large quantities of that delightful beverage. When he had at last finished, he begged me to spare him a few Kaffirs, as he had shot an eland and a giraffe in the course of the morning. I let my people go, as I knew I should arrive at the Tati settlement the next morning, and when they came back they

brought several hundredweight of good fresh meat for use in our camp.

The miners had gone on with the blasting and excavating of the gold-yielding quartz without intermission; but as they were waiting for the arrival from England of a new machine for crushing the stone, the value of the mine could not yet be accurately estimated. I may add, however, for the reader's satisfaction, that on the 24th of April, 1874, I received a letter from the oft-mentioned Karl Meyer, bearing date Zululawayo (the new capital of Matebele land), 5th of February, 1874, in which he told me that Nelson, a Swedish engineer in Swinburne's service, had discovered a new lode, which had yielded six pounds of gold in as many days.

My camp life was now varied by visits from the Europeans engaged in mining operations, and Bokkis, my new servant, went hunting with his usual success. As I wished him to be mounted as well as myself, I bought a roan for him, known as Roland, which turned out to be the cleverest and best, if not exactly the handsomest, horse I ever possessed in Africa.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH FROM THE TATI TO THE ZAMBESI.

We start for the Zambesi—A dangerous passage—The Australian miners—The Makalaka kraal—The village of Umsuase—Culture of maize, durra, and tobacco—Wild vines—News from the Tati—Dr. Debgué—My fall—A new branch of industry—Bokkis shoots a lion—Passage of the Nata—Hyenas and strychnine—Umbigo of Sunkendaba—The elephant country—Loss of my ostriches—The female elephant—My cart can go no farther.

At last the day dawned for which I had longed for months, when I was able to begin the march to the Zambesi. The sun rose in fullest glory above the eastern horizon, and its golden beams lit up the endless mimosa and mopane forests clothing the heights and lowlands of the districts watered by the Tati, whilst the grey masses of mist, like the spirits of darkness, disappeared as if they shunned the light of day.

Everything having been got ready as far as possible over night, we were able to start as early as 6 A.M. Dr. Coverley and Mr. Harley had offered to go three or four miles with me, after which they bade me a hearty farewell, wishing me every success. Poor Harley, who then seemed in

perfect health, was taken ill with fever the very next day, quickly became delirious, and though Dr. Coverley put out all his medical skill, and watched him day and night, he died in a very few days.

After leaving the settlement we at first made our way up the left bank of the stream, shaded by lofty trees, like those already alluded to on the Limpopo, and which here as there make the winding course taken by the river visible a very long distance off. Here and there from the undulating grass-clad plains rose isolated mountains, almost invariably of a pointed pyramidal form. At 10 o'clock in the morning, still keeping the Tati on our left, we arrived at the half ruined hut of "Australian Charley," where we cooked our breakfast. The Tati, like most of the periodical streams of this neighbourhood, is not everywhere full of water at this time of year; dry portions of its bed alternate with others containing from a foot to a foot and a half of running water, and now and then we come to long rows of pools of standing water, forming a kind of unconnected system of ponds. But however dry the bed may be, good drinking water can always be obtained by digging to a certain depth.

As I was very anxious to describe this district as accurately as possible, the course we had taken—due allowance being made for the variation of the compass—and the number of miles traversed were

regularly entered in the map at every stopping-place; and every night I ascertained the latitude by taking the altitudes of stars. Having a pretty exact notion of one's whereabouts when one has penetrated far into the wilderness gives a wonderful sense of security, a kind of proud self-confidence, so to speak; and to this day, when I look at the map lying beside me, with every detail of my march marked on it, all the circumstances of that march are brought almost as vividly before me as by my journal.

Still keeping in a north-westerly direction, we came to a temporary halt at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of March. The stream at this point was over two feet deep, but we had to cross it, as the right bank was now much better suited to the cart than the left. Bokkis, Induke, and the "foreloper" Umcholele soon found a passable ford, but the bank at its edge was so steep that we had to shovel away some of the sand before we could go down it. That was quickly done, however, and the whole caravan including the ostriches entered the stream. The birds, indeed, were so pleased with it that they showed no inclination to leave it, but dived under the water, flapped their wings, and splashed about like geese or seagulls. As their bath seemed likely to delay us too long, the Kaffirs tried to drive them to the bank, but they dashed up the stream as if possessed, and not

until a quarter of an hour later did they rejoin us, having followed the track of the cart-wheels, and resume their march in the middle of the flock of goats, their favourite position, where they towered far above their companions, and could be seen a long way off. The stream at the part I waded through was four hundred and eighty feet wide, and from the banks rose argillaceous rocks, which extended for some distance, with an inclination from south-west to north-east.

On the 23rd I reached the huts of some Australian miners, who were working a vein of quartz in search of gold. Before we arrived there, however, Bokkis gave signal proof of his talent as a driver, bringing his team triumphantly over a ridge of granite sloping towards the stream which seemed to me, and I have had a good deal of experience in African travelling, absolutely impassable. I was so delighted with his extraordinary skill that I made him a present of a new hat.

The scenery here was more hilly and stony than that we had left behind, and the few mountains were almost all of the pyramidal form, with which we had become familiar. On the banks of the stream were the footprints of countless buffaloes, gnus, quaggas, giraffes, and lions. The beautiful red Melampus antelopes also appeared to be very numerous. The specimens of quartz I saw here seemed to me very promising, for they all con-

tained traces of gold. The miners hoped when they had got out a large quantity of rock to be able to afford to have a machine sent up to crush it by the London and Limpopo Mining Company.

These men were all from New Zealand or Australia, who had at last been set down in this lonely, deserted corner of the earth, after lives full of vicissitudes and adventures. Some of them had once possessed thousands of pounds, which they had lost at the gaming tables, or in rash speculations in Melbourne, Adelaide, or Sydney, but they none of them grumbled; each one was determined to work as hard as ever, and was full of hope of a favourable result.

I could not help admiring their stalwart weather-beaten appearance. The muscles of their arms were like hardened iron, and their chests and shoulders were so broad that a Centaur might have envied them. Amongst them there was a gigantic son of Caledonia, who especially attracted my attention, and who joined me in a hunting expedition in the afternoon. I shot a Melampus antelope which must have weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, and my companion flung it as a game-keeper would a hare over his bull-like neck, and made his way thus burdened over the rough débris with the elasticity of a tight-rope dancer.

Of course perfect health is necessary for such a

life as these miners lead. There were five of them here, and they took it in turns for one to look after the domestic economy: to bake the bread, see to the cooking, and so forth. Everything inside the hut was in ship-shape order. Four of the men worked in the quartz quarry all day, the temperature at noon being often 105° Fahrenheit, whilst at night the quicksilver often fell to freezing point, or even below it. These people led a very simple and regular life; up at 7 A.M., they worked till 12 P.M., then ensued dinner and a short nap; at 2 P.M. work was resumed, and went on again till 7. At 10 bed and well-earned rest.

Towards dusk began the "merry roaring of the lions," as one of the miners called it; and as I sat alone near my cart smoking my evening pipe and watching the play of the flames in my watch-fire, I could not help pondering over the fate of these sturdy fellows, and wondering what their hopes for the future and family ties might be.

Ultimately I came to the conclusion that men who worked so hard and so indefatigably might be adventurers, but were certainly not profligates; and that they would be far more effectual defenders of their native land in case of necessity than the pale enervated vagabonds of the narrow alleys of our crowded towns.

Before I started with my caravan the next

morning I gave the miners the latitude and longitude of their settlement, the exact time, and their distance in a direct line from the colony on the Tati, for all of which they were very grateful.

Leaving the miners, I regained the left bank of the river, just behind their hut, and marching in a northerly direction, I passed on the 25th and 26th of March four streams, the largest of which, according to the natives, is called the Inzi; went back on the evening of the 27th to the right bank of the river, and on the 29th, having the stream on the east, I halted for the night near a rocky cave overgrown by a wild vine.

The scenery was still very pleasing. I was again amongst the vast granite formations which extend from south-west to north-east over whole degrees of latitude, and play so important a part in the geological structure of this district of Africa.

The general character of the landscape, with its rocky heights and rugged bastions interspersed with park-like forests, vividly recalled that on the Mangwe. I had two fowling-pieces brought out of the cart, and went hunting with Bokkis. Before dusk we had brought down fifteen guinea-hens, some of which formed the chief ingredient of our supper, and the rest of a savoury Bengal curry.

Our march of the 20th to the 30th of March took us through the districts watered by the

Ramakoban, Tati, and Sacha, which here run at about four miles from each other, the two first in an east-south-easterly, and the last in a south-westerly direction. Further on, however, the Ramakoban and Tati turn abruptly to the south, unite their waters, and flow into the Sacha.

On the evening of the 30th of March my waggon drew up at the large Makalaka kraal of Umsuase, and never to my dying day shall I forget the astonishment of the women at work in the maize and durra fields when I suddenly appeared before them.

I do not know whether the worthy inhabitants of Umsuase keep a chronicle recording the most important events of their village, but I am quite sure that the day of my arrival will long live in their memories and in their talk.

Before long a stream of natives young and old came running out to meet me, screaming, dancing, laughing, and gaping in their surprise. If I galloped after the women, they sped away in their fright, and climbed up the nearest tree with the agility of monkeys, but for the rest all was amusement and good humour, the public generally looking upon my entrance into their village much as we at home do upon that of an elephant or a hippopotamus. Later, when the hubbub had a little subsided, the chief of the place, attended by a few spear-bearers, came to visit me in my camp, and

after favouring me with a long and earnest stare, he observed that he guessed from the exact description the Matebeles had already given him of my purpose, that I must be the man who wished to wander to the Great River, as the natives call the Zambesi.

He then promised me that early the next morning his people should bring me corn, sheep, goats, and gourds, for which I could pay in glass beads, and he would come back himself to see that everything was quiet and in order; meanwhile, by way of welcome, he presented me with two bottles of fresh marula wine. When he took leave I gave him a few trifles for himself and his wife, and the old gentleman went off in the best of humours.

The Makalakas, or, as they call themselves, the Marririmos, are the husbandmen of the Matebeles. Their maize and durra (millet) plantations extend for miles, and they also cultivate gourds, watermelons, tobacco, earth or pig-nuts, and a little hemp for smoking, which they term U'banché, the Basutos Matakoan, and the Matebeles Sanke. They manufacture iron of an excellent quality, which they use for making their favourite weapons the assagais, or javelins, and the massive clumsy hoes employed by the women in field-work. The only domestic animals I saw here besides the sheep and goats already mentioned were oxen, dogs, and

fowls. After wandering for months in the wilderness, the sight of extensive tracts of cultivated land is very refreshing. It seems as if some magic hand had suddenly brought us back to civilised regions, and the vast desert loses half its solemnity.

Early the next morning the chief's people arrived, and then ensued all the noise, chattering, and bargaining which are inseparable from transactions with the natives.

To get their business done quickly was by no means the chief consideration with the Makalakas; they wanted to stay by the cart as long as possible, to stare at all the wonderful things going on there. To the little natives, especially the boys, who were about the place from sunrise to sunset, and had never heard of such a thing as school, the chief event of the day was seeing the white man eat his dinner. To enjoy my meal in peace, I had a thick hedge of brambles thrown up opposite my table; but for all that they still came in crowds, pressing as near as they could, watching everything with the closest attention, and greeting any slip of the spoon on its way to my mouth with a roar of laughter. The use of knives and forks, which they called little assagais (javelins), especially amused them.

Children and animals know directly who is really fond of them, and so it was with the young

folks of Umsuase kraal. If I went for a walk, the little black fellows, all trace of shyness gone, swarmed at my heels; and if I surprised solitary women collecting wood, cutting grass, or tilling the fields, who ran away terrified at my approach, the impudent little beggars were for giving them chase to add to the fun.

They really did me good service sometimes, though, for if I were out shooting guinea-hens and wounded one, they would run after it and catch it, however swift it might be; they knew perfectly well, too, where to find the Impangeles, as they called the guinea-hens, and I owed many a good stew to their praiseworthy zeal.

My men fared sumptuously here, and my table was always regally spread. Sheep, eggs, guinea and Namaqua hens, green ears of maize, water-melons, gourds, marula wine, and fruits of several kinds were plentiful; and any who cannot keep house well with such materials had better stay at home, Africa is not the place for him.

I ascertained the height of Umsuase above the sea-level to be four thousand one hundred and seventy feet, so that I had made an ascent of one thousand three hundred and seventy-six feet since I left the Tati. I had indeed reached the highest point of the plateau, as the country to the north is a continuous descent, first to the Nata and then to the Zambesi.

The climate is extremely healthy, although in the dry and cold months the most sudden changes of temperature take place, almost tropical heat prevailing during the day and slight frosts occurring by night.

The population of the kraal numbers about six thousand. I made several astronomical observations, and the average results obtained were to fix the latitude at 20° 27′ 2″ S., and the longitude at 27° 19′ E.; the variation of the magnetic needle (in March 1870) was 23° 41′ W.

Keeping due north, my road now led me through thickly populated districts, where travelling was comparatively easy, as Europeans can always get on well amongst the natives, especially when they are husbandmen, as they were here. I passed the villages of Shapetoane and Suite, and on the 11th of April reached Babas, the most northerly Makalaka kraal, between which and the Zambesi lies a deserted country, which had been completely depopulated by the Matebeles under Mosilikatze.

We were again in a district marked by the weird granite forms so often referred to, which were now, together with many of the trees, draped with a kind of wild vine with stems as thick as an arm, and bearing large bunches of blue fruit. The fruit ripens at this time of year (April), has a flat yellow kernel with diagonal stripes, and is very bitter to the taste.

At about a mile from Babas we saw such quantities of these vines, that we thought the natives must have planted them, which turned out, however, not to have been the case. Here I was surrounded by a large and almost circular ring of granite, the diameter of which must have been about eight miles. On the north-west, near the Maytengue River, was an opening, beyond which stretched an endless forest, in which the mopane tree was especially noticeable.

On the 13th of April we had almost ceaseless rain with a good deal of thunder, the wind blowing from the west and south-west. The next day I devoted to reconnoitring the country before me with Bokkis, Sililo, and Induke, and found that the ground was very soft, but that there were no insuperable obstacles to our advance, although we should have to cut down a few trees here and there to make room for the cart to pass. On this excursion I noticed a bush which in its form and the shape of its leaves much resembled our apple or pear trees. It was completely covered with ripe medlar-like bluish-red fruit, with a pleasant but rather tartish taste. The natives have two names for this tree, Masinabomvu and Tugulu.

The uncertain changeable weather lasted until the 16th. Induke, to whom I had given some lessons in shooting, now showed that they had not been thrown away by bringing down his first

koodoo, of which he was very proud; and Bokkis shot a quagga for his Kaffir comrades, as they esteem its flesh a luxury.

It was rumoured in Babas that I should soon have news from the Tati, and that the messengers were already close at hand. It is really wonderful how well informed the natives are as to all that goes on in their country. In this case the expected "couriers" arrived on the evening of the 17th, when I received newspapers and some numbers of Petermann's 'Mittheilungen.' The letters from Europe, however, had been kept back at the Tati settlement by Kiesch.

On the 20th of April I left the kraal of Babas, many Makalakas accompanying me. We marched for a good two hours before we left the maize and durra plantations behind us. As I still required a few more bearers for the foot march to the Zambesi, I engaged five men, whose names were Mosume, Siua, Zaniambo, Umbulava, and Debgué. The last was an elderly man, who enjoyed the reputation amongst his fellow countrymen of being a great doctor, a magician, and a weather prophet.

He never began a march without consulting his magic dice and horns, and he got Bokkis to tell me that he was quite a celebrated magician, but that he could only bring his art to bear upon patients when his services were left entirely

unremunerated. I told him that the doctors of my country had not advanced so far as he had in civilisation, but that they doubtless regretted being unable to treat defaulting patients in the same generous style. As far as I was myself concerned, however, I relied far more on a pair of sturdy legs to help me through such a journey as ours than on all the magic horns and dice in the world.

In the course of the day we noticed the first elephant spoors since we left the Tati. The indefatigable Bokkis shot a giraffe and a buffalo, and the enormous stocks of meat thus procured by us led to our cart being still followed by some hundreds of natives. I had them told that if they wished still to enjoy tit-bits at our expense they must bring me four bottles of marula wine. They consulted together a bit, and then they sent back six of their number laden with game, who returned after an absence of thirty hours, bringing with them a welcome supply of the beverage I had asked for. A native thinks nothing of such a little journey as that, and will gladly walk one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty miles on the chance of eating his fill of meat.

On Thursday the 21st of April I crossed the Maytengue stream, which is here three hundred and ninety feet wide. As I was riding along the right bank on my horse Roland, the animal suddenly

sank beneath me, and steed and rider stuck fast in a pit dug by the natives of the neighbourhood for trapping game. There I sat, completely wedged in and unable to get out of my uncomfortable position. It was lucky there did not happen to be any spears in the pit, and that my people were withing hearing of my cries for help. When they came up, I was dug out of my grave with much derisive laughter and joking.

On the 23rd we followed the course of the stream on the right bank, the forest getting denser and denser as we advanced, so that our axes were in constant requisition. Bokkis, however, steered the team and cart with such consummate skill, that not the slightest injury was inflicted on either. There were numerous pools of water by the way, with the footprints of hundreds of buffaloes on their banks; and as we wanted some hides to repair our harness, we decided to make a short halt and do a little hunting. In the work on the harness we meant to turn to account the services of the Makalakas and Bushmen, of whom from sixty to eighty still followed us.

At 7 o' clock on the morning of the 24th of April I started with Bokkis on a hunting expedition, taking eight Kaffirs with me, all of whom were armed with sharp sailors' knives or reserve firearms. After rather a tiring search we tracked out a herd of buffaloes resting beneath some thick

and low mopane bushes. When they heard the noise of our horses' approach they sprang up and looked at us, who must have seemed to have risen from the ground, in terror stricken and motionless surprise. Amongst them was a gigantic coal-black bull with mighty horns, but we had little time for making observations; we fired, and down fell two animals.

We left four Kaffirs behind to look after the skins, whilst Bokkis and I with the rest of the men followed in pursuit of the flying herd. After an hour's pretty hard riding we came up with the buffaloes; Bokkis fired and wounded a young bull, which at once left its comrades and retired into a thicket. Fortunately a dog, which had appeared on the scene when the two first buffaloes were shot and had rushed after the others, did not perceive the wounded animal, but continued the chase. As he had already several times spoiled sport with his senseless barking, we were heartily glad to be rid of him.

The colour of the skin of our game and that of the jungle were so much alike, that it was only with some difficulty that we were able to distinguish the one from the other, and the greatest caution was necessary, for, as every experienced hunter knows, a wounded Cape buffalo is no despicable enemy. At last we caught sight of his gloomy head and fired almost simultaneously.

Then ensued a dull heavy thud, followed by the long plaintive cry which announces that the life of a buffalo is closed!

In our ride across country we had rather lost our bearings, but we soon managed to find out where we were; and as we were all tired we covered our game over with brambles, and decided to come and fetch it the next morning. We rode back to the cart, and at 6 o'clock in the evening the other Kaffirs arrived with the two skins.

Early the next morning Bokkis and Induke with a few armed Kaffirs went off to bring home the game. When they were close upon it they suddenly perceived a lion and two lionesses; the first of which, at once assuming the aggressive, set up a threatening roar. Bokkis, however, though armed with nothing but his heavy rifle for elephant shooting, fired, and the huge bullet, striking the lion on the chest, passed right through the body, coming out with a whiz at the left hip. The noble creature of course fell down dead, and his companions, frightened by the noise, bounded off with long strides, Bokkis sending a few flying shots after them.

In the afternoon Bokkis brought the lion's and buffalo's skins home to the camp in triumph, and the exultant natives sung his praises until midnight. I verily believe my driver was that day the happiest and proudest of mortals.

The skins of the buffaloes were now cut into strips from one to two inches wide and twenty feet long, a work performed by my driver and a few Kaffirs with great skill. A strong cross-beam was then fixed between two trees, and the rough strips were hung over it, tied firmly together underneath and fastened to a kind of box made of strong branches and containing several hundredweight of stones. Then the Kaffirs, provided with long poles, which they stuck through hoops fixed on to the box of stones, marched round and round, keeping time to a song, till they had twisted the strips into a rope growing ever narrower and as hard as a bullet, so that all the water was squeezed out. This work was carried on day and night till the afternoon of the 27th, the natives relieving each other constantly, so that it did not fall heavily upon any of them; and when all the moisture was removed from the skins, they were rubbed with fat till they were as soft and flexible as kid for gloves. By this means we got double harness straps for the whole team, as well as a stout new rope, strong enough, according to Bokkis, to bear the weight of the cart and its contents.

On the evening of the 25th Induke had the good luck to shoot a male ostrich, so that we had a supply of beautiful feathers in the camp. I gave some of them to my people, including Bokkis. They all decked themselves out with them, but

Bokkis was especially delighted with them, and arranged them most carefully in his large Californian hat, looking for all the world like a circus rider as he rode along in the forest with his nodding plumes.

On the 28th of April I left the banks of the Maytengue River, and pressed on in a due north direction. Before me stretched a barren deserted treeless district with a brackish soil, which it was evident a few days' rain would have rendered impassable. We saw a few ostriches, quaggas, and giraffes, but as there was not a bit of cover anywhere, the cat-like agility of a Bushman or a Kaffir would have been required to get within range; and having a good stock of dry meat with me, I did not trouble myself about them.

Before we started, I had the little eight-gallon cask behind the cart filled with water, a precaution for which I had reason to be thankful, as we had to halt in the evening in a mopane forest, with very little grass and no water for the oxen. I was therefore obliged to press on at daybreak the next morning, and at 11 A.M. we reached the Tekuane or Netui stream, where we unharnessed our team, cooked our breakfast, and let the animals eat and drink their fill. The Netui stream where I crossed it was four hundred and twenty feet wide. Like the Maytengue, it flows from south-east to north-west into the Nata.

We encamped in a vast African forest containing many varieties of trees, including fan-palms, several acacias, and a tree, name unknown, yielding a black wood as hard as iron, which soon blunted our axes. Our patience was now again sorely tried, for storms and rain kept us here until the 13th of May. The Kaffirs and Makalakas, however, soon made themselves watertight huts.

Doing nothing is very demoralising alike to blacks and whites, and to pass the time, a good deal of smoking of tobacco and hemp was indulged in, often succeeded by drinking and squabbling, although no serious quarrels took place. My old servants, such as Bokkis, Induke, Sililo, and Umloi, however, behaved like men, and made the best of our anything but enviable circumstances.

On a long halt in the wilderness the putrefying carcases of the wild animals destroyed accumulate on every side, and swarms of jackals and hyenas assembled about the camp at night, alarming the oxen and horses with their constant howling. As they got bolder and bolder every day, I made an attempt to poison them with strychnine, but the next morning, though all the baits had disappeared, there were no dead animals to be seen.

This apparent failure sent old Debgué the Makalaka doctor into an ecstasy of delight; and he declared that, with regard to poisoning, the whites

were mere children compared to the blacks. He kept up a perpetual song of triumph, to which the simple Kaffirs, convinced of the truth of his assertions, listened with eager interest. It so happened, however, that Bokkis, Debgué, and a few Kaffirs went the very next day into the forest to fetch home a buffalo which had been shot, and they had scarcely been gone five minutes before they came to four dead hyenas lying beside a pond. At this sight the native doctor was terrified, and entreated his comrades not to touch the carcases, for the poison was so strong that to do so would be fatal. All wish to bring home meat was gone, and he returned to the camp in the lowest spirits, apparently thinking that the mere sight of the cart which contained more of the diabolical poison stuff would do him an injury. It was some days before his old effrontery and self-confidence returned.

In wanderings such as mine, one learns the peculiarities of each member of the party, and I had long been aware that Debgué was planning an intrigue against me. He seemed to make sure of the co-operation of the other Makalakas, and was now anxious to win over my old Matebele servants, and, if possible, Bokkis also. He had not the slightest suspicion that I was watching him, but I was aware of every move he made.

His plan was nothing less than to desert me

with all his people when the cart had reached the most northerly point of the journey, so as to frustrate the march to the Zambesi. He counted on getting the reward all the same, as it had already been deposited with his chief. I discovered to my cost that he did not in fact know anything of the country between our encampment and the Great River, although he had joined the expedition as a guide. I refrained, however, from breaking with him entirely, as the farther we got from his own village, the more completely was he in my power.

On the evening of the 5th of April some Matebeles arrived, who were on their way to the Marririmo villages, but noticing the track of my cart, had turned aside to follow it. One of the men knew Bokkis, and told me he had seen me last December in the kraal of his chief, N'Umkaniula.

We now learnt that N'Umkaniula and Buquela had been ordered by Lumpengula, now elected king, to bring their warriors to the royal kraal of Umchlauchlausela, and that old Umbigo, chief of the opposition, had declared war against the young sovereign, and was completing his preparations in his kraal of Sunkendaba, with four regiments, each some one thousand strong, to protect him. Under these circumstances I was very glad to be in an uninhabited district, beyond the reach of the Matebeles.

The vast desert in which I now found myself, and which stretches away as far as the Zambesi, is traversed by thousands of elephants, and for miles upon miles the traces of their passage can be seen, for they tear up the ground, break down the branches, and gnaw off the rind of the trees, sometimes even pulling them up by the roots. The terrible noise made by these huge quadrupeds when feeding frightens all the other game away except buffaloes and the black rhinoceros, the former appearing in herds, the latter generally alone. Clumsy as they look, the little black rhinoceroses can climb the highest mountains, and we saw numerous broad paths trodden down by them.

I have shot seven rhinoceroses with my own hand, and I have noticed that when they are fired at from a short distance with an elephant rifle of heavy calibre, they always wheel round at once; but if the animal attacked receives a mortal wound behind the shoulder, of such a nature that the steel-pointed bullet penetrates far into the lungs, it will run on in a straight line at a brisk trot for half a mile or a mile farther, and then suddenly fall down dead. The Pedjami has an extremely keen scent, but its sight is not good; an unarmed traveller surprised by one should therefore run to some cover to windward as quickly as possible, and ordinary skill and speed will soon free him from his formidable pursuer.

With regard to the country we were now passing through, we may say that it belongs rather to wild beasts than men; and any one anxious to get some idea of the quantity of game in Africa, should just examine the banks of one of the numerous ponds hereabouts. Everywhere there are numerous traces of elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses. The first-named animals, after taking their mud baths, rub themselves dry on the bark of the trees near, which are worn quite smooth in consequence.

One peculiar habit of the African elephant which I have not seen noticed by any other writer is that he digs himself a kind of bathing tub near some pond, which has a steep wall in front, and is the same height and breadth as the animal. After he has sprinkled the walls of his tub with water, the elephant rubs the damp sandy clay into his skin, which, when dry, protects him from the bite of insects, to which, in spite of the thickness of his hide, he is very sensitive. After the mud bath is over, the elephant walks out of his tub backwards. These "tubs" were so numerous when I was on my way to the Zambesi, that the cart had to stop perpetually.

The passage of the Nata was effected in latitude 19° 48′ S., and Wanki's village on the Zambesi in latitude 18° 2′, the distance between them, as the crow flies, being nearly one hundred and six miles,

and throughout this long march we never once lost sight of elephant spoors.

One of the most remarkable animals of Africa is certainly the hippopotamus, and I will therefore add a few words on the mode of hunting this animal monstrosity.

In the early days of the Cape Colony there were hippopotami in nearly all the rivers, lakes, swamps, and ponds of Natal, but they were soon frightened away by the constant firing, and now, except near the mouth of the Tugela River, they are seldom met with.

The colonists of Natal call the hippopotamus the sea-cow, and the Zulu name for it is Impovu. Its flesh, which is streaked with white fat, is considered a great delicacy. It is extremely tender, and has a pleasant taste, something between that of beef and pork.

In spite of its clumsy, massive form, it is wonderfully active in the water, and is extremely dainty about its food. At night it leaves the swamps and lakes to wander for miles over hill and mountain in search of its favourite diet, a very tender grass, called sea-cow grass by Dun. The ground where one of these huge beasts has been feeding always looks as if it had been mown with a machine. It is as smooth as a carpet, and it is difficult to understand how such a monstrous mouth can cut so cleanly. All about the large lakes in Zululand

pits had been dug by the natives, for a visit from a hippopotamus in a maize or durrá plantation is very bad for the harvest. Where these destructive creatures are numerous, watch is kept all night in huts constructed for the purpose, and efforts are made to frighten them away by means of noise and fire.

In 1866 I became acquainted with Dun, and accompanied him on one of his great hunting expeditions. He is now in the service of the government, and has almost given up hunting, and I am living peacefully on the banks of the Weser; but I shall never forget the scenes we witnessed together on Lakes Musingasi and Inchlabani. In 1870, Dun and his Kaffirs brought down no less than one hundred and four hippopotami.

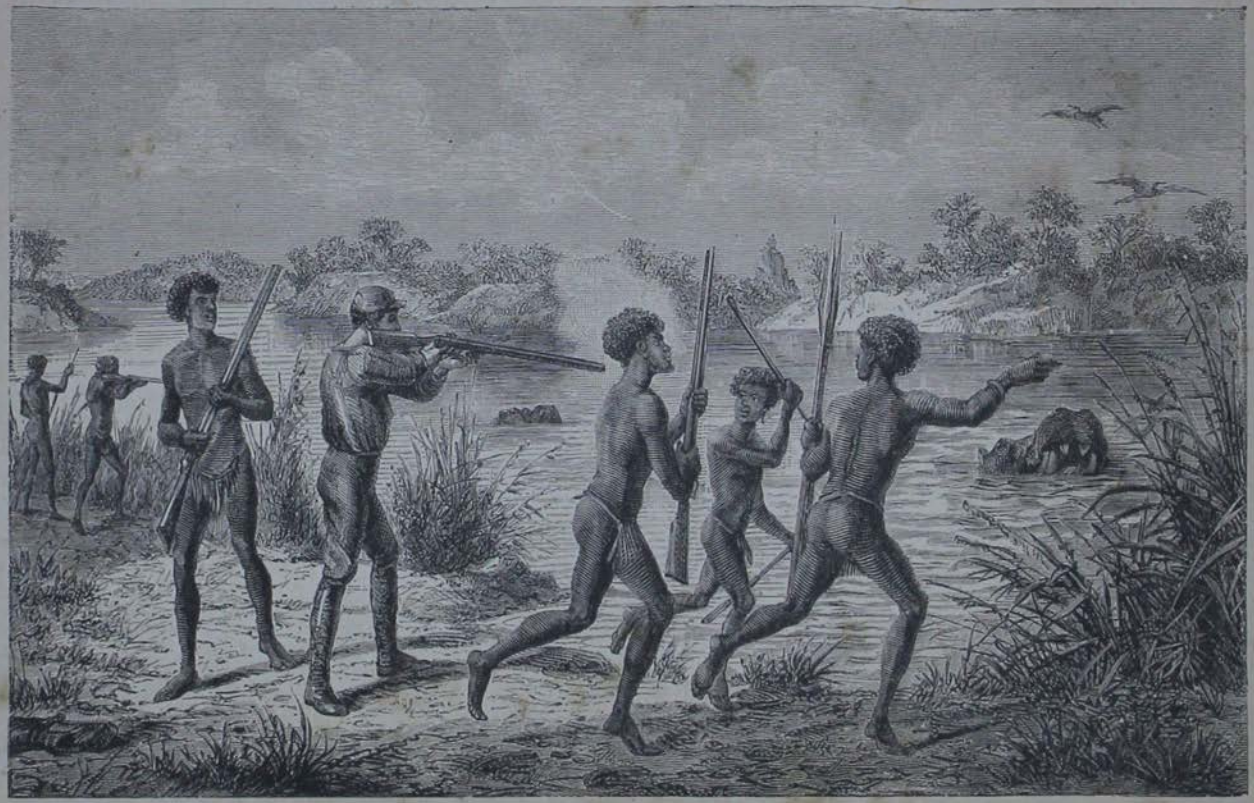
Our way of going to work was as follows: As soon as the day began to break, we manned our whaling sloop, which was rowed by five sturdy natives. This boat had been brought from D'Urban, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, in an ox-cart, and had arrived safely after many details and vicissitudes. As we cautiously rowed along the reed-covered shores of the lake we often came suddenly upon the hippopotami, which would swim round our little bark, snorting, growling and grunting. As these lakes had never before been visited by hunters, the animals showed very little shyness, and sometimes came within a few

yards of the boat, much to the terror of the natives, who are bad sailors and never feel at home on the water.

And now crack go the guns, the water heaves, and down dive the animals; but as they dash along at the bottom of the lake, the bubbles rising to the surface betray their whereabouts, so that we are able to follow them. Presently a huge head appears above the surging waters, and aiming as nearly behind the ear as possible, another murderous salute rings out. Round whirls the blood-stained foam, and the dying prey sinks, to rise to the surface half an hour after death, so that the hunter is sure not to lose his booty.

Hippopotamus hunting is not at all dangerous; only once in twenty-two excursions were we at all in a critical situation, and that was owing to a leak being made in our boat by the sudden charge of a female, with a young one beside her. We stopped the leak with a felt hat, and got safely to the land.

These lakes abound with crocodiles, and the blood of a wounded hippopotamus generally attracts them. Many an old fellow did we bring down with our rifles. When Dun and I were hunting on the Inchlabani, we must have catered entirely for these huge reptiles, for we only carried away the skin, teeth, and fat of our victims, leaving the huge carcases near the lake. Then,



HUNTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

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when all was quiet, and the natives had drawn off, crowds of crocodiles would come up, and feast on the remains. The skin of one of the hippopotami we killed in Zululand weighed five hundred and ten pounds when fresh.

Althoug hvery sociable animals, the male hippopotami often have skirmishes with each other, as is proved by the fearful scars found on their skins. Ordinary leaden bullets, though they penetrate the hide of these animals, become flattened or broken when they strike the huge bones, and do not inflict mortal wounds. It is therefore usual, as in buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros hunting, to employ guns of very heavy calibre, and bullets hardened with tin or quicksilver—four parts of lead to one of tin, for instance—and to fire at as short a distance as possible. Amongst the Dutch elephant hunters I have seen bullets so large, that four of them together weighed a pound.

On Friday the 13th of May the ground was so far dry, that I was able to march twelve miles in a north-north-westerly direction. Some of the ponds we passed contained fresh-water tortoises, and their surfaces were often covered with red water-lilies. We were agreeably surprised at coming upon giraffes; as it was fifty-one days since we left the Tati, our herd of goats was sensibly diminished, and we were becoming more and more dependent on game for meat.

During the night of the 13th, when the moon was shining brightly, the ostriches began one of their mad dances, in which they whirled round like tops; one, probably the dancing master, beginning, whilst the others stretched out their long necks and watched him attentively for a time. Presently, however, a desire to do likewise seized them, and off they set, not stopping until they were so giddy that they reeled about as if tipsy. As ill luck would have it, one of the dancers tumbled over an ox peacefully resting in front of the cart, and it sprang up terrified, the whole team following its example, as if seized with a panic. It took several Kaffirs a long time to restore quiet and order.

On the 16th of May Bokkis shot a large white rhinoceros, of the kind called Incambo by the Zulus and Matebeles, and on the 17th I brought down a fat cow buffalo. We still had a good many showers, brought by the west or north-west wind.

The scenery remained much the same—vast forests with an immense number of ponds, and here and there such thick jungle that we had to use our axes and hatchets; but we always found a way out.

I marched with the greatest caution, as we might now at any moment enter the district rendered dangerous to domestic animals by the presence of the tsetse fly. I generally rode on half a mile in

advance of the rest of the party, or some natives reconnoitred in front, so as to announce the appearance of the poisonous insect at once.

On the evening of the 19th of May I halted near a huge tree which had been struck and partially destroyed by lightning.. In its naked boughs rested a flock of vultures, which flew slowly away on our approach. We were now in an open district; the ground seemed almost horizontal, and we were surrounded by vast stretches of ripe grass, resembling a field of rye in July. As there was no bush to be had, we could not throw up any fence about our camp.

In the night I had violent fever—shivering fits succeeded by burning heat; but at last unconsciousness set in, and I fell into a deep sleep. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and I felt all the weakness and depression which invariably succeeds such an attack as mine. The first news brought to me was that hyenas had frightened the ostriches in the night, and they were all gone. The tidings of the loss of my feathered pets and comrades roused me at once, and, exhausted as I was, I climbed on to the top of the cart, and fired again and again in the hope of enticing them back. All in vain; nothing was to be seen but the endless sea of grass undulating gently, like a lake swept by the wind. To avoid a return of fever I took a strong dose of

quinine, and thinking that my birds might yet return, I waited until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but at last I was obliged to start without them, comforting myself with the thought that at least no one would ever tease or shut them up now. They had given me a great deal of amusement, and now they had entirely regained their freedom.

Their further history may be summed up in a very few words. Some wandering Bushmen happened to come to our deserted camp on the evening of the same day, and there they found my birds. Noticing that they were tame, and having heard a report that a white man had arrived bringing ostriches with him, they concluded that these must belong to him; so they took them back to the Makalaka kraal, in the hope of getting a reward. The reward was duly paid, and the Makalakas took care of the birds, feeding them with maize. On my return journey, on payment of half a pound of blue beads, my old companions were restored to me, after a separation of sixty-nine days. They knew me again at once, and I took them with me all the way to Natal.

On the 24th I had a comical meeting with a female elephant. As we were passing through a very rugged and uneven tract of country; and the cart bumped about a great deal, I took out my compass, which was packed in a little leather case, and carried it in my hand in advance of the cart.

After a march of three quarters of an hour I came to a pond, the banks of which were, as usual, covered with the footprints of elephants. Some large trees grew hard by, with their stems smeared with the mud left on them by elephants rubbing themselves dry after bathing. I sat down to rest, opened my compass, loosened the needle, and found it in very good order. As I was looking at it, I suddenly heard a loud bellowing close to me, and fearing it might be a black rhinoceros I jumped up, looked carefully about me, and walked backwards to one of the trees, where I had left my needle-gun loaded with a steel bullet. I then for the first time noticed a female elephant in the bush, scarcely forty paces from me. The animal seemed as much surprised as I was, and stretched out its huge ears till its head looked about the size of a Bushman's hut; but before I could take my gun, it turned tail and made off, almost noiselessly, across the soft, sandy ground. I noticed that its right tusk was half broken away. It must have been very thirsty to come down to drink in the day time, and an hour later, when my cart was close at hand, it came back to the pond. Bokkis, Induke, and I at once surprised it and gave chase, but although it received four bullets, one of which must have pierced the lungs, it got away, spitting blood, and it was not until the next morning that the Kaffirs found it lying dead in the grass, five miles off.

On Wednesday, the 25th of May, we found ourselves in a valley running from the south-west to the north-east, and shut in on the east and west by sand dunes from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high. On the summits grew large forest trees, not unlike the orange, with smooth, dark green leaves; the sides were clothed with thick, grey, leafless bushes, provided with long, straight, snow-white thorns; and at their feet waved the tall grass, varying in colour from pale yellow to brownish green. Bokkis, who had ridden forward on Roland at 12 o'clock, came back at 3 in the afternoon with the news that the tsetse were close upon us, and brought half a dozen of these poisonous flies, which had settled on his horse's neck, as a positive proof of his assertion. We could not therefore think of advancing any farther with the horses and oxen. Latitude 19° 11′ S. was to be the most northerly point reached by our cart; and as there was plenty of good grass and water here, we set up a permanent encampment for the animals and their attendants, resolving shortly to press on on foot for the Zambesi, accompanied only by our baggage carriers.

CHAPTER IX.

TO THE VICTORIA FALLS.

A permanent camp — Bokkis's illness — Deserters — Forward — Charge of a black rhinoceros — A meteor — Debgué turns out a deceiver — Cluley is taken ill — Passage of the Tchangani — Rebellion of the Makalakas — A buffalo appears in the nick of time — Arrival at the Daka — The Zambesi — Logier Hill — Wanki — Meeting with European traders — The Victoria Falls.

On the 26th of May we set to work to erect a camp of solid construction on a neighbouring hill, with a pond on the south and one on the east. A strong and lofty hedge of brambles strengthened with stakes was soon thrown up as a protection from nocturnal attacks by wild beasts. Provisions and ammunition were carefully examined, sacks were made, and everything prepared for the forward march, whilst the surrounding districts were carefully reconnoitred by parties of natives, that we might obtain an exact knowledge of the peculiarities of the neighbourhood.

On the morning of the 30th of May I started with sixteen men, leaving Umloi, one of my oldest and most trustworthy servants, with three Maka-

lakas and a Bushman in charge of the cart. I was able entirely to trust Umloi with the oxen, horses, and the contents of the cart, and I also left him well provided with weapons and ammunition, that he might shoot game for himself and his party.

William Cluley and Bokkis accompanied me. I relied especially upon the services of the latter, as he was invaluable both as an interpreter and a hunter. He told me at the very beginning of the march that it was his belief the natives intended to desert on the first opportunity, and he advised me, therefore, to treat them as kindly as possible.

I could depend on Sililo, Induke, Cluley, and three or four others, but those few would not suffice to carry the instruments, wrappers, weapons, ammunition, provisions, beads, cooking utensils, etc., without which it would be impossible to proceed; so the journey, arduous enough in any case, commenced under anything but auspicious circumstances.

We had gone about six miles in a northerly direction, when we made our midday halt beneath a shady tree. We had hardly arrived there, when Bokkis was taken seriously ill with fever. He was sick, and soon began to wander in his thoughts. When he came to himself a little, I tried to give him some quinine; but he told me he had more confidence in the remedies of the Bush-

men, to whose treatment he submitted himself, taking a mixture they gave him of pounded vegetables and roots.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate than Bokkis's illness, as it was, of course, impossible to think of going any further that day. Old Debgué, too, grew bolder, and told me "My driver's illness would very likely make his people run back to the cart the next day!" To this impudent speech I made no reply, though my blood boiled when I looked at the fellow, for I knew that my getting to the Victoria Falls depended on my self-control.

Towards evening Induke saw a bastard eland come out of the bush at so great a distance off that I could distinguish nothing, and begged me to go with him and shoot it, which I readily consented to do, in the hope of pleasing my followers. Induke led me to within forty paces of the antelope; I fired with my heavy gun, and the bullet passed right through my prey, but for all that it ran two hundred paces farther before it fell. The natives, who had watched the hunt from beneath the tree, now came running up to fetch the meat, and apparently a very happy humour prevailed in the camp; only poor Bokkis was in wild delirium, so that I had all weapons put out of his reach, and appointed two men to watch him.

As I was afraid that Debgué and his people would perhaps desert in the night, I set up a

separate camp, and retiring to it with Cluley and my most faithful servants, we took it in turns to watch the Makalakas.

As soon as it was day on the 31st of May, two of the Bushmen ran off, and the old doctor and his friends wanted to go. After wearisome discussions and negotiations, I at last, by a promise of double pay, succeeded in persuading them to go on with me for the present, at least. As it was, however, I had yet farther to reduce my equipment, already small enough, as I had now only eleven men to carry it. Debgué declined to take anything but his own bundle.

I left Bokkis behind with his "Bushmen doctors," with orders that, as soon as he was strong enough, he was to go back to the cart, where he could be better taken care of.

Our march proceeded in a north-westerly direction, and after making about twelve miles, we halted in the evening in a thicket near a watering place. During the night two white rhinoceroses came so close, that for a moment I was afraid we should be trampled down; but the Kaffirs sprang up and threw lighted torches at the monsters, which ran off snorting with fright.

Gululo, one of my best and most trustworthy servants, was now attacked by fever. He had severe shivering fits, and was very cold, so I had him wrapped in two horse-cloths, and administered

some doses of quinine, which he, more reasonable than Bokkis, took willingly.

Our march of the 31st of May, up till noon, led us through an open undulating country, clothed with succulent grasses, and dotted here and there with groups of shady marula trees, looking like islands. On the north, the blue mountains of the districts on the Lower Guay stood out more and more distinctly. In the course of the morning, soon after we started, we found a puff-adder benumbed by the cold of the previous night, during which there had been a frost. I touched the reptile with my stick, and finding it was still alive, it was, of course, killed at once. Later, our path ran beside the track of lions close to that of an eland, and the natives deciding both to be fresh, put down their bundles and followed them. They soon came to all that was left of the eland, viz., the head and marrow bones, which they brought back with shouts of triumph.

At noon we entered a vast open grass-clad district, called the Tuma Malissa by the elephant hunters, and containing ponds of beautifully clear water. As Paul Ziesmann had settled here the previous year, I hunted up his old camp, and settled myself in it, remaining there until noon on the 1st of June. I took the latitude by the sun, and found it to be 18° 57′ 42″ S., so that I was about sixty-eight miles from Logier Hill, on the

southern bank of the Zambesi, opposite Wanki's village, the latitude of which was ascertained by Baines and Chapman to be 18° 4′ 58″ S.

In the afternoon we pressed on in a northerly direction, and we had not gone far when a snorting black rhinoceros rushed out upon us from the forest. Induke at once ran up with my reserve gun, and I shot the animal through the head when it was close upon me. It wheeled round in narrow circles for a few minutes, and then fell, when Induke despatched it. To avoid delay, I left four men behind to bring the meat, the rest of the Kaffirs dividing their loads amongst them, and in the evening they joined us at our camp-fire.

I enjoyed the rare luxury of sweetened tea that evening, as a honey-guide (*Cuculus indicator*), that curious and pretty bird, which has so often been described, led me to a bees' nest.

In the affair of the rhinoceros I had unfortunately lost my pipe, and Gululo was the only one of the whole party to possess such an instrument. He offered it to me at once, but I then resolved to give up smoking for the rest of the journey, and since then I have used very little tobacco.

Our watch-fire was still burning brightly when we left our camp on the 2nd of June, and, keeping the running stream of the Denue on the right, pressed on 'on our northerly course. The scenery became more and more imposing as we approached

the Guay Mountains. At noon we halted on the left bank of the Guay, which here runs for about six miles from east to west between sandstone rocks. The breadth varies from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet, and here and there it is deep enough for bathing; but that luxury should not be indulged in, except where the bottom of the stream can be seen, as crocodiles are very numerous. I took the latitude here also, and found it to be 18° 41′ S., so that I had advanced some sixteen miles since I left Ziesmann's old kraal in the Tuma Malissa district.

After twice crossing the stream, we encamped in the evening on the left bank. There we surprised an elephant which had come to drink, and sent three bullets into it, but though my people followed it for an hour, it escaped. Then we killed a goat, which left us with only two of the herd we had brought with us. Cluley told me that when my men "saw no more meat," as they expressed it, they would turn back. I did not, however, mind that so much now, as it was as easy to go on to the Zambesi as to return to the cart; and I knew that I could depend on Cluley and my old "body-guard," whatever old Debgué and the Makalakas might do.

In the night a meteor of the size of a skittle-ball dashed across the sky from the north-north-west to the south-south-east, and approached the stars Aldebaran in Taurus and Antares in Scorpio,

leaving a trail of phosphorescent light behind it. About two minutes after its disappearance a dull report rang out in the stillness, like the distant firing of some heavy piece of ordnance.

The men lying near me on the ground were very much frightened at the appearance of this splendid phenomenon, and talked about it in an excited manner with many gesticulations. Presently, however, as Cluley, who understood them better than I did, explained, their conversation took a fresh turn, and they wondered how many people I had killed in my own country that I was obliged to wander about like a wild animal in the desert, adding that it was very childish to be always looking at the sun, the moon, or the stars; one could have that pleasure just as well at home.

Our march of the 2nd and 3rd of June proved, beyond a doubt, that Debgué knew nothing of the country we were in. In the course of one day he took us through the Guay no less than six times, and at last I went on with the men in a northerly direction, and encamped on the right bank on the evening of the 3rd.

We found the fresh spoor and the valuable tusks of a bull-elephant, but if they had been of pure gold we should have had to leave them behind us, for my people were already so discontented that I could not expect them to carry anything else. Toward daybreak a pair of lions on their way

home from hunting passed through the stream close to us, and favoured us with a concert of roaring such as we had often heard before. The two goats were rather uneasy, and Cluley, that phlegmatic Englishman, tried to reassure them with the words, "It is only the lions."

One of the heaviest marches I ever made was that of the 4th of June. Taking no notice of anything Debgué said, I held to a northerly course, now ascending, now descending steep hills, but ever keeping straight on. In the evening we found a pool of clear water, and as we were worn out we encamped for the night and cooked a pot of durra, to which we added some dried rhinoceros steaks. But now Cluley was taken ill with fever. He complained a good deal, was very sick, and as usual in such cases, got low spirited about himself, and told me I might as well leave him there to die, his end was approaching, and he should never reach the Zambesi.

Instead of replying, I gave him a dose of quinine, which I repeated during the night. Above Cluley's grumbling and the lusty snoring of the slumbering Kaffirs, I heard the rushing of the mountain stream Tchangani, which is here two hundred and forty feet wide; and as it was a clear night I took the latitude, which I found to be 18° 27′ 31″ S. Not until all this was done did I lay down to rest.

The first difficulty the next morning was to divide the load Cluley had carried thus far amongst his fellow-servants, and when that was settled, we went through the Tchangani, which flows into the Guay, running from the east-south-east to the west-north-west, attaining, as we could see by its banks, to a height of thirty feet in the rainy season, when it rushes along with a roaring noise at the rate of three knots an hour at the least. The temperature had been so low during the night, that the water was icy cold when we entered it, and poor Cluley's knees knocked together from sheer weakness; the fever had brought him so low. I told him to cheer up, using the well-known English expression, "Don't give up the ship." As the natives thought they recognised human footprints in the sand, they begged me to fire a few shots, in the hope that any Bushmen within hearing might come and offer themselves as guides, but the echo alone replied, and no voice was heard but that of the roaring Tchangani River.

We had the same difficulties to contend with the next day, as this and the scenery through which we had passed was much the same—rugged and mountainous, and mostly clothed with inconveniently dense forests, in which the gigantic stems of the baobab trees (*Adansonia digitata*) were of more frequent occurrence than formerly. I was still on the right bank of the Guay, but though I could

not see the river, I could guess approximately at its distance from me.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, when we were making our painful way along the dried-up bed of a stream, between two high mountains, a black rhinoceros suddenly rushed out upon us, snorting fiercely. I was walking in front, but had no weapons, and as fast as I could I scrambled up the steep mountain sides, which were covered with prickly shrubs. My flight was a signal for the natives to take to their heels. All the packages were flung down, and a friendly bramble-bush received the case holding my valuable sextant, and saved it from destruction. The monster, however, went his way without troubling his head about us, and the danger was over almost as soon as we saw it.

Although, in spite of our exhausted forces, we still made good marches, I found from my astronomical observations that we were unfortunately making very little progress in a northerly direction.

On the 6th of June we were in latitude 18° 13′ 15″, and on the 8th 18° 8′ 33″ S., so that we had only advanced rather more than four miles; a melancholy fact, which may serve to give the reader some idea of the difficulties presented by the conformation of the country we had to traverse.

On the morning of the 8th of June we passed

through the Guay, at a point where it was four hundred and ninety feet broad. At this time of year its greatest depth was not more than twenty-four inches. Its banks consist of mighty bastions of rock, some of them from eight hundred to one thousand feet high, presenting a picture which at another time would have filled me with awe and admiration; but a traveller, pressing on as I was, and beset by countless petty cares, has little inclination for the beauties of nature.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon our farther progress on the left bank of the Guay was barred by blocks of rock, and I therefore ordered the men to cross the stream again. Cluley and my old servants were ready at once, but Debgué and the Makalakas laid down their bundles and declared plainly that they would not follow me any longer, but were going back to the cart. I replied without hesitation that I wished them a pleasant journey, but advised them not to touch any of my things, unless they wanted a visit in their kraal from the Matebele warriors, adding that I should complain of them all to Lumpengula for breach of contract, and that he would know how to thank them for leaving his white friend in the wilderness. I then crossed the river, my heavy gun on my left shoulder, and my German flag, holding which was doubtless a comfort, in my left hand. Now occurred one of those happy accidents

which more than once saved me from failure in my expedition at a critical moment. I must explain that I had not allowed the people to kill the last goat, as I wished to reserve it for a time of absolute necessity. As I was going along the right bank of the stream, a buffalo suddenly appeared amongst some rushes on the other side, at a distance of some eighty paces. I fired, the heavy bullet striking and breaking the animal's shoulder. Mad with rage, it made frantic efforts to reach the stream, but it was too lame, and my people, armed with the reserve guns, made their way up to it and fired at it so carelessly that it was not even then killed. The poor creature, more sorely wounded than ever, at last managed to drag itself to the water, and swam slowly across towards the spot where I was waiting, with cocked gun, under cover of a wild fig tree. A second bullet, which took effect behind the left ear, put our prey out of its misery. With loud shouts the natives now hurried up, and even Debgué and his followers changed their minds about marching back, at the prospect of a good meal of meat. They penitently picked up their bundles and brought them over the stream; and when I had made them promise to go on with me, I gave them leave to take as much of the buffalo as they wanted. Never was an animal more rapidly cut up, and it really was a pleasure to see the hungry fellows go

to work upon it. A fire was quickly lighted, and a regular orgie ensued, such as Europeans who have never seen anything of the kind could not even imagine.

On the evening of the 9th of June my camp was in latitude 18° 5′ 38″ S., and if the observations taken by Chapman and Baines on Logier Hill were correct, the Great River must have been about four miles off on the north. On the left, that is, on the west, flowed the Luisi, or Daka stream, but how far distant I could not exactly tell, it could, however, certainly have been reached in half a day's march.

The next morning I sent Cluley and two men down the left bank of the stream to reconnoitre the country to the north, for I was afraid that it was too rugged and rocky for us to advance farther, and that we should never reach the Zambesi by way of the Guay.

Anxious and restless, I set off myself in the afternoon, and went down the stream with Induke on the side of our encampment; but after two miles of tedious climbing, I gave up all idea of progress in that direction, and marched back to the camp.

On my way there I came upon a huge crocodile lying on the sand, and fired at the short distance of twenty paces. The steel-pointed bullet went right through both shoulders, but for all that, the

wounded animal managed to reach the water, where, however, it soon expired, and floating on its back, drifted on to a sand-bank. Situated as we then were, I made no attempt to preserve the skin and skull of my victims, for I had not forgotten all that it had cost me to take home the animals I shot in 1866 for the Bremen and Berlin Museums. Soon after killing the crocodile, I heard the cries of guinea-hens in the bush, and taking my fowling-piece, I was fortunate enough to shoot four of those savoury birds, which came in very nicely for my supper. In our last buffalo hunt, one of my people lost the last box of lucifers, and after searching through all my baggage, I found we had only forty matches left; so we were obliged to be very careful of them, and never use our guns unless we were quite sure of bringing down some game.

To make certain of our whereabouts, I took the latitude during the night, and found it to be 18° 5′ S.

It was now settled that we should march in a westerly direction to the Daka. If the tempter had appeared to me that night, and offered me a bag full of diamonds and gold, on condition that I would return to the cart, it would have been in vain; after all the trouble, disappointments, trials of patience, loss of time and money my wanderings had cost me, I *must* reach the Zambesi; but I

believe I never should have had the courage to persevere, if it had not been for the slight knowledge of astronomy acquired at the naval school in Bremen, which enabled me to find out where I was, and gave me a feeling of security I could not otherwise have had. On the 19th, 20th, and 21st of June the sun and moon would be in most favourable positions for observing longitudes, and I was determined to be at the Victoria Falls by then.

At night Cluley and his companions came back, and the former showed me a little book, in which he had made a pencil drawing of the course of the stream, and written a short account of his experiences, of which the following is an abstract:—

"We marched and climbed the whole day over rocky, stony ground, which was so uneven that we could only make a rough guess at the distance traversed; but I think that if one marches from morning till night in this district, one will hardly accomplish five miles. Supposing Wanki to be fifteen miles off, I could not get back to the camp for six days, and would Mohr, whose resources are exhausted, and who never can wait, be still on the Guay then? If we advance in this style, I see nothing but starvation before us. Towards evening, in the twilight, we thought we saw a man on a hill; we called to him with all the power of our

lungs, and made all manner of signs, but soon found, to our regret, that it was only a baboon."

When the exploring party appeared on the opposite bank, I shouted out to Cluley to remain there, and I would come over directly myself, bring him a guinea-hen and some durra, and tell him my plans. He soon learnt that I was absolutely determined to march in a westerly direction for the Daka early the next morning; and during the night, when the Kaffirs were asleep, suspecting nothing, I brought all the wrappers, cooking utensils, weapons, and matches over the stream, so that the next morning there was no chance of breakfast for the natives unless they crossed the water, which they very soon did.

Our meal over, we all started for the Daka, and Cluley, who is a strongly-built, muscular fellow, but no walker, amused me with the singular question, Had I always had the same love of wandering? to which I, already exhilarated by my nearness to the Zambesi, replied, "To me there is no greater pleasure in the world than to wander through the wilderness with a band of sturdy fellows, be they black or white." This fancy of mine seemed to pass Cluley's comprehension.

After marching from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M., we halted at the foot of a baobab tree, the thick stem of which alone afforded any shade, as the branches were bare and leafless. A few fruits still remained,

but they had been a good deal injured by our rivals, the baboons. However, thanks to the activity of the Kaffirs, who climbed the tree like cats, we got a few. In the large greyish-green bottle-like husks of the baobab fruit are dark brown kernels, containing a firm, white, mealy substance with a tartish taste.

Before we left the Guay, Cluley and I filled our flasks with water, so that we had now something to drink. The worthy natives, however, trusting to the goodness of their gods, did not burden themselves by carrying any on their own account, and heroically declined it when we offered them what was left of ours.

After three-quarters of an hour's halt, we went on in a north-westerly direction. The ground was now pretty even, but we often had to make a détour, to avoid dense clumps of jungle with rigid thorns. I think no country in the world but Africa can produce such vegetable bayonets.

It was 6 o'clock in the evening; the sun, looking like a great red shield, was approaching the horizon. On the north, beyond the Zambesi, and at least eighty miles off, rose a long, lofty chain of mountains; but, near as it now was, we could not yet see the river, which here flows along a deep chasm shut in by rocks. Hushed and still lay the mighty wilderness on every side, not a trace of humanity anywhere, when my people fancied they heard a

shot in the distance. I fired my heavy rifle several times, in case any wild Nimrod should be wandering about within hearing, but though we listened intently for a good quarter of an hour, a silence as of the grave still prevailed.

I was now most anxious to find a watering place for my drooping followers before night; I was always in advance of them, carefully examining every elephant and rhinoceros spoor, and suddenly, to my inexpressible delight, I discovered a few drops of quite fresh water on one of them. I pointed them out to the natives, and with a cry of "Amanse!" (water) every bundle was flung down, and a few minutes later I was standing on a slab of rock, with the clear waters of the Daka flowing sixty feet beneath me, and the Kaffirs squatting down on its banks, drinking with the eager enjoyment known only to those who have suffered from thirst.

Our arrival at the Daka was a guarantee that I should reach the Zambesi quite close to Wanki the next morning; and the feeling of being so near the accomplishment of my object made me forget all the hardships of the present.

Descending a steep ravine I soon rejoined my people, and passing over a ridge of rock which jutted out across the stream, we easily gained the opposite bank. To complete my bliss, I now heard the hoarse cry of guinea-hens close by,

and as a native is always ever so much more at home in the bush than a European, I gave Induke my fowling-piece. In a few minutes he had shot six birds. The fires were soon burning, the kettle on in preparation for our supper; we unpacked our bedding, and made all our arrangements for the night. To make assurance doubly sure, I took the latitude once more, and found it to be 18° 2′ 30″ S.; so that I was three miles farther north than when I was on the Guay. I had maintained my north-westerly course, and very glad of it I was.

After a good rest we packed up our bundles again early the next morning. Cluley and I enjoyed a cup of tea and some cold guinea-hen, and the natives received the last of the durra. When we started, Debgué begged me to go on in advance, for he had suddenly conceived a great horror of my sextant, being unable to understand how a white man, in a country in which he had never been before, could tell what direction to take, and where to look for the village of Wanki, the rivers, etc.

I went on then at the head of my little party, and as the country was freer from jungle, etc., I was able to maintain a more northerly course. The vegetation, especially the grass, seemed fresher and more luxuriant. After we had walked an hour and a half by my watch, Sililo suddenly

stood still, and pointing to the ground, exclaimed in great surprise, "M'Abantu!" (men). All the Kaffirs hurried up, and then dividing, examined every thicket, for as we came from the direction of the dreaded Matebeles, who had driven Wanki out of his old home some time ago, they were afraid of falling into an ambush of his spies. The footprints of men, therefore, which we had sought for in vain in the great wilderness for weeks, now only caused fear and anxiety.

We went on cautiously, and presently we got an uninterrupted view towards the north, and caught sight of the flourishing maize plantations and huts of the long-desired village of Wanki; but even now we could not see the great river, though we could hear its roar far beneath us. Soon, however, we came to an old well-worn foot-path leading abruptly down towards the north; we followed it, and at ten minutes past 9 on Sunday morning, the 12th of June, 1870, I at last stood on the banks of the Zambesi.

To announce our arrival to the inhabitants of the village, I fired several shots in rapid succession, and it was not long before the astonished people ran down to the opposite bank. Then a canoe was manned and pushed into the water, but after approaching to within fifty paces of our party it lay to.

Persecution and experience had made the people

of Wanki cautious, and they now ordered my men to stand back, whilst I had to go to the edge of the water and strip to the waist, to prove it was not only my face which was white, but that I was a true European.

I did as they wished, and their fears seemed allayed; but they were still more satisfied when one of the Makalakas spoke to them in their own language. Henceforth all suspicion was at an end; they landed; I gave them a few small presents for their chief, and begged them to bring me some sheep, goats, gourds, durra, and joalla beer. They promised to do so, and rowed back in a very contented humour. Wanki keeps large flocks of doves in his village, which I mention here, as I never met with these birds domesticated amongst any other people of Africa. When the canoe was gone, I got out my pocket compass and a book, and went to a neighbouring hill to take our bearings. As I climbed the hill a strange sensation came over me, for I saw a tumble-down hut, some broken colour pots, part of the contents of which were still in good preservation, empty pickle bottles, and old oars, proving beyond a doubt that I was on the famous Logier Hill, so well known from the descriptions of Baines and Chapman. Near at hand, too, lay the boat, which had been constructed with so much skill and at the expense of so much trouble, in the hope of exploring the

Zambesi in it to its very mouth.* The natives in their superstitious fear had not touched these relics of the white man. Time alone, which is fatal to all the productions of human skill, had brought about their decay.

What heroic endurance, what steadfast adherence to the plan resolved on, and what a melancholy overthrow of bold hopes, had this little corner of the world witnessed! I trod carefully, that I might not injure these venerable memorials.

After I had made a rough plan of the surrounding districts, I returned to my people. The canoe had arrived with the provisions, and the wearisome haggling inseparable from dealings with the natives was at its height. To get the business settled as quickly as possible, I paid a good price, and got four goats, three sheep, twenty gourds, and two bottles of joalla beer. I pitched my camp at the foot of Logier Hill, from the summit of which the German colours now waved for the first time.

The Zambesi is here one mile wide, and is dotted with pretty little islands covered with evergreen trees. The banks are hilly and overgrown with bush. On the north an extensive view is obtained, with a distant background of lofty

* This project was abandoned, owing to the sudden outbreak of deadly fever amongst Baines' men, compelling him to retreat to the high lands of the desert.—Tr.

mountains. The current of the river is noisy and rapid, running at a pace of three knots an hour, and its waters are clear, transparent, and of a greenish-blue colour. There is plenty of fish to be had, and almost every minute a gigantic crocodile or hippopotamus rises to the surface, to disappear as quickly as it came.

After taking several meridian altitudes of the sun, I found the latitude of my camp to be 18° 2′ 30″ S.

We had a most luxurious meal considering our circumstances, and in the afternoon I made a grand toilet and set out to pay Wanki a formal visit, in a boat sent by him for my use. It was specially stipulated that only Cluley and one native should accompany me, and that as many shots should be fired as possible on our way across the river. These conditions were fulfilled to the best of our ability, and when we landed on the northern bank we found about sixty people awaiting us, but Wanki himself had not yet appeared. Soon afterwards a long procession of men moved out of the village, amongst whom Wanki was easily recognisable a long way off, for he wore a high woollen nightcap, of which he seemed not a little proud; behind him marched musicians with drums and flutes. My own costume was somewhat fantastic, part of it dating from a Leipzig carnival; and what with it, my high

riding boots and spurs, and above all my silver epaulettes, which had belonged to my late father, the effect on my host was almost overpowering, and he must have thought me a very great Induna amongst the whites. I made a formal bow in European style, and, at first, surprise kept the natives silent. The ice was broken, however, as it often is with us, by the circulation of wine; the joalla bottle was passed round freely, and we soon came to the point. The result of the interview, which lasted about an hour, was that for a payment of white glass beads—with blue ones they would have nothing to do here—I obtained five men as guides and bearers to go with me to the Victoria Falls, three hundred pounds of durra, and five goats. As a parting present I gave the chief a pocket-knife with five blades, receiving in return a few spears and a battle-axe. Both parties separated well satisfied, and I rowed back to the southern bank with my people and part of my newly acquired possessions.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 15th of June I started for the Falls with some of my people, including Cluley, whom I would gladly have left to look after those I was obliged to leave behind, but that his services were indispensable to me in my astronomical observations. I therefore set Induke over the other natives, and impressed upon him the necessity of caution and

economy. He fulfilled his office to my entire satisfaction.

I had scarcely marched two hours when I met a trader of the name of Martin, who had made his way to the Upper Matietsie River with a certain Mr. Kirton and his cart. They had lost two of their followers from fever, and now hoped to barter some ivory with Wanki. I gave them some quinine, and received in exchange a box of matches and some powder and shot. They were accompanied by other traders, who wished to purchase all the things I did not require on the return journey. They had been almost daily informed of my movements by Bushmen spies. Their names were, C. W. Broderson, from Copenhagen; O. Anderson, from Drontheim; George Knüttel, a worthy fellow countryman of my own; and Henry Colville, an Englishman from the Cape Colony, who had been brought very low by fever. Four days before our meeting, poor Anderson had been suddenly seized and tossed by a black rhinoceros. He had an open wound on the left ribs, and the shock of the fall had been so great that he had been unable to move for thirty-six hours after it.

I could only meet the entreaties of my new acquaintances that I would turn back with the assurance that I could not possibly give up my march to the Victoria Falls at a time so favour-

able for lunar observations, but as I should be glad to meet their views as well as I could, I advised them to wait for my return at Wanki's village, where they could recruit their strength. They were all more or less emaciated and looked half starved, so that this really was the best advice that could be given them. We parted, and I resumed my march. The hills over which we were now passing were of a brownish-yellow colour, and the banks of the mighty Zambesi River on our right were bordered by luxuriant vegetation.

I made the following remarks on the colours and general character of the scenery in my journal:

"One might fancy oneself to be wandering about in Germany late in the autumn. The forest is almost bare, its colour is grey; most of the trees and bushes are leafless. Here and there from the sides of the hills rise dark and rugged rocks. Only in the lowest and most sheltered spots do the mopane trees still display their bright yellowish-red foliage; but the cloudless blue sky, the intensely brilliant light, and the gigantic baobabs with their rock-like stems remind us only too unmistakably that we are in Africa."

On the morning of the 16th my guide Masupasila suddenly brought me to the Zambesi, and I saw it dashing along, six hundred feet beneath me. It was an imposing and startling sight.

The beams of the tropical sun played in ever-changing hues upon the evergreen surface of the waters as they sped on their lonely, joyless course, shut in between rigid frowning bastions of rock; now murmuring softly to themselves, now sending up a roaring and majestic greeting to the heavens above. When the scenes I witnessed in Africa rise before my memory, my only regret is that I was condemned to enjoy them alone, with no kindred spirit beside me to rejoice in their beauty. In the present instance, however, the sight was so grand that even the Bushman was sensibly affected by it, and my agitation did not escape him. The eloquent language of creation, though it speaks not in words, is intelligible to all nations of the earth!

The march from Wanki to the Victoria Falls took five days and a half, during which we met with no adventures to speak of. The honey-guide took care that we did not want for sugar, and we found bees' nests unusually numerous.

Every evening we encamped on the banks of some little stream, on its way from the high table-lands to the Zambesi. The leading characteristic of this district is the prevalence of such small streams, which spring from the south in the form of little rills, and gradually increase in breadth as they approach the Zambesi; so that it was of course impossible to keep along the banks of the Great

River, as they are constantly broken by rugged precipices shutting in the crystal waters of the numerous rivulets.

Sometimes we passed whole fields of crystalline quartz, resting on a foundation of greenstone, and much resembling glaciers in appearance. Their dazzling glittering white surfaces were very tiring to the eyes; and the sharp edges of the rocks cut a pair of new shoes of mine so badly that they became useless in one day. Even my followers' hard sandals made of dried buffalo hide soon wanted repairing.

On the evening of the 28th of June I noticed on the north-north-west, far above a vast green and apparently endless forest, some white cloud-masses, which ascended continuously in the form of four or five columns from the same spot without any change in appearance, in spite of the dead calm which prevailed every now and then. This phenomenon was the more striking, as the vast blue firmament, like a huge glass cupola, was unbroken by even the tiniest cloud as far as the eye could reach. When I pointed this singular appearance out to Masupasila, he said it was the Sipôma (waterfall), and never as long as my pulses beat shall I forget that moment. The name Mosiatunya (smoke sounds there), given to these falls by their discoverer Livingstone, must be of Makololo origin, and the Makololos are now

almost extinct. The expression was altogether unknown to my people, who always spoke of the waterfall as "Sipôma."

In the rainy season in October game must be far more plentiful in these regions than it was in my time, for where I brought down a solitary koodoo, the late James Chapman, as related in his book, 'Travels in the Interior of South Africa,' must have killed an immense number of wild animals for a European hunter; and we saw thousands and thousands of footprints in the dry sand.

The roaring of the falling water, which seemed to keep a certain kind of time, was distinctly audible during the night. The distance from our camp to the Falls was, however, not very great, probably only about eight miles in a direct line.

The next evening, the 19th of June, we encamped for the night on the Masue River, and had the Falls about five miles away from us on the east. The détours we had had to make on that day were more extensive than formerly, for the ground alongside of the Zambesi was here and there rent by chasms from five to six hundred feet deep, suggesting the thought, that awful convulsions of the earth's crust must once have taken place here to produce such results.

Just before we reached our halting-place some fifty vultures flew up from the grass, and we

became aware of a very disagreeable smell, which we found to proceed from the already half putrid carcase of a buffalo which had been killed by a lion, and was now food for the birds. In spite of its disgusting condition, Wanki's men cut large pieces of the flesh away with their spears.

Our fire was hardly lighted before we heard the roaring of lions by the carcase, but the animals did not molest us. As the smell of the putrid buffalo flesh, which the natives cut into strips and hung up to dry, was intolerable to me, I set up a separate camp with Cluley and Sililo.

During the night the roaring of the waterfall was like the ceaseless breaking of huge waves upon the beach. I had little sleep, for I was anxious to determine exactly the latitude of my encampment on the Masue River for my map, and I waited until α in the Southern Cross, β in Centaurus, and γ in the Corona Borealis had reached their meridian altitudes, and the average result obtained in three separate observations was 17° 59′ 7″ S.

The 20th of June, the day on which I was to reach the farthest point of my journey in the interior of South-east Africa, dawned clear and bright. A favourable opportunity now presenting itself for ascertaining the meridian of the Falls, I made a few observations in order to test the accuracy of my chronometer, which I found to be $12^m\ 24^s$ fast.

I then measured eleven distances between the sun and moon, and took some altitudes of the sun for the chronometer, which I now found to be $12^m\ 22^s$ fast. The result of the moon distances gave me E. longitude 26° 32′; and I think the waters of the Masue stream will long flow into the Zambesi before the night arrives when another enthusiast will take similar observations.

This done, we pressed on under Masupasila's guidance, the scenery about us growing wilder, grander, and more romantic. It was a quarter to 12 when we got to the top of the last ravine between us and our goal, and four obstinate fellows who would not follow the directions of the guide were left behind; they had wanted to make their way straight to the Falls, but were soon stopped by the terrible precipices in their way. They now saw the madness of their design, and a few shots from me guided them to our passage; but a tiresome delay was caused. We now passed through a district which might be called the "Park of the Falls," with grounds looking so much as if they had been regularly laid out that it is difficult to believe them to be natural, and one expected every moment to catch sight of a tasty villa. The grass was as soft, green, and luxuriant as it is with us in June, and the influence of warmth and damp, those two mighty motive powers in the vegetable kingdom, was very distinctly noticeable.

The Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.

At eight minutes past 12 on Monday, the 20th of June, 1870, I at last arrived at the Victoria Falls.

Our camp was pitched eight hundred paces to the south of the Falls, near a ridge of rock rising abruptly from the ground. We could not choose a nearer spot, as farther to the north the ground is too damp, owing to the never-ending fall of spray.

On the east, parallel with the Falls, and some forty-five paces to the south of them, ran the glorious forest, its outline broken here and there by the surging veil of spray, which has already been described by Livingstone, Baines, and Chapman, and which, in luxuriance, beauty, and variety of vegetable forms, equalled anything I had ever seen either in India, Ceylon, the Malay peninsula, or Java. The ferns assumed the proportions of trees; gigantic creepers, with stems as thick as ships' cables, ran from branch to branch, and high above all waved the feathery crowns of the palms, whilst fine clumps of bamboo reminded me of the shores of the Irrawadi.

I will now endeavour to give a feeble description of the great cataract itself. The majestic river, a mile wide, comes down from the north-north-west, and flings its waters down four hundred feet into a rocky ravine, varying in width from two hundred and forty to three hundred feet, which runs across

its bed. From the river above the Falls rise many islands, all adorned with the richest tropical vegetation. The banks are covered with vast but not dense forests, in which occur whole groups of tall-stemmed palms, giving a thoroughly southern character to the scenery. Near the Falls the water hurries along with flying speed, and the long ribbons of foam everywhere to be seen make it look as if it were boiling. Near the western brink lies a little island, about a hundred and twenty feet from the bank, and here the bed of the stream seems to dip suddenly, for the water leaps down with a roar and a rush like a huge sea-wave. At this point, quite at the western corner, a ridge of rock juts out, on to which anyone not subject to giddiness can step, when he will have, on the left, the fall just described, and in front the long line of the great cataract, which can of course only be partially seen, for the compressed air drawn down with the flood and filled with drops of water escapes continually and rises in eddies, producing the spray-clouds, which gleam like spectres far above this great "altar" of the waters. After looking down for some time into this raging, leaping, foaming, heaving chaos, deafened by the terrible noise of the maddened waters, and shaken by the menacing howl rising up continuously from the depths, which seems to pierce through bone and marrow, one wonders how the rocks, those hard ribs

of the earth, can withstand the shock of such a mighty onset!

After I had gazed at this glorious scene for some time I began to feel stunned, and I went a hundred paces to the south in the direction of our camp. Here I was on rocky ground, within the sphere of the spray veil, and one moment was wrapped in it as in a thick fog, whilst the next it was suddenly rent asunder by a gust of wind, the most brilliant sunbeams pouring through the gap, succeeded, however, almost immediately by a fresh shower of spray.

Turning round on this spot with the face to the north, a singular impression is produced, for the abyss and the long line of clouds rising from the earth are visible, but the waterfall is hidden by the intervening trees and bushes.

Anxious to get a front view of the Falls, I now made my way through the forest, which may not inaptly be called the "rain forest," its luxuriance being the result of continual showers of spray, and found the ground marked by the countless foot-prints of elephants and buffaloes, attracted doubtless by the cool mud baths to be had here.

The upper side of the chasm, running across the bed of the stream, ends in a projecting slab of rock, and before us on the east lies the channel—here two hundred and seventy feet wide—which is the only outlet for the whole volume of water. Stepping

on to the slab of rock, and looking to the north-north-west, we have a view of the whole long line of Falls. As the river, owing to the late rains, was still very much swollen, I saw them under very favourable circumstances, for the black rock-masses were almost entirely hidden by the indescribably beautiful water draperies, the abrupt naked rock-chasms only yawning here and there through the white veil of spray. When I saw the cataract, the first fall consisted of one long unbroken shining greenish-blue wave, which, as it sped on its farther course, resolved itself into ever finer, whiter, and more delicately rounded cloud-forms.

This is the point from which the visitor can obtain the grandest view of the incomparable Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. Before us we have the full glory of the falling mass of water, ever moving, ever changing, blustering, foaming, glowing, shining, with small green islands peeping over the very edge of the abyss, and on the left and right, above and below, water, water everywhere, hurrying onwards with a continuous roar like thunder. In front of the Falls, where the waters from the west and east meet and embrace, hang suspended two double circular rainbows, unbroken by any horizon, the magic hues glowing in the brilliant tropical sunbeams, blue, yellow, and red succeeding each other in the outer, and red, yellow, and blue in the inner ring.

Long did I gaze upon this magnificent scene, my imagination carrying me away as on the pinions of the storm. It seemed to me as if my own small *ego* had become part of the power which raged about me; as if my own identity were swallowed up in the surrounding glory, the voice of which rolled on for ever, like the waves of eternity. But I throw down my pen. No human being can describe the infinite; and what I saw was a part of infinity made visible and framed in beauty.

How long my dream lasted I do not know. It was Sililo who reminded me that it was time to go. His shining black hat was dripping with wet, and he was shivering with cold. I now noticed for the first time that I was wet through and through, and following an elephant spoor leading through the forest, I was soon once more by my fire with my swarthy companions.

Besides the two large ones already described, rainbows are of frequent occurrence, some of them much broken, whilst others appear and disappear rapidly, the result of the movement of the veil of spray.

After the Zambesi has made its way through the pass two hundred and seventy feet wide, it rolls on in sinuous fashion, describing three or four wide curves. The bed is so narrow that its depth must be enormous to accommodate such a vast volume of water. The banks consist of perpendicular rocks five hundred or six hundred feet

high, absolutely inaccessible to men, though many baboons, which have taken up their abode here, climb up and down them with ease.

I had large pieces of rock broken off and rolled down by the Kaffirs, as I wanted to test the depth of the river by the time they took to fall; but they disappeared, and I did not even see any water splash up. Anyone not already overwhelmed with the grandeur of the Falls themselves, would doubtless admire the gloomy beauty of this awful ravine through which the gigantic stream rolls, blustering along on its farther course; but after such sensations as those I had experienced, astonishment is not easily again aroused.

Charles Livingstone, brother of the great traveller, Dr. Coverley, already mentioned in this book, and another friend of mine, Mr. Charles Ellis, of London, had all seen both the Victoria Falls and those of Niagara, and they all agreed in giving the palm of beauty to the former.

Of course I took some more observations, and the difference between the latitude I obtained and that given by Livingstone was only 35″, by which I place the Falls so much (35″) more north. The error in the compass by azimuth observation in June 1870 was 20° 0′ 26″ W. To ascertain the longitude, I observed fourteen distances between the sun and moon, and the average of these gave a difference of only four minutes of longitude from

that obtained on the Masue stream. Livingstone, who made his observations with a pocket chronometer, which showed the mean Greenwich time, gives the longitude as 25° 45′ E., therefore I place my observation forty-four minutes of longitude farther east.

The height of the veil of spray which hovers above the Falls I measured with a sextant and a base-line equal to 550 feet; the angle a was found at 50°, which gives for the opposite angle a the length = 655·5 feet; add to this 400 feet depth of abyss, and we have 1,055 feet ascension, a result differing only by 40 feet from that given by Baines. Of course, the height varies every day according to the volume of water in the river, the temperature, and the strength of the wind. The height above the sea-level, which at Wanki's village I found to be one thousand six hundred and eighty feet (Baines put it at one hundred and twenty feet lower), I could not, unfortunately, determine from the boiling point of water, as my instrument broke by accident during the operation, and that after it had come safely through all the perils of such a journey as mine. The next morning, when I was winding up the chronometer, its spring broke, so that it was useless for the rest of the journey. Fortunately, I possessed a capital watch made by the celebrated Charles Frodsham of London, so that I was still able to take the longitudes of interesting places.

If ever one of my travel-loving fellow-countrymen, into whose hands this book has fallen, should visit the celebrated Victoria Falls, he will easily be able to find the site of my encampment in June, 1870, after the exact directions I have given. That they may not fall into complete oblivion, I will add the names of the men who accompanied me from Wanki's village, who all behaved well on the whole. They were Sililo, Gululo, Masupasila, Marulambo, Machume, Malumo, Hamataba, and Tusan, a Bushman.

I was not in a position to attempt a farther march in the north beyond the Zambesi. I had no presents for the chiefs, or articles to barter with the natives; my shoes were completely worn out, my ammunition far from sufficient; and I should not have been able to persuade one of the men with me to cross the Zambesi and go into the distant "unknown" land.

The distance from Port D'Urban, my starting point, to the Victoria Falls, is about seven hundred and sixty-six miles in a direct line; but making due allowance for necessary détours, ascents and descents, I think the number of miles traversed—exclusive, of course, of hunting expeditions—must have been some one thousand one hundred and twenty-four.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN MARCH TO THE CART.

An attack of fever—Arrival at Wanki's village—Illness amongst my people—We leave the Zambesi—John Mahura—A hunt with the Bushmen—A grand supper—My goat Busi and a rhinoceros—Wanki's old home on the Umkoshi.

THE return march was now decided on, and we started on the morning of the 22nd of June. The air was fresh, almost cool, and the Fahrenheit thermometer marked only 45°. In the course of the day I was attacked by fever, which lasted on and off for forty-eight hours. These symptoms were the same as those—only too-well known to me—of the Arracan jungle fever. I took some doses of quinine, and managed to keep up with my healthy companions. It was a comfort to me, in all the difficulties which now ensued, to remember that I had the necessary data for determining the longitude of the Falls in black and white in my possession, so that the chief object of my journey was accomplished.

On the evening of the 26th, without any adventures to speak of by the way, I got back to my

camp near Wanki's village, and found several of my people suffering from fever. During my absence a *dolce far niente* life had been led, much smoking done, and quantities of joalla beer consumed. The sudden transition from a hard wandering life to one of absolute repose would alone have been enough to cause illness. Moreover, at this time of year, indeed, probably at all times, the banks of the Zambesi are unhealthy, for the upper waters tear away large masses of vegetation, which gradually accumulate on the lower banks, and are quickly decomposed and rendered poisonous by the action of the tropical sun; and although a fresh breeze prevails on the heights, the Zambesi valley is so shut in, that the air is close, heavy, and oppressive, being seldom, if ever, purified by wind-currents.

The natives who had come down with me from the high table-lands all suffered more or less from fever, but, as usual, I found quinine, which they were all finally induced to take, an effective remedy. Moreover, the patients improved as soon as ever we set our faces eastward, and when we resumed our journey and approached the lofty districts already traversed, the old, merry humour soon prevailed.

Livingstone was right when he recommended constant change of encampment, or, in other words, of air, in cases of fever; and Dr. Mountjoy, who had

more than twenty years' experience on the Arracan coast in Farther India, always ordered his patients to take a short journey during convalescence. A trip of a few miles is often enough to effect a complete recovery. It is, however, no wonder that so many die of fever in Africa, when all the hardships incidental to travelling there are taken into account; but many lives are lost through the carelessness which leads men to encamp on damp ground for the sake of being close to water. This was the case with the great hunter, Baldwin, who lost eleven out of fifteen men near Lucia Bay, in 1860, for want of due precaution in choosing the site of his encampment. It is a good plan to take a few doses of quinine before entering a fever district, which may either ward off an attack, or considerably lessen its violence. I speak from experience, as I have myself profited by this caution both in India and Africa.

The men I had left at Wanki were very pleased to see me back, and even those who had opposed my wishes most persistently, gave their Inkosi (master) a hearty welcome. This was a fresh proof of the fact that a ruler of some kind is needed by all masses of men, especially by such a horde as mine. Order cannot be kept without some authority, and having proved my power of ruling, I was now gladly obeyed.

The leader of such an expedition as mine has to

acquaint himself with the nature of the country before him, the position of the watering places, the amount of game to be relied on, etc.; and having once formed his plan in accordance with what he has learnt, he must adhere to it with rigid pertinacity, for any change of purpose shakes the confidence of the Kaffirs, and makes them indolent, whilst energy has a magic power, which no native can finally withstand.

Messrs. Anderson and Broderson's party suffered more from fever than my people. George Knüttel and Henry Colville were reduced to skeletons, and had to be carried out of their huts every morning and laid down beneath some shady tree, where a comfortable couch was prepared for them. I did the best I could for them with fever pills *a là* Livingstone, quinine, and a little arrowroot.

"Mr. Wanki" now began to demand very high prices for his goats, but for all that, I bought a few of these useful animals for my people. When, however, I had obtained two guides, who were to take me back to my camp by a westerly route—of course only on payment of very high terms—I suddenly escaped all further extortionate demands by marching off, on the 28th of June, much to Wanki's astonishment, with Anderson, thirteen men, and only two goats, including the well-known Busi, who had gone through all the fatigues of the Guay march, and of that to the Falls with us.

I left those of my people who were suffering from fever, of whom Debgué was one, behind me, under the care of Cluley, with orders to follow me as soon as the health of his party would allow of their travelling. Before I left for the Victoria Falls I had asked Kirton to send me a few bottles of vinegar and some coffee, and I told Cluley to bring them on with me if they should arrive.

My companion Anderson was still very weak from the wound he had received in his adventure with the rhinoceros, but hoped to be able to bear the fatigue of the journey to my cart. His object in accompanying me was to get all the articles of my equipment which I should no longer require, such as calico, wire, powder, and above all, white glass beads.

His party, encamped with their cart on the Upper Matietsie, could not get away before the rainy season, as the country to the south was nothing but a parched wilderness without water. They hoped to turn their long and involuntary detention to account by trading in ivory with the natives.

The traders coming from the south, who start from Port Elizabeth, Mossel Bay, Graham's Town, or D'Urban, for the Zambesi, travel viâ Soshong, and then proceed in a northerly direction. This is called the "western old lake route," and runs along the Kalahari Desert. It has no water, and is impassable in the dry season.

The Matietsie district, half way between Wanki's village and the Victoria Falls, is the goal of all wandering parties with their carts. Arrived there, walking parties are sent on in advance over the Zambesi, and if well provided with merchandise, it is easy to come to a good understanding with the chiefs, who will supply guides, provisions, and bearers in exchange for ivory. A certain John Mahura, of Wanki's village, marched twenty days' journey to the north, and in my opinion must have gone beyond the fifteenth degree of latitude. He told me that the country he passed through was fruitful, and in parts well populated; amongst the animals native to it was a small and very docile kind of ox; that the climate was healthy, and there were plenty of elephants in the forests. From all I have seen and heard, I think that a wealthy and enterprising traveller, provided with the necessary information, could make his way from the Victoria Falls, or from Wanki's village, to the comparatively unknown districts of the high table-lands between the kingdoms of the Muatajanvos and Kazembes in about sixty days; and judging from the course of the rivers, and the conformation of the country, his journey would be through healthy districts. I have often turned over some such plan in my head, but my resources were too much exhausted to attempt anything of the kind now.

Our way first led us through a very mountain-

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

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ous district, with here and there a break in the hills, through which we obtained extensive views over hill and forest, broken occasionally by wild rocky scenery. Not a sign of human habitation was visible; everything seemed wrapped in the most profound repose, broken only by the continuous cooing of thousands of turtle-doves. The whole country had been marked out by the pioneer engineers of Africa, the elephants and rhinoceroses, whose spoors often led over the highest mountains; and should it ever be inhabited by an intelligent race, these primitive paths will doubtless form the foundation of roads for traffic of all kinds. There is a road running from D'Urban to the Umgeni River, which was originally nothing more than an elephant track.

I may conveniently here relate a hunting adventure I met with on the Shlue in the Amatonga country on the 1st of August, 1866. My companion Rudd and I had brought down a white rhinoceros, which was at once attacked by two mighty black-maned lions, and before our very eyes. The huge beasts of prey at first attempted to tear the skin near the bullet-wounds, one of which was in the shoulder, but their claws could not get through the tough cuirass-like hide. At last, however, they bit the softer skin under the throat, soon making a large opening, through which they dragged the whole mass of flesh, their

proceedings watched by a circle of hundreds of seated jackals and hyenas. This was in broad daylight, at 10 o'clock in the morning! On our showing ourselves, the gentlemen in waiting made off, as did also the royal pair, the latter, however, only at a slow trot, with a halt and longing look back every now and then, finally leaving us masters of the field and of our game.

After a good day's march we reached the Daka, which here, as elsewhere, has clean good water and plenty of fish. It winds between gentle declivities clothed with fine forests.

Whilst the fire was being lighted, etc., I sent two men to look for wild honey, and went myself with the two Bushmen to shoot an antelope. We were scarcely a thousand paces from the camp, when some Impallah-boks came out of the bush. I fired, and one fell at once, the noise of the shot bringing the Kaffirs to carry off the spoil.

The Bushmen were unwilling to turn back yet, as they wanted to search for roots; and as something may always be learnt from the proceedings of these children of nature, I remained with them. Presently they found a long thin convolvulus-like plant with completely withered tendrils, scarcely as thick as twine, running along the ground, and they at once dug up a bulbous and succulent root of the size of an ostrich egg, to which they gave the name of "Gulefuma." When several similar

bulbs had been collected, they were carefully carried back to the camp. Arrived there, we found that the honey was before us, and my menu for the evening was grand, consisting of Impallah bouillon with durra, antelope steaks garnished with broiled kidneys, gulefuma roots stewed in grease, which tasted like chestnuts, and tea with honey. Our feast was lighted up by the golden beams of the setting sun, touching the mountain tips with glory, and accompanied by the vocal music of the birds singing their evening hymn in the bush. What could anyone wish for more?

The moral influence which the sight of raw meat has on the humour of the Kaffirs is always favourable, and, as usual, the best of spirits prevailed amongst them on this particular evening.

To keep the reader informed of my bearings, I must add that the line of our return march ran about sixteen miles to the west of that we had followed on our journey to the Falls, and that I endeavoured to maintain as far as possible a south-south-east course. To make quite sure of my whereabouts, I always asked the natives when I halted of an evening to show me in what direction lay the camp we had left, and it really was wonderful to see how with one accord they pointed to the same spot.

Of course I continued to note the difference in our latitude by stellar observations every evening,

to do so, had, in fact, become a passion with me; and I knew, moreover, of how much importance it was to keep myself well informed on this point. Unless I cut across the old line of route on the east—and should I do so every one of the Kaffirs would be sure to notice it—I ought to find my cart by an easterly march, when once I was in S. latitude 19° 11′; but as I was in doubt as to my longitude, I could only make a rough guess as to the number of miles I should have to go eastward before coming to it.

We brought down three rhinoceroses, but only one of them gave us any trouble. I must premise that my tame goat Busi was now in the habit of walking beside me, and as we were marching along in single file like a flock of geese on the track of the rhinoceros in question, the natives in the front of the procession suddenly came upon it asleep. It awoke at once, however, and rushed with a snort at the Kaffirs, who flung down their packages, and took to their heels in all directions, screaming and laughing, as is their wont on such occasions. I was at the moment unarmed, and therefore ran to cover as quickly as I could, but the bleating of my goat betrayed where I was; the monster approached me, and, to the horror of the natives, most of whom had taken refuge in trees, chased me from bush to bush. At last two of my men came up with guns; I fired four times at my

A DOOMED RHINOCEROS.

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enemy, and it ran off severely wounded. I reloaded at once, gave the weapons to the Kaffirs, who dashed after it and completed my work.

In spite of the appetite always enjoyed, by me at least, in the African forest, an educated palate does not readily accommodate itself to rhinoceros bouillon or steaks; and as we shot two porcupines the next morning, I had the backs and legs roasted for myself. They had a pleasant taste, rather like that of turkey.

Our march of the 30th of June and the 1st of July led us through a district which had formerly been cultivated, as was proved by the straight furrows in parallel lines. The fruit of the marula trees lay rotting on the ground. There had been no one to pick them up.

A little to the south of the Umkoshi River we passed some stone walls, in good preservation, about one hundred and eighty feet long and eight feet deep. This was the site of the huts of Wanki and his race, which had been razed to the ground by the Matebeles under Mosilikatze, who had also laid waste the fields redeemed for a time from the surrounding wilderness.

In this neighbourhood also, but still only near water-courses, I saw some carefully constructed stone fortifications, similar to those on the Tati and Impague Rivers already described. They may have been erected by the Machonas, now living

near the Zambesi, but many of the Kaffirs were of opinion that they existed before the time of the Machonas.

It is impossible to wander for weeks and months in the mighty wilderness without feeling to some extent bewildered and forsaken. Such tokens as those we have just noticed of the transitoriness of human life, the sole and silent witnesses to the happy activity which once prevailed, where all is now ruin and decay, affect us in a solemn manner. We realise how keen is the sympathy between man and man, and accord a ready tribute of admiration to him who has raised a barrier against the encroachments of the wilderness, and set the yoke of civilisation, fraught with blessings, upon its unbending neck.

CHAPTER XI.

WANDERINGS IN THE DESERT.

Baobab trees—Havoc wrought by elephants—Sudden meeting with a herd of female elephants—The Sadowa pond—Deserted camp of an elephant hunter—Two water-melons—The tsotse fly—No water—Arrival at the cart—Absence of Umloi, Bokkis, etc.—Loss of my medicine chest.

Our wanderings now led us over a hilly country, the distinctive characteristic of which was the abundance of baobab trees. The form of this colossal plant varies very much. I had seen some near the kraal of Umsuase only eighteen feet high but thirty-nine feet in circumference, whilst those now under notice were very tall, with a smooth greyish-blue bark, often converted by the rays of the rising or setting sun to pale red, and presenting a striking contrast to the dull uniform colouring of the rest of the forest. I cannot call them exactly beautiful, as their branches are out of proportion with their stems, and according to our notions, fail to fulfil the conditions of symmetry. They are, in fact, monsters of the vegetable kingdom, as hippopotami and rhinoceroses are of the animal.

At 1 o'clock on the fourth day of our march we

crossed the bed of a little stream, now dry, but for a succession of small pools. In the rainy season, however, its waters are of considerable depth. The banks consist of dune-like sand-hills, clothed for the most part with jungle.

The spoors of rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and elephants covered the ground far and wide, and in the morning and evening countless flocks of grey francolins and Namaqua partridges flew to the pools. A small and extremely savoury kind of yellow partridge and the common guinea-hen were also very numerous. Strange to say, we met with no small antelopes in these parts, which was probably the reason why we were not disturbed at night by the cry of the jackal or the yell of the hyena.

Our routine on the march back was much the same as it had been before. Breakfast at daybreak, then forwards until we got tired and the sun became oppressive, when we halted for rest and dinner beneath some shady tree; at 3 P.M. on again until about an hour before dark, then rest and preparations for supper and bed.

Thus far we had been very fortunate in getting to the watering-places in good time. I shot as much feathered fowl as Anderson and I required, and the natives had plenty of dried buffalo flesh, so that our larder was capitally stocked.

On the Umkoshi and Lamile streams occur long

stretches of bluish slate, succeeded by hills consisting partly of quartz and partly of a light crumbling kind of stone containing pieces of mica as large as a hand. On the evening of the 1st of July I found my latitude to be only about thirty-two miles distant from that in which I had left my cart. We still maintained a south-south-easterly direction, but on account of the frequent occurrence of steep hills, the sides covered with rolling débris, and of deep ravines, we had to make many a wearisome détour. On the 2nd of July we passed a group of granite rocks, and arrived at the Niatue River, where we cooked our mid-day meal. For the first time since we left Wanki's village wé filled our gourd flasks with water before starting again, as the Bushmen assured us that the country before us would be very dry and sandy at this time of year.

Granite was again the prevailing kind of stone, and occurs here in large horizontal slabs, piled up one on the other, like ice in a frozen river.

We pitched our camp for the night in a very novel and fantastic fashion on a detached bastion of rock, commanding an extensive view towards the north. We now saw many vegetable forms which had before become familiar to us, such as cactus and euphorbia trees, aloes, etc.

On the sixth day of our march we left the mountains and entered a vast green plain with numerous ponds bordered by reeds. Although we gave

chase to three white rhinoceroses, we did not succeed in possessing ourselves of any one of them. They were all wounded, but if mortally, it was lions, hyenas, jackals, and vultures who reaped the benefit. The oily fat would have been very acceptable for use in our kitchen.

In the evening, soon after I had fired at and missed a noble koodoo, we reached the border of a vast mopane forest which had been partially laid waste by elephants, and suddenly we came upon a large herd of females with their calves, dashing along with a thundering noise and breaking down everything in their path. Meanwhile some of my Kaffirs had followed a fresh buffalo track, taking the heavy guns with them, and, coming up with their prey, they fired at a very short distance with the happiest results. The noise of the shots, however, roused the elephants grazing between us and them, and they set off rushing in our direction. For a few moments matters looked serious, and I thought we should all be trampled down, but we fired pistol shot after pistol shot, and when they were within some eighty paces of us the huge beasts turned tail and fled away, followed by their little ones.

The men soon cut out the best parts of the rhinoceros, and we went on a little farther. When the usual time for halting for the night arrived, the Bushmen suddenly told us the very unwelcome

news that there was no water to be had anywhere near. All we had brought with us had been consumed by my people with great want of foresight, and, feeling very angry, I declared my intention of marching all night with short pauses for rest until we came to water, setting off again myself at once to avoid any useless delays and altercations. After a quarter of an hour's walk I noticed some fresh drops of water on an elephant track, and shouted out my happy discovery to my followers. Then a flock of wild ducks flew past me, and to my great delight I saw a large pond of clear water almost immediately afterwards. I soon brought down several water-birds and guinea-hens, which came in capitally for supper.

I had already had a good deal of experience of the vast quantities of wild animals in these parts, but never in all my wanderings did I see so many as here. The footprints of elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and giraffes on the edge of the pond were countless; and as we had reason to expect plenty of visitors during the night, we encamped on a little height, far enough from the water not to disturb the animals coming down to drink, and close enough to command a view of all that went on. I named this pond, hitherto unknown even to the Bushmen, which I had discovered, "Sadowa," because it was found on the 3rd of July, the anniversary of that great battle.

Whilst Anderson and the natives were throwing up a hedge of brambles to protect us during the night, I busied myself with making a guinea-hen soup, to which buffalo flesh in proper quantities was added to give it strength.

As it became of more and more importance to me to ascertain my distance from the cart as nearly as possible, I took the meridian altitude of Vega during the night, obtaining as a result latitude 18° 33′ S., which coincided entirely with my own calculation. The weather continued splendid, the atmosphere clear, and the flames of the camp-fire rose high, lighting up the surrounding forest in a weird and fantastic manner. The natives gorged themselves with buffalo flesh, each one enjoying the good things which had fallen into our hands to his heart's content. As the darkness gathered we heard crowds of animals coming down to the opposite side of the pond; but our fire and the noise in the camp soon frightened them away. Not until midnight, when all was still, and the huge branches which had fed our fire were reduced to masses of red cinders, did the buffaloes and elephants venture down to drink. The grey forms of these huge creatures could be distinctly made out by the clear starlight, and the noise of their snorting and stamping scarcely ceased the whole night through. Anderson, who was still rather nervous owing to his weak state of health, woke

me up several times with the cry, "Just hear the noise!" Towards morning, however, when the first pale streaks of light appeared in the east, silence fell on all around, and as the sun rose above the quiet pond, shut in in apparently peaceful seclusion by the surrounding forests, and the birds sang their morning hymn, it seemed difficult to believe that the scenes witnessed during the night had been anything but a dream.

Anyone who has witnessed such scenes, and has hunter's blood in his veins, will understand and sympathise with the enthusiasm which led Anderson, the two Greens, Baldwin, Chapman, and Gordon Cumming to watch whole nights, hidden in small holes in the ground, for a chance of bringing down one of the largest wild animals of the world by a shot fired from the shortest possible distance.

Early on the morning of the 4th of July we left the Sadowa pond and marched about ten miles through the forest, the soil becoming looser and more sandy as we advanced. At noon we reached the dry bed of the Denue stream, and had to encamp in the evening without having been able to get a single drink of water. Unfortunately, our midday halt was made too late for me to take the meridian altitude of the sun, and I had to wait until the next day to ascertain our latitude, which I then found to be 18° 55′ 27″ S., so that we were not more than sixteen miles from the cart.

The scenery we were now passing through was not unlike that of the Tuma Malissa district, and the sandy soil, which had a slight admixture of clay, was partially overgrown with very fine forest trees.

My one thought was now how to get back as quickly as I could to my old encampment, for I was becoming anxious to know how my oxen and horses, which were of no small value, had fared during my absence, and also what had been the fate of poor Bokkis, whom I had left behind, stricken with fever, under the care of two Bushmen.

At this time the mental and bodily fatigues I had gone through brought on nervous sleeplessness, and just after I had finished taking the latitude at noon on the 6th, I fainted for the first time in my life. When I came to myself, as there was no water to be had, I tried to refresh myself by chewing tobacco, but the only result was to make me suffer still more from burning thirst. One of the Kaffirs, however, was fortunate enough to find a watering place at 6 o'clock in the evening, and soon afterwards to shoot a large koodoo, so we at once halted.

We now found ourselves in an extensive valley running from the south-south-west to the north-north-east. It was clothed with tall over-ripe grass, and shut in by bastion-like hills from three hundred to four hundred feet high, covered with

dark green bushes, varied here and there by patches of grey and yellow foliage. Hedges of leafless bushes of a greyish slate colour with long white thorns, forming natural walls, ran in straight lines along the base of the hills. The rushes round the dried-up ponds were brown and withered, save here and there, where clumps of light green, forming a lively and refreshing contrast to the dull monotonous colours around, proved the existence of a little remaining moisture. Now and then a pale sunbeam bursting through some opening in the grey clouds illuminated the lovely scene, a fit image in its silent grandeur of desertion and melancholy!

Of course no such reflections troubled the minds of the Kaffirs. The state of the barometer of their spirits depends on two items only, Niama (meat) and Amanse (water). Both were now to be had; the horizontal branches of a shady tree served us as a tent, the wrappers were spread out, and all the preparations for our meal made with the skill and rapidity which soon become natural to the wanderer in desert lands, taught as he is in the stern school of necessity.

Wandering along in an easterly direction a little later, I came to the forsaken camp of an elephant hunter, near to which lay a broken kettle; and going on a little farther I found two fine and perfectly ripe water-melons. None but those who have had to go without fresh fruit and vegetables

for months can realise the value of such a discovery; and even the Kaffirs were astonished when I brought my treasures into the camp. I gave one to them, as they always shared the wild honey they found with me, keeping the other for myself; and I now for the first time remembered that Paul Ziesmann had told me when we were on the Mangwe that he had planted fifty water-melon seeds in this neighbourhood. That they had succeeded so well left entirely to themselves is a proof of the fertility of the soil.

All remained perfectly quiet during the night; no beasts of prey broke the stillness with their roar; the stars shone with a silvery and friendly light, but I found it impossible to sleep. I was nervous and restless, and as I tossed from side to side, I envied the snoring natives their happy forgetfulness of the troubles of the moment.

By way of remedying my tiresome and exhausting wakefulness, I drank large quantities of koodoo bouillon, as the kettle, full of water and pieces of meat, remained on the fire all night.

In the districts recently traversed we had often met with the tsetse fly, and in some places swarms had flown out of the bushes, inflicting their sharp burning stings upon every member of the party; but we were now passing out of its haunts, and its occurrence was rare, although a short distance off there might still be thousands. The

insect flies rapidly, and stings as it settles on its victim. The sharp sting penetrates easily through a cotton shirt and flannel vest, but a severe momentary itching is the only effect felt by a man, no evil results ensue. I managed to catch several, which I put into a hollow bird's bone, closing the ends with resin, and subsequently gave them to my friend Dr. Hartmann, of Berlin, the African traveller.

Some travellers, Vincent Erskine amongst others, have recently called in question the fatal results to domestic animals of the bite of the tsetse; but all the natives of whatever race who have accompanied me on my wanderings were agreed in accounting it poisonous, and not one of them would have driven his own oxen or horses into districts frequented by the *Glossinia morsitans*.

Moffat the missionary, who, accompanied by the chief Mosilikatze, had wished to make his way to the Zambesi in a north-westerly direction from the chief kraal of the Matebeles, had to abandon his design through losing all his oxen in the tsetse district, and only saved his waggons through the intervention of the chief, who made hundreds of the natives yoke themselves to them, and draw them out of the wilderness.

Edwards told me that Moffat had gradually attained such an influence over the dreaded and inaccessible Matebele chief, that he scarcely dared

refuse a request from him, and believed that if he chose he could cure him of his lameness. In the present instance, the journey to the Zambesi was begun against Mosilikatze's wishes, and he gave his people secret instructions to take the teams into the tsetse district as soon as possible, which they did. The oxen perished, and Moffat was obliged, as Mosilikatze intended he should, to remain a long time in the Matebele kraal. Later, however, the chief made him a royal present, consisting of a cartload of ivory and fifty draught oxen, with which he reached Natal safely, after long wanderings.

Very early on the 7th our breakfast was prepared, and as soon as we had eaten it we started again, taking no water with us, as our Bushmen guides assured us positively that we should find some in the line of our march in a spot they indicated. We arrived at the place in due time, but only to discover a damp morass, from which all the water had evaporated. I took the altitude of the sun, and found that I was still some seven miles farther north than my cart. At half past 6 in the evening, however, we had made up that difference, and I determined to march straight to the cart in an easterly direction. Hitherto I had purposely kept a little farther south than was absolutely necessary, as I thought I must then come upon my own old track, and could scarcely miss my

encampment. The air was dry and warm, and since the start in the morning not a drop of water or of anything else had passed our lips. We were beginning to suffer considerably from thirst, and as we had nothing to cook our supper with, we had to go to bed without food.

We were in a sandy district, in one of those monotonous thorn-tree forests so common in this part of Africa, and which are just the very reverse of the cool breezy shady woods of my native land. As we were making our fire, a whole herd of elands suddenly appeared on the left, and dashed away in an easterly direction. The Kaffirs followed them with guns for a quarter of an hour, but though they fired several times, it was without result. The appearance of these antelopes was no guarantee of there being water near, as it is well known that they are found far in the Kalahari Desert, where they quench their thirst with bitter wild melons, and can dispense entirely with water.

During the night the most beautiful visions appeared to me of lemonade, champagne, and soda-water; but when I put out my dry feverish hand to take them I awoke suddenly, to find myself grasping the arid sand of the desert.

The natives also seemed to suffer a great deal from thirst during the night; they groaned and muttered in their sleep, and presently awoke with

one accord and took to smoking, to keep up their spirits, chattering away with their usual volubility.

The morning of the 8th of July, the eleventh day after we left Wanki, dawned at last, and although I wanted to march east at once I was overruled, as we were all eager to get water as soon as possible, and the Bushmen assured us we should soon come to some on the west. At 8 o'clock we reached a mud pit trampled down by wild animals, but all moisture had evaporated. We went on again, and a little farther came to a green hollow, containing a thick grey fluid, with which we all tried to quench our thirst, in spite of its disagreeable smell. After this we indulged our wearied bodies in a quarter of an hour's rest, and it was now that I proposed to Anderson, who was becoming extremely weak, that if we found no water towards noon we should kill the goat Busi and drink his blood. Then we started again, wheeling round to the east, towards the place where I imagined the cart to be.

We had proceeded on our critical march for an hour and twenty-five minutes, when we came upon the scattered bones of a giraffe which Bokkis and I had shot, and Induke and Sililo, who at once knew where they were, set up a cry of delight, flung down their bundles, and rushed off with tin pots to fetch water. This sudden and

joyful discovery had such an effect on my nerves that my thirst seemed quenched, and I walked on quietly, knowing that I should reach the camp in three quarters of an hour. Three of the men, who ran on in a south-easterly direction, soon came upon our old cart-track.

The natives who had hurried off with the tin pots soon came back with water, and we refreshed ourselves with it, drinking slowly and with long pauses at intervals. Never in my life had I enjoyed a drink so much. At a quarter to 3 all the men exclaimed with one voice "Koloi!" and through the dark bushes we saw the friendly gleaming of the white awning of our four-wheeled desert home, our long wished for cart. To add to our delight we soon came up with the oxen and horses, all well and lively. On hearing our voices the animals stood still and looked at us with wondering eyes.

I must confess that when I got back to the cart I felt as if I had suddenly returned to civilised life and all its comforts. I found everything inside the waggon in order, except that a bag of blue beads had been half emptied, and some of its contents scattered about as if it had been hastily ransacked; but, to my great surprise, I saw not a sign of Umloi, Bokkis, or the Bushmen who had been left behind, which made me very uneasy. The thatched huts were carefully

fastened, and the ashes of the fires had been raked out, showing design and premeditation. The flight had evidently not been made in haste. Closer examination, too, led to the discovery of a bit of red hot coal in a heap of ashes, from which we concluded that the camp had not been deserted long.

I fired shot after shot, but the hushed solitudes around us gave back no reply. As our thirst kept returning upon us, I put some dried peaches in water on the fire, and when they boiled I let them stand till they were cold, poured off the liquid, and shared it with Anderson, who agreed with me in thinking it better than the finest champagne. Fortunately, there still remained some cases of preserved meat and American ship biscuits, so that we had plenty to eat; but on looking carefully through my private property, I found to my great regret that the case of medicines, which I had intended giving to Anderson and his invalid comrades on the Zambesi, was missing. In spite of all drawbacks, however, I was glad enough to have got back safely, and free for the moment from anxiety, I went happily to bed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE START FOR THE SOUTH.

Umloi and two Bushmen turn up at last—Bokkis is still missing —Bokkis arrives—Anderson leaves for the Zambesi—We start for the coast, leaving provisions in the trees for Cluley—Matebele fugitives—Umbigo's death—Jack is hurt by a panther—We are besieged by lions—Arrival at Babas' kraal—Messengers from Cluley.

It must have been about midnight when I was suddenly awoke by the barking of a dog, and the next minute an old friend rushed up to me, wagging his tail in delighted recognition of his master. Then I heard steps, and Umloi and the Bushmen came in from a hunting expedition, laden with the flesh of an eland they had brought down. Of course all was now noise and excitement, and sleep was out of the question for a time.

Umloi now told us that one of the Bushmen whom I had engaged in the Makalaka kraal had run off in the night with some of the glass beads, and that nothing had since been seen or heard of him. A few days after his disappearance some wandering natives had brought the news that the white people on the Zambesi were dangerously ill;

some of them had indeed already died at Wanki's village, and Bokkis had therefore set out with four men to join us on the Great River, taking with him all the medicines. He had now been gone three weeks, and seemed to have completely recovered from his illness.

When I asked Umloi how he could have been so foolish as to leave the oxen and horses without any protection, in spite of all my injunctions, he replied that in a land without inhabitants there were no thieves; that for weeks neither the roaring of lions nor the howling of hyenas had been heard, and that the animals came back to the kraal every night of their own accord.

Later, I tried to get a little sleep in spite of the noise made by the natives, but I could not rest, as I began to be very anxious about the long absence of Bokkis, on whom I depended to get me and my team of oxen safely back to civilised regions. None of my other servants could supply his place, as the art of driving fourteen oxen in this part of the world has to be learnt. It would not do, moreover, to put off the return march, as many of the ponds and pools which contained water on my journey up were now nearly dry, and evaporation was proceeding more rapidly every day. We had some sandy stretches of country to pass through farther to the south, and no heavy showers of rain would fall before the middle of October.

Except on account of Cluley, and the men I had left behind with him, any farther delay would be useless, and I reflected that, if I left provisions and ammunition for them here, and marched slowly southwards, they could easily overtake me, or at least reach the Makalaka village, where they could obtain a fresh stock of provisions.

At 10 A.M. on the third day after my arrival at the cart, much to my delight, Bokkis and his companions returned. He had followed our track until he reached the spot where we had cut right across the stream, arriving, as will be remembered, at the Daka in the evening, and the Zambesi the next day. There he lost all trace of us, but hoping to find us somewhere on the right bank, he scoured the country in every direction, and whilst so employed shot two hippopotami and three ostriches. He had brought the tusks of the former and the feathers of the latter with him to the camp.

Bokkis' opportune arrival was a good thing for Anderson, as well as for me, as I now handed over to him the beads, as well as the medicines, which I no longer required. He engaged two natives, who had come back with my driver, to carry his property to the Zambesi, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day I parted with the worthy Norwegian, after walking an hour with him on his return journey. I never saw him again, but I

subsequently learnt that he joined his comrades in safety and got back to Potchefstrom with them in February, 1871.

Early the next morning I held council with my people, and the return journey was unanimously agreed upon, as if we did not start now, we should be detained here until the end of October, a delay I was anxious to avoid at all hazards.

We arranged a kind of depôt for the people from the Zambesi, hanging provisions, ammunition, tobacco, matches, etc., carefully packed in sacks, from the branches of the trees hard by, whilst my instructions for Cluley were written down and inclosed in a bottle stuck on a pole on the site of our camp, which would be visible a long way. All our preparations were completed in time for us to start for the Tati on the 12th of July.

In some of my rambles I had noticed that a second cart had followed on our track, and advanced farther north than ourselves. The owners of this vehicle were Dutch Boers and elephant hunters, who were encamped eight miles to the north-west of us. They paid us a visit just before we left, and told us that although they had seen a few tsetse flies in their neighbourhood they had not been nervous about their cattle, as they went to graze a long distance off every day. These men did not intend to leave before November, but hoped to support themselves entirely by hunting.

Wherever one cart has made its way in South-east Africa, it is sure soon to be followed by a second. The first has all the difficulties and uncertainties of untrodden ground to contend with, whilst its successor finds the path cut out for it; and so the cart-tracks have gradually advanced from the wave-beat sands of Port D'Urban to the rocky heights of the Matietsie district near the Zambesi, a distance of about eight hundred miles in a direct line.

The Boers did all they could to persuade us to give them some coffee, which is their favourite beverage, but as we had had none ourselves for months we could not oblige them. Not to send them away quite empty handed, however, I gave them some tea, for which they were very grateful.

The long rest had done the oxen good, the waggon was lightly loaded, and we were able to make a rapid march to the Nata, where we arrived at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 15th of July, and encamped on an open spot in a forest of lofty mopane trees, where we remained until the 17th, as there was beautiful clear water a foot and a half deep to be found beneath the sand of the bed of the river. I did not at all regret this delay, as it was so much gained by Cluley and the rest of the men left behind, and I was able to take some astronomical observations to determine the latitude.

The afternoon of the 15th we devoted to the "domestic affairs" inseparable from a wandering life in Africa, that is to say, we held a grand wash, cleaned the cart, greased the wheels, aired our wrappers and wardrobes, and hung our ostrich feathers to dry on lines stretched between two trees, as without some such precaution they would have been attacked by insects.

Whilst we were busy at our work we were surprised by the arrival of twelve Matebele fugitives, who begged us very respectfully and politely to give them quarters and to let them march with us to the Tati. Not only did I grant them their request, but I fed and treated them just like my own people, accepting a few slight services from them in return.

Our visitors informed us that about six weeks previously the young Matebele king Lumpengula had marched upon his enemy Umbigo of Sunkendaba and his four Zulu regiments with an army of some eight thousand men, and that after a struggle of eight hours the aggressive party managed to set fire to the large kraal, causing the explosion of three hundred weight of gunpowder, formerly the property of Mosilikatze. This event, spreading terror and confusion in the ranks of his enemies, decided the victory in Lumpengula's favour; his followers threw down their fire-arms, and rushed to the attack in the old Matebele fashion with their

spears. A bloody massacre ensued; all the men, including old Umbigo, were killed, and the women and children were carried into captivity, the former to be divided amongst the victors by the king, the latter to be brought up as warriors.

A kraal thus destroyed is never rebuilt, and with it the surrounding maize and durra fields go to ruin. The bodies of the slain are left where they fall, no one dreams of burying them, and they become the prey of vultures and hyenas. The natives with me said that after such a meal the latter animals become so bold that they lose all fear of men, a statement which was confirmed later by Zulus and old colonists, and is the more surprising, as hyenas are generally the most cowardly of all the animals of Africa.

The catastrophe related above put an end to the unsettled state of the Matebele country, and established Lumpengula firmly on the throne of his father. A very pleasing anecdote was related of him when on his march against Umbigo. A white elephant hunter, who had formerly been kindly received by the rebel chief, came to Lumpengula and offered to go with him to the battle and fight by his side, thinking his mercenary proposals would be eagerly met, and rewarded with presents, etc.; but he was sorely mistaken, for Lumpengula said to him: "Did not my enemy's meat and bread taste as good as mine? As he did you no evil,

remain here till I return; my people must see that I can deal with my adversaries alone, as my father did before me."

According to Thomas Baines, who was present, there were fifty thousand natives at Lumpengula's coronation feast. All the white men who presented themselves were treated as guests of the monarch as a matter of course, hundreds of oxen were slain, dances were performed, and ten thousand Matebele warriors executed military manœuvres before their chief.

A warrior equipped for battle wears an ornament made of long ostrich feathers on his head, a short cape or mantle of the same material on his shoulder, a short petticoat of snow-white bullock's hair, and ornaments of a similar kind on the arms above the elbows, and on the legs just below the knee. The effect of this costume, as will be seen in the accompanying illustration, is weird and fantastic in the extreme. The black and white shield, made of dried bullock's hide, is hung on a long stick, with a jackal's tail by way of ornament at the upper end, and carried in the left hand, whilst the right holds one or more spears or javelins, no contemptible weapons, as natives have been known to kill even lions with them. The Matebele sentence, "We will put on our feathers," signifies "We are at war," or "We are going to battle."

The men who brought us the news of the battle

MATEBELES IN MARTIAL COSTUME.

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of Sunkendaba belonged to Umbigo's party, and were amongst the few who escaped the massacre. They had been homeless wanderers from one Makalaka village to another for some time, but did not feel safe anywhere, and were very glad to obtain my protection. I believe that if Lumpengula himself had come into my camp, he would not, out of friendship for me, have hurt a hair of the poor fellows' heads, for these savages, as we call them, respect the feelings of their guests, and one often hears them say: "White men do not like people to be killed!"

In the course of the afternoon of the 15th the indefatigable Bokkis went hunting with some of the natives, and brought down a quagga, a sable antelope, and a buffalo. I was accidentally present at the death of the last. He was a tough old fellow, very tenacious of life, for though his hide was riddled with bullets, and the natives, eager for slaughter, were raining spears upon him, he would not give in for ever so long. The dogs surrounded him, barking vigorously, and I, being on horseback, could see what the natives did not, that they were in equal danger with the buffalo from the javelins. I shouted out to the men to be careful, but no one took the slightest notice of me in the general excitement, and presently one of the dogs was pierced by a spear. It ran howling to me with the weapon in its body, and I had it

carried to the camp; but the wound was mortal, and it soon died from loss of blood.

I had now only three of the fifteen dogs, including the curs of the natives, which I had originally possessed; two of the missing twelve I had given away, and the rest had fallen victims to the contingencies of hunting or of the climate.

When the buffalo at last fell, we noticed that he had had a severe struggle with lions the night before, as one ear was literally torn to shreds, and both horns split and broken. The shoulders were also deeply seamed by the claws of the beasts of prey.

The bed of the Nata was everywhere so covered with the footprints of lions, that we took the precaution towards evening of stretching the massive rope—made, as it will be remembered, of bullock's hide, under my own superintendence—between two trees, and fastening all the oxen to it with strong thongs. Towards nightfall we also lit three large fires, and the Kaffirs took it in turns to watch them and keep them burning.

Our camp presented a grotesque enough appearance on this occasion. The light of the fire was reflected in glowing hues upon the dark foliage of the mopane trees above our heads; the long ostrich feathers suspended in rows waved in a fitful, ghostly fashion in the night breeze; the oxen lay peacefully ruminating close at hand, and round

about the cart were piled provisions, wrappers, harness, weapons, antelopes' horns, dried skins, cooking utensils, tools, etc., etc.

As the ground of the wood was clean, and completely free from ants, scorpions, and other vermin, and the night warm and pleasant, I had my rug spread just under the cart.

I was about to lie down, when I noticed two bags of durra-meal just on the edge of the cart in such a position that the very slightest shake would bring them down upon my head; so I shifted my sleeping apparatus a little and lay down again, with my loaded needle-gun beside me, a dozen cartridges under my pillow, the goat and the bulldog Jack keeping watch close to my head.

How long I slept I do not know, but I awoke suddenly, fancying I had heard the noise of the falling of one of the sacks of meal. With my gun in my hand I started up; the goat had run into the middle of the camp, bleating loudly, and from the bushes on the left, near the Nata, I heard the yelling of my dog. I fired several times in rapid succession in the direction of the sound, the Kaffirs came rushing up with torches, and almost directly afterwards Jack appeared on the scene with his neck terribly torn, and the blood pouring down from the wounds. A panther had sprung upon him close to my pillow and carried him off, as we could see from the footprints.

As soon as it was light the next morning we searched the thicket, and to our astonishment found a large panther lying dead. A stray bullet had broken the plexus or throat bone, but to this day I cannot understand how the dog managed to escape as it did.

Incidents such as this are soon forgotten in a wandering life, and half an hour after Jack's rescue the stillness of the grave prevailed in the camp, only broken now and then by the muffled noise made by the Kaffirs on watch, as they threw fresh branches on the fires, sending up small showers of sparks.

It must have been about 1 o'clock in the morning when we were again aroused, this time by the roaring of lions on three sides at once. The natives all seized their weapons, and stirred up their fires, the animals snorted and stamped uneasily, and it was a good thing they were fastened up, or a stampede would doubtless have ensued.

Presently the roaring ceased, but only to begin again with fresh vigour, and this time it was supplemented by the voices of fresh comers on the other side of the Nata, as if a rendézvous of lions had been agreed upon.

The noise and confusion in the camp left nothing to be desired. I myself, in a costume such as that worn by Wallenstein the night he was murdered, with the addition of some boots to protect my feet

from the thorns, ran hither and thither between the fires, firing in every direction as fast as I could, followed by screaming Kaffirs; whilst the poor dogs, barking and growling, hid behind us, their ears and tails drooping, and their hair standing on end with fright. Nothing seemed to do any good, however; we piled up fuel, we fired constantly, but the lions showed no signs of leaving, and I expected them to spring upon us every moment.

This horrible suspense lasted about half an hour, then all was still again, and men and animals became calmer; but the natives kept watch all night, smoking and chattering by the fires.

Such a concert as that above described is peculiarly characteristic of the wildernesses of South-east Africa; and where herds of buffaloes, gnus, quaggas, elands, and sable antelopes abound, lions also appear in what hunters call "packs." Many a night have I watched, gun in hand, by the fire, a crowd of Kaffirs about me, listening to the roaring of the monarch of the forest, now unpleasantly near, now dying away in the horizon like a storm that has spent its force. The voice of a lion sounds quite different in the wilderness to what it does in a menagerie; perhaps the fact of there being no iron bars between it and us may account in some measure for this difference; but anyhow, when you hear it close, it sounds more as if it came from a steam-engine than from the lungs of an animal.

At last the east began to redden, and soon afterwards the golden day dawned once more. After breakfast I took my fowling-piece, and, accompanied by a Kaffir carrying a double-barrelled gun in case of need, started to shoot some guinea-fowls, a task soon accomplished. We now saw that the lions had followed the track of the oxen returning from pasture, and had thus found their way to our camp.

On the 19th of July all our preparations were completed. We had cleaned all our property and packed it carefully in the cart, and before starting I hung a note for Cluley on a tree in a conspicuous position, in which I gave him exact details of my proceedings.

The weather remained clear and beautiful; a faint breeze blew from the south-east, and the temperature varied from 68° to 73° Fahrenheit.

Poor wounded Jack had such a swollen neck that he could move it neither to the right nor to the left, and he was so feeble and helpless that I had him lifted into the cart; but it was hardly in motion before a loud howl bore witness to the suffering caused by the jolting, and as I had not the heart to shoot the poor faithful creature, I had a straw couch prepared for him and laid him on it, leaving a tin pot of water and some cooked buffalo meat beside him.

Three hours after our arrival at the next halting

place, to the great astonishment of us all, Jack came limping or rather crawling up to us, having followed the cart-ruts, but when we started again he had once more to be left behind. The feeling of being forsaken in the wilderness, however, was too much for him to endure, and in spite of his sufferings he managed again and again to accomplish fresh marches for the sake of joining his old master. On the fourth day after his accident the wound on his neck opened, a quantity of matter was discharged, and from that time he rapidly recovered, although the scar always remained. He arrived at Pietermaritzburg along with me, and I gave him to a fellow countryman, who was a kind and good master to him.

I had learnt through a wandering Bushman that my long lost ostriches had arrived in a Marririmo kraal close at hand, and were being kept for me by the chief, Babas by name. I now turned my steps towards the kraal in question, for I was beginning to long to see fresh faces and fresh scenes; indeed, my approach to this village was to me a return to the outposts of civilisation, and I knew that all manner of good things awaited me there in the shape of sheep, goats, corn, maize, joalla beer, eggs, milk, earth-nuts, etc., etc.

We arrived at Babas' kraal on the afternoon of the 22nd of July, and we had hardly unharnessed the

teams when messengers from Cluley arrived to say he was only a day and a half's journey behind us with his half-starved people. I lost no time in sending back four fat goats, some durra-meal, tea, and salt by the hands of some Makalakas I hired of the chief of the kraal.

I had sent some people on from the Nata with a few little presents for this chief, and had also told them to give him a letter from me to Captain Le Vert at the Tati settlement, asking for my letters and newspapers, and some sugar and coffee. I wanted this letter to be forwarded as quickly as possible, and Babas showed the greatest readiness to serve me, sending off couriers at once.

Here I discharged most of the Makalakas I had engaged, as I no longer required their services; and as soon as ever they had received their wages in blue beads, they hurried off to their respective villages.

The Makalakas, as is well known, are a peaceful race and diligent husbandmen. Fat goats and sheep and plenty of corn and tobacco were to be had very cheaply; and as there is always a demand for these things in the Tati settlement, I laid in a good stock of them before leaving.

There was a frost during the night of the 22nd of July, and this lowness of temperature in S. latitude 19° 20′ may be attributed partly to the great height of the kraal above the sea-level,

which was four thousand eight hundred feet, according to my hypsometer observations, and partly to the extreme dryness of the air, which does not retain warmth well.

The foliage of some of the forest trees had assumed red and yellow hues, whilst that of others was still dark green. I was surprised that the leaves did not fall, as it was so cold at night; for they certainly would have done so in a similar temperature in Germany. But on rubbing some of those still green between my fingers, I found they left an oily substance with a strong aromatic smell behind, which doubtless protected them to a certain extent from the frost.

At this time of year the grass in the fields is quite dried up, and the Makalakas, like the Zulus, are in the habit of setting it on fire. The flames are driven before the wind, the conflagration spreads far and wide, and the air is filled with smoke for miles around.

Seeing the ease with which the natives reap their rich harvests in this land—where, in spite of the night frosts, a real winter is unknown, snow is never seen, and the climate is so healthy that men may remain in the open air day and night—one cannot refrain from wondering what results a civilised nation would produce under such favourable conditions. The vine grows wild; its fruit hangs in heavy blue bunches from rock and tree,

and if cultivated it would doubtless succeed well. Stone fruits of all kinds would also probably thrive, judging from the many kinds of wild fruit-trees which abound. In a word, the climate resembles that of Natal, of which we have already given an account.

CHAPTER XIII.

WANDERINGS IN THE DESERT.

Cluley's arrival—The spotted hyena, its supposed death and wonderful escape—Death of Busi—Arrival at the huts of the Australian miners—Meeting with Philips—News of Hübner and the diamond fields—Arrival at the Tati settlement—Death of MacGillivry and of young Hartley—Sililo and Induke leave me—Harley's grave.

On the evening of the 23rd of July Cluley and his comrades arrived. According to his account, he had found the ashes of our old fires marking the direction of our march from the Zambesi, and had thus been enabled to follow our track for two days, but that then he had lost it. He had taken a more westerly course than we had, had been very fortunate in finding water, and had at last come upon our cart-ruts a day and a half's journey to the south of our encampment.

Cluley had in fact been so eager to join me that he had ignored my orders to go to our old encampment in latitude 19° 0′ 11″, and when I asked why he had not obeyed me, he replied without hesitation that, from what he knew of my character, he did

not for one moment suppose I was likely to wait. He did not of course get the provisions which I had hung on the trees for him, and he had found it no light matter to lead a body of hungry natives through the wilderness. The anxiety he had gone through had made him look like another man, and his torn clothes and ragged shoes showed that he had had anything but an easy march. However, he and the natives knew they were now in the land of Goshen, flowing with milk and honey, and the saucepan full of meat remained on the fire all night. Karl Meyer, of Lützen, writing to me from Zululawayo in the Matebele country, told me afterwards that my wasted provisions were found by the Makalakas, and were still preserved on the Guay with a kind of superstitious awe, in the spring of 1873.

On the 25th we left Babas' hospitable kraal and marched upon the Makalaka village of Umsuase, where we arrived on the afternoon of the 27th. As we were making our preparations for the night an Impallah antelope pursued by a spotted hyena dashed through the very midst of the camp. Bokkis, who was standing by me gun in hand, fired and brought down the hyena, which lay in a pool of its own blood, pierced through the neck by the heavy bullet. The gun was one of those used in shooting elephants and rhinoceroses.

Towards 9 o'clock in the evening I went up to

the hyena with several Kaffirs, one of them carrying a club. I intended to cut off the animal's head, as I wanted a skull with the dentition perfect, all the examples I had hitherto obtained having had some of the fangs broken away. Before commencing my operation I touched the lips of the hyena with a stick, on which it gave an angry grunt, and opening its glassy green eyes glared at me fiercely, showing that life was not yet extinct. The armed Kaffir now began to thump the hyena about the head and neck with his club, but I, secure of getting the skull the next morning, returned to the camp.

It will scarcely be believed that, in spite of the bullet wound and the blows from the club, which I should have thought enough to kill six hyenas, the animal had disappeared the next morning. I can only conclude that the bullet had not injured the throat bone; but the Kaffirs, not content with such an explanation, were convinced that we had had to do with a tagabe (witch), which it is impossible to kill.

Lions had entirely disappeared from the neighbourhood of the Makalaka kraal, and on this account the numerous hyenas were bolder and more tiresome than ever. On the night of the 29th of July one of them sprang into the goats' stall, and to my great regret tore down poor Busi, our companion on many a weary march. Induke,

hearing the noise, rushed to the rescue, slew the hyena, and carried off its prey, but the poor goat had to be killed, "to save its life," as Cluley expressed it, for its entrails were hanging out. And this was how Busi at last came to the pot!

On the 31st of July my caravan consisted of my old servants, Induke, Sililo, Umloi, and three other Makalakas, Bokkis, and Cluley, sixteen draught oxen, two horses, four ostriches, two dogs, thirty-two goats, and eighteen sheep.

On the 1st of August, as I had to pass through a district without water, I made a forced march of nine hours without unharnessing the poor oxen, at the end of which I reached the Bouque stream, near a deserted stone fort of the Machonas. A chief of the name of Sisiwina lived here a few years ago, but he and his tribe were driven westwards by the extortions of the Matebeles.

On the 2nd of August our cart once more stood on the shores of the Tati River. Bokkis and I had been so fortunate on our hunting expeditions, that we had not had to draw upon our stock of sheep and goats. We energetically availed ourselves of every opportunity to press on, and on the 5th of August we reached the huts of the Australian miners.

The number of those persevering and hard working men had now increased to eleven. They had driven their shafts to a depth of forty feet

underground, and extracted large quantities of quartz, which was here and there richly veined with gold. Their mode of getting at the metal was very tedious and primitive, as they merely pounded the stone in mortars, and they had only obtained twenty-eight ounces of gold altogether! As they wished to be independent of the London-Limpopo Mining Company, some of their party had gone all the way to Natal to procure suitable machinery and implements.

I ascertained that the miners procured most of their provisions from the surrounding Makalaka kraals, and were able to obtain almost any quantity in exchange for blue beads. Had the Matebeles driven away peaceful Makalaka cultivators of the soil and breeders of cattle as well as the other tribes, the mining operations carried on on the Tati in 1869–70 would have been simply impossible.

On my return march from the Upper Tati to the old mining settlement, I met a trader of the name of Thomas Paterson, who was anxious to buy a cart-load of maize of the Makalakas, and I was presently surprised to find my old Hottentot driver Philips, who had gone back to Potchefstrom with Hübner, in his company. Philips told me that my former travelling companion had arrived safely at the Tent Hotel, belonging to Mr. Smith, at the foot of the Drachenberg Mountains, early in May; that more diamonds than ever had been found on the

banks of the Vaal River, and that thousands of men of all ranks were pouring towards Pniel and Hebron from all parts of South-east Africa.

I must not forget to mention that, two days before I arrived at the Australian miners' huts, the messengers sent from Babas' kraal to Captain Le Vert met me, bringing the news from Europe of which I had been so long deprived, including German and English newspapers and letters from my brother Alfred in London, the dates running from the 28th of October, 1869, to the 28th of February, 1870. The political condition of the continent of Europe seemed to be everywhere quiet and peaceful.

Philips was delighted to see me again, and told me that I had got very brown and thin during my stay in the wilderness, an observation which was doubtless correct, for I have never found life in the African desert make anybody fat!

When I asked him how it was he had his long whip in hand and was wandering about again so soon, as I knew it had been his firm determination to remain at home on the quiet shores of Mossel Bay amongst the yellow Hottentot beauties, he replied without hesitation that the sight of a cart with a good team of oxen gave him an irresistible longing for the free life of the bush, and that, cooped up in a town with no occupation, he did not know whatever to do with himself—it made

VIEW OF THE TATI SETTLEMENT.

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him quite ill, so he had seized the first favourable opportunity to get away again. Moreover, he had found that the generous Hottentot custom of treating all your friends to beer and schnaps when you come home with your pockets full of money was very apt to empty them!

In fact, without being aware of it himself, a wandering life in the open air, with its excitements, deprivations, exertions, joys and sufferings, is a positive necessity to the half-savage African ox-driver. The restrictions of a settled life are as intolerable to him as to an elephant hunter or a sailor; motion to each of them is the very essence of being. They dream of a paradise to consist of good living, rest, and luxuries, but they have no sooner crossed its threshold than it becomes a hell, from which they are eager to escape.

At 1 P.M. on the 8th of August I reached the Tati settlement with my caravan. The huts glowed in the intense light of the mid-day African sun, there was not a bit of shade anywhere, and the glare and heat were almost intolerable. Everything seemed lifeless, silent and forsaken; the blue smoke curled up like columns in the still unruffled air, not a human being was visible, for it was the hour of rest, when the weary miners took refuge from the heat in the shade of their homes and indulged in a short siesta.

The fresh colouring peculiar to the scenery after

the rainy season had long since disappeared; the shrubs and bushes on the neighbouring hills had lost their foliage, even the thick pulpy leaves of the aloes were shrivelled up into brown leather-like masses; only the umbrella-like mimosa trees bordering the yellow sandy banks of the Tati ran like a dark green ribbon, visible for a considerable distance through the desolate landscape.

One voice, however, made itself heard, for a cricket kept chirping in a shrill, rattling, metallic manner, which went through our ears.

I had given all my people loaded fire-arms, and at the word of command a rattle of musketry broke the deep stillness, and the German tricolor was hoisted above the cart. It was not long before signs of life began to appear, and presently all the miners ran out from every side to congratulate me on my safe return, and on having reached the Victoria Falls.

Captain Le Vert had built himself a little bungalow in the Indian style, with a wide verandah, on a hill commanding an extensive view on every side, and as he was good enough to invite me to share his retreat, I took up my quarters with him.

In the evening a bowl of whisky punch was brewed, and all the inhabitants came to a great "palaver." I now for the first time heard of Captain Elton's expedition to the mouth of the Limpopo, but nobody knew what had become

of him. I learnt afterwards in Natal that he had successfully accomplished his adventurous voyage.

The news of the elephant hunters from the then almost unknown districts of the Ganyana and Umfule rivers was very bad. There were plenty of elephants, it was true, but fever had been working terrible havoc amongst the hunters. My old friend MacGillivry and young Hartley, son of the old Nimrod of the same name, had died of it; so had another hunter, with his wife and two children, who had accompanied him, and the men who were recovering were so weak that they would not be able to leave their camp for a long time.

At the Tati settlement itself few changes had taken place. Gold-yielding quartz was dug out every day, but as there was still no suitable steam-engine for crushing, it was impossible to form any estimate of the value of the precious metal to be obtained.

Many of the old settlers had left, some returning to the British colonies or the Boer republics, whilst others had joined the elephant hunters. Their places, however, had been supplied by the arrival of fresh adventurers.

I now set to work to provide myself with all that was required for the return march to Soshong or Bagmanwato, no light undertaking at this time of year. The terms of my contract with my old

servants compelled me to part with them; including Sililo, who had always been so cheerful, and the trustworthy Induke. I succeeded in satisfying them entirely, and the good fellows took leave with many expressions of gratitude.

On the last evening of my stay in the settlement, I went with Dr. Coverley to visit the grave of our mutual friend, Harley, above which the miners had erected a solid stone tomb, strong enough, as it seemed to me, to last for centuries in this climate. It was situated on the side of a hill near the huts.

Poor Harley had not been permitted to see the green hills of Caledonia, his native land, again, but his friends had taken care that his remains should rest in peace.

There is a peculiar poetry about a lonely grave in the wilderness; and the sight of a monument such as that to Harley is a silent reminder of the transitory nature of human life. As we listen to the plaintive sighing of the wind amongst the mimosa trees, we seem to be hemmed in by the mighty power of the genius of the desert; our soul is weighed down by the very spirit of melancholy, and deeply, solemnly moved, we turn aside from the scene of mourning with hesitating steps.

The companion of Edwards, Livingstone, and Moffat, who was not likely to have grown sentimental in his wild wandering life, shared my feel-

ings on this occasion, and told me the effect upon himself of suddenly coming upon the grave in the wilderness of his old comrade, Wahlberg, the naturalist, who had been killed by a wounded elephant.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE TATI TO RÜSTENBERG.

We leave the Tati—Jacques Beaulieu—March to Soshong—Newspapers and letters from Europe—The escaped lions—No water—Heavy marches—Halt on the Notuani stream—The first Boer settlement—A Transvaal Amazon—Frosts at night—Arrival at Rüstenberg.

On Friday, the 12th of August, on a beautifully bright morning, I bade farewell for ever to the Tati, and started in company with the caravans of the traders Gordon and Westbeach. As I rejoiced in a certain kind of popularity amongst the settlers, I was escorted as far as the Sacha, about eight miles, by a large party. I also took a French cook, Jacques Beaulieu by name, with me, who had been in the employment of Captain Le Vert, after having served in the navy, in Algiers, and elsewhere. He was heartily tired of life in the desert, dreamt of nothing but his "belle France," and thought this part of Africa only fit for Kaffirs, wild beasts, and locusts. After exacting a solemn promise that he would fall in with all my rules without opposition, and perform any little services I required, I agreed

to allow him to march to Pietermaritzburg with my party.

I will not trouble the reader with any of the details of the return march to Soshong, except such as are specially characteristic of the tedious mode of travelling in this part of the world.

On the 14th of August we were encamped on the Inschlakani stream, south of the Maklontsi, and some forty-two miles from the Tati. As no water was to be had, we pressed on, and were glad enough when we found some in the Gogwe at 10 o'clock. We halted to allow our weary oxen to rest, having marched only part of the distance we had intended, as the moon did not rise till late, and none of my people would go on in the dark. They had, in fact, been made nervous by hearing from a Mr. Bullin, whom we met, that two of his oxen had been killed by lions, in spite of the fire he had kept burning.

The names of the "sand streams" and watering places, Seruli, Gogwe, Palatje, Lotsani, etc., between the Tati and Soshong, will always call up a picture for me of drought, longing for water, dust, heat, and sterility, for near them the explorer, tied as he is to his cart, and unable to advance quickly, is a prey to all the concentrated evils of the desert. When we passed, even the few herbs which might have served as fodder for the oxen had been devoured by locusts; and the wild beasts

took care that our rest, after all our toils, should be neither unbroken nor free from anxiety. In spite of all these drawbacks, however, these desolate districts are frequented by some few white and native hunters, for they are rich in ostriches, which can bathe in the fine soft sand without injury to their feathers.

Against such hindrances as those above described we struggled on until the 21st of August, when we reached the Mahalapsi stream. There I met a trader from Potchefstrom named Allan, the driver Surfside with whom I had crossed the Drachenberg Mountains from Sandspruit in Mynheer Kryger's party, and a certain Mr. Echalos, a shareholder in the London-Limpopo Mining Company, who was on his way to the Tati with baggage. Echalos had been fortunate enough to shoot a fat female giraffe the day before, and presented us with a quantity of bacon-like fat and meat, which were a pleasant change from our monotonous regime.

On the 22nd I discharged Umloi, who hurried forwards, after an absence of eighteen months, to see those he had left behind him in his home in Soshong. William Cluley went with him, as he was very badly off for shoes, and hoped to buy some new ones of traders staying in the same village.

The next day, although we were encamped with five carts, by a spring of fresh sparkling water,

which had appeared for the first time in the current year, we took all the precautions for the night which are necessary when visits from wild beasts are expected in the open country.

The fact was that two lions, which had appeared perfectly tame up to a certain age, and had wandered about the streets of Soshong without doing any harm, had suddenly disappeared. For a long time nothing was seen or heard of them, but suddenly they gave notice of their whereabouts, for at short intervals, and on the very site of our encampment, four draught oxen and two natives were torn to pieces by them.

From what the Bechuanas accompanying us said, we gathered that the beasts had become the terror of the neighbourhood, and we therefore kept our fire burning briskly from twilight until dawn, and some of the natives watched all night with loaded guns. Everything remained quiet, however, but the very next night a hunter named Finity shot one of the lions from the cart in which he was travelling, and took the skin to Soshong, receiving an ox in exchange for it from Chief Matcheen.

On the evening of the 24th we reached the Devil's Kloof or ravine, already described (see p. 135), and Umloi came from Soshong to bring me a present of two bottles of joalla beer and some spears, saying he did not like his Inkosi (master) to leave his home empty handed. I may add that

the neighbourhood was more like a hell upon earth than ever; leafless trees, and steep, jagged, rugged rocks met our eyes on every side, and from the hills and plains all trace of vegetation had disappeared.

In spite of the exhausted and emaciated condition of our poor oxen, we decided on making a forced march to the so-called "Reeds," where some brackish water was to be obtained, fourteen and a half hours' distance off; and when, after pausing four times for rest, we finally arrived there, the animals had been a good thirty-two hours without water.

On the 26th I had traversed fifty-eight miles since leaving the "Reeds," and found myself on the site of my old "Pallah Camp," by the Limpopo. In the lowlands near the river there still remained some pretty good grass for the oxen, and there were plenty of francolins and guinea-hens, but the Melampus or Impallah antelopes, which had before been so numerous, had disappeared, having gone to seek fresh pastures on the banks of the Lower Limpopo. A few timid buffaloes, giraffes, and waterboks were all the large game we saw.

A short march of three quarters of an hour now brought us to the river, or rather brook, Notuani, separating Matcheen's domain from the Transvaal Republic. Here better grass and water were to be obtained, so I made a halt of four days, letting my

men go on in advance, and employing the pause myself to determine the latitude of the place as accurately as possible. I took my observations quite close to the mouth of the stream, which comes from the west-south-west and flows into the Limpopo, and the result obtained was S. latitude 23° 42′ 53″.

On the 30th and 31st we pressed on steadily. As will be remembered, the cart had left its most northerly point on the 11th of July, so that we had already been fifty-one days on the march; but we were now in the Transvaal, and that fact inspirited us all, although we were not yet in sight of any Boer house or settlement where we might hope to obtain fresh oxen, rest, and assistance.

Some of the Matebeles who had accompanied us for a very small remuneration, in fact really out of curiosity to see the Majachas (warriors) of the white men in Pietermaritzburg and the salt water, as they called the sea, began to grumble at the length of the way, and Jacques Beaulieu talked of making a raid on the first vegetable garden he came to, as he said, "Pour faire un potage comme il faut."

In our long march together, when one is glad to beguile the tedium of the way with conversation no matter with whom, I learnt a good deal about Jacques Beaulieu's former life. The best stroke of business he ever did was in 1859, in Delagoa Bay,

on board the American whaler, *South America*. Captain Sole, of New Bedford, owner of the vessel, finding it impossible to catch a Balæna mysticetus or australis, or any other balæna, was determined to load his ship with a profitable cargo of some kind; so he got the lower deck ready and stored it with black ivory, or slaves, to the number of seven hundred and forty, and that with an English gunboat lying close by. The English officers came on board the very next day, but saw nothing except oil casks! The crew were actually bold enough to leave the hatches open, as the poor blacks, stowed away in the hold, could not be seen from the deck. One fine night, then, the *South America* disappeared, landing her cargo a little later in Rio Janeiro, only five of the Africans having died on the voyage; and when the ship was at last overhauled by the authorities, with all the usual legal formalities, the slaves had long been in the hands of the planters. Captain Sole had made splendid profits, and Jacques Beaulieu, who had been on board under the name of Joe, found himself in possession of some eighteen hundred Spanish dollars.

Towards noon, on the 2nd of September, as we were marching along in the heat, on the banks of the Limpopo, some natives came running up, and told us, with many gesticulations, how one of their oxen had been torn to pieces and six others driven away by lions during the previous night. The

poor fellows were so terrified, that they begged to be allowed to join my party, as they were then more likely to reach their kraals in safety; of course I readily consented.

On the 3rd a magnificent panorama was spread out before us, for from the eastern horizon rose the grand, deep blue forms of the Waterberg Mountains. At half past 9 in the evening our fires were burning at Hole Fontein, and as the next day was Sunday, we rested. Some of the Bechuanas living round about brought durra-meal to the camp to barter it for beads, and we saw their wives carrying large baskets full of broiled locusts to their huts. The natives seemed to have plenty of provisions, for their "store-houses" were piled up with maize, durra, and corn. Whether they eat locusts from preference or with a view to economy I cannot say. I tried them myself, and found them quite tasteless without salt. They would be all very well to save a man from starving, but I cannot say much for their flavour.

Before we left the Limpopo, when we were encamped for the night on the left bank, some three hundred paces from the water, I had an opportunity, from the state of my own feelings, of realising what fickle creatures men are, for, as I listened to the voices of the beasts of prey, probably for the last time, I found myself regretting that my wanderings were so nearly over, and wishing my

adventures could be gone through again. The trials which it had been hardest to bear up against at the time now acquired a peculiar fascination, and the sounds which had once caused anxiety and terror were now like the haunting melody of a parting greeting. I dressed myself, drew back the curtains of the cart, threw fresh fuel on the fire, put my little camp-stool close to it, and sitting down, indulged in a long and pleasant retrospective reverie.

Early on the 5th we started again. The wind blew cold and blustering from the south-west, but although the sky looked stormy and threatening, it did not rain.

About six miles beyond Witt Fontein we reached the mountains, and entered the picturesque districts of the Transvaal, with the Waterberg Mountains on the north-west, and on the south-east, in the direction of our line of march, the dark blue masses of the Piland Mountains, bathed in the clear transparent light characteristic of the African table-lands.

It was getting dusk when we halted for the night by an isolated granite rock. We had scarcely begun making our preparations when I heard a dog bark about a mile off on the east, and looking in the direction of the sound, I made out a little house and some trees, so that we had arrived at the outposts of civilisation, and were close to the first Boer settlement.

Early the next morning I rode over to the farm and bought some chickens, butter, and eggs. The owners, especially the head of the family, who was so emaciated he could scarcely stand, had suffered badly from fever, so that a present of a few quinine powders was very acceptable. Looking about me from the house, I noticed a tree, which evidently served as a store-room, hung with bunches of maize, joints of meat, saddles, harness, and most noteworthy of all, the freshly-dried skin of a lioness. In answer to my inquiries, I learnt that quite early in the morning a few days before a great noise had been heard near the oxen enclosure, and the housewife, seeing the lioness, had fired at her from the door with a heavy gun, taking such good aim that the bullet had struck the victim's shoulder and passed right through the body. The incident interested me so much that I offered the large sum, as prices went, of six thalers for the skin, but the Transvaal Amazon declined to part with her trophy.

After a long talk with the man, I ascertained that the best way to Rüstenberg was on the east; so I made a kind of semi-circular march round the Piland Mountains, revelling in the splendid weather and the glorious succession of views spread out before me, and then turned back in the direction pointed out by the farmer. The lowness of the temperature, ice at least an inch thick

forming during the night, proved how lofty was the level of the plateau.

We now often came to solitary homesteads inhabited by warm-hearted, simple folk, who were, however, not very brilliant talkers. Sometimes we found the women and children alone, the bread-winners not having yet returned from their long hunting expeditions, which often extend over several months.

Tea and coffee, of which I still retained a small stock, were readily accepted in exchange for fowls, sheep, butter, and dried fruit.

On the night of the 6th we made a long march by the most glorious moonlight, which gave an enchanting beauty to the scenery. Here and there twinkled the lights of isolated farm-houses, most of them nearly hidden by oleander or dark-leaved orange trees, between which rose the gigantic forms of the eucalyptus. For the rest, all was still, hushed in the most solemn repose, whilst the pale moon moved silently onwards on her silvery course.

When we encamped on such nights, I slept in the open air, with nothing between me and God's heaven; whilst around me lay the Kaffirs, the oxen, the horses, and the dogs, which in these deep solitudes become, as it were, one family, a kind of friendship being struck up between the men and the animals, even the Kaffirs singing

songs in praise of the beauty of the speckled and lowing cattle.

On the 7th of September I reached the settlement of a Boer named Cord Erasmus, picturesquely situated between lofty bastions of rock, which shut in the valley on the north, south, and east. On the west runs a crystal brook, which subsequently flows into the Eland River, and in the same direction stretches a vast grass steppe, at this time of year of a pale yellow colour, from which rise isolated dark blue hills, whilst on the south-west tower the Magaliesberg Mountains, the whole forming a scene extremely characteristic of the Transvaal Republic. In the afternoon I started again, and reached the Eland River in the evening, where we halted and cooked our supper. The sunset was of magic grandeur, the Magaliesberg Mountains were bathed in gold; the dark green foliage of the forest formed a striking contrast to the pale yellow of the plains; and the motionless forms of the aloes and euphorbia trees rose from the shadowy clefts of the rocks like vegetable sentinels. On the south-west gleamed the walls of Captain Moritz Diedrich's house; and I could not help thinking that my countryman would be glad to receive a visit from me, but I could not present myself in my ragged wardrobe amongst civilised people. If the captain had been a bachelor, I might have ventured, but as he was

married, I knew better than to appear at his door with my wild troop. To avoid being over-persuaded, I had recourse to an artifice, and smuggled my party past Diedrich's house during the night.

On the 8th we passed several settlements, the white houses often surrounded with thick hedges of flowering cactus and peach-trees, or with groups of tall orange trees rising from the young plantations of tender green wheat.

The Matebeles who had come with me from the wilderness were astonished at seeing tame pigs in the settlements, and loudly expressed their amazement. It was twenty-five minutes past 3 in the afternoon when I caught sight of the white spots rising above the plain on the south-south-east, which I knew to be the first houses of Rüstenberg. We made a short halt to let the oxen rest and graze, and entered the town at a quarter past 7 in the evening.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM RÜSTENBERG THROUGH THE PLAINS.

Meeting with Captain Diedrich—Wonderfontein and the deserted women and children—Potchefstrom and my old friend Forssmann—The ostriches, and their breaches of the peace—I am summoned, and fined—News of the battles of Saarbrück, Weissenburg, and Wörth—Subscription for the wounded—Start for Natal—Something about the diamond fields—A Boer wedding—The Basutos and my Kaffirs.

As soon as I arrived in Rüstenberg, I went to a trader and asked if any letters or papers had arrived for me, but I found nothing; next I turned my steps to the butcher's, and had plenty of the best meat carried to the cart. A strong soup and some tender steaks formed our feast of welcome. The inhabitants of the place at once heard of our arrival, and besieged us with questions about our experiences and adventures, one bringing us a bottle of wine, another a fine vegetable, a third some new bread, and so forth. It was 1 o'clock in the morning before our visitors left us, and we were able to lie down to rest.

The next day all Rüstenberg was again assembled

round the cart to question and stare at the "man with the ostriches," as they called me.

The middle of September is spring-time in this part of the world; the gardens were bright with orange, peach, and pomegranate trees in full flower, and the huge weeping willows were clothed with bright green foliage.

The discovery of the diamond fields had had a certain influence even on this modest little town. We were told that half the male population had gone off to the Vaal River, and many of the houses were empty and deserted.

As I was sitting writing in my tent about noon, on the 12th, I suddenly heard the tramping of a horse; a well-known voice called me by my name, and Captain Diedrich entered.

After he had heard all the details of my journey, he gave me the news of the neighbourhood, and at last our talk turned on our native land, the Captain observing that in the last English newspapers which had come to hand, a war between France and Germany was spoken of as inevitable on account of the candidature of a prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen for the Spanish throne.

This news sounded to me so Spanish, that I laughed heartily over it, and told Diedrich I thought an English or an American public would believe anything they saw in a newspaper, if the

editor only knew how to manipulate sensational reports skilfully enough. I did not indeed attach the slightest importance to the rumour; for although I held that a war with France was only a question of time, I never dreamt that it could break out on account of a Prince of Sigmaringen, whose very name was unknown to a great part of the German nation.

That every Frenchman had desired a war with Germany ever since 1866 I knew well enough, for I had had a proof of it in that very year when I was in Cape Town. The French corvette *La Minerve* had arrived in the harbour, and I had met the officers both at the German consul's and at the Commercial Hotel. We soon became very good friends, and I often visited them on board their vessel, where I, the Prussian—"car la ville de Brême c'est naturellement en Prusse"—was always very well received.

At table the conversation flowed in the easy, lively fashion natural to the French; but if the talk turned on the war between Austria and Prussia, I heard from all sides, "Oui, la Prusse;" she will see when the chassepots are ready, "alors, monsieur." Everyone on board, from the captain to the ship-boys, evidently looked upon the battle of Sadowa as an insult to France.

I was obliged gratefully to decline Diedrich's invitation to visit him at his farm of Morgensonne,

for in their long wanderings the horn of the hoofs of the oxen had worn so thin, that many of them already walked lame. My chief desire now was to get safely through Olifant's Neck Pass and to reach Potchefstrom by way of the Magaliesberg Mountains. Arrived there, a long rest would be absolutely necessary.

During my stay in Rüstenberg, I visited many of the farms in the neighbourhood, amongst others, those of a certain Mr. Robinson. If Natal may be called the garden of South Africa, the district around Rüstenberg may with equal justice be named the pearl of the Transvaal, for in it flourish side by side orange, lemon, shaddock, bergamot, loquat, and grenadilla, or passion-flower trees, whilst the ripe pods of green peas alternate with the bright red fruit of the tomato.

On the 14th of September the cart passed through the Olifant's Neck Pass, and we lost sight of Rüstenberg. The march along the base of the Magaliesberg Mountains was one long delight; as we advanced, the human habitations became more and more numerous, and very pleasant and friendly they looked, surrounded by flowering syringa and peach trees, and framed in bright green fields of wheat.

We reached Wonderfontein on the 17th, to find the few houses inhabited only by women and children, all the men having gone off hunting.

As some lose their lives every year in these excursions, chiefly through the fury of wounded buffaloes, the poor wives left behind are never free from anxiety.

I had a fat ox killed, and invited all the women and children of the place to dinner. They mustered very strong, and the sight of the young Transvaalers, with their light hair, ruddy cheeks, and blue eyes, round my table did me good, for it reminded me of the children of my native land.

On the morning of the 20th, the seventh day after I left Rüstenberg, I saw trees on the southern horizon, which turned out to be the large weeping willows overshadowing Potchefstrom, and as it was striking 9 A.M., I made my entrance into the town. My friend Forssmann was just opening his office, and he at once pointed out a summer-house, with a capital place for unharnessing close by, where I could make myself comfortable, without being separated from my Kaffirs, oxen, horses, goats, and dogs. The fact was, the sight of my four-wheeled home and my old travelling companions had become a necessity to me, and I could not have endured the confinement of a small room, in a small hotel, after having been so long used to living in the open air.

I shall never forget that first night in Potchefstrom. As I wished to accustom myself again to the usages of civilised life, I laid myself down

in Forssmann's summer-house, on a soft easy bed with white curtains, which must have pleased the most luxurious of men. Presently I awoke, to find my dreams, which had carried me back to my wandering life, changed for the stillness of a narrow room. With no cool night-breezes to fan my pillow and no star-lit canopy above my head, I felt as if I were buried alive, and taking my sleeping-rug, I went back to the cart, and took up my quarters by the side of the Kaffirs, where the fire was burning brightly, and I could see my oxen : there I was free, there I had company.

When I compared my cart with others newly equipped, I for the first time noticed how much it had suffered in its long sojourn in the wilderness. The awning was patched all over, the side boxes were crushed or had been broken off altogether by the huge forest trees between which they had been dragged; but for all that, the essential parts, such as the wheels, were in first-rate preservation.

I was more the lion of the hour here than I had been even in Rüstenberg, and my cart was surrounded all day by a crowd come to look at my weapons and hunting trophies. My ostriches did not at all approve of the long halt, and went for long excursions in the neighbourhood every day, returning regularly at night, however, followed by a troop of shouting children.

These journeys of discovery sometimes had em-

barrassing consequences, for on one occasion a small boy was knocked down and trodden upon; then a team of oxen, frightened at the sudden appearance of the birds, upset the cart and broke the pole, and another time the playful creatures dashed through a troop of horses and caused the death of a foal. When I had been summoned before the magistrate of Potchefstrom three times in the course of ten days, and fined on account of these dear and interesting birds, in spite of my assertion that the appearance of tame ostriches in the streets of a town was an ornithological event which should be hailed by an intellectual and progressive community with joy and grateful admiration, I thought it as well to obtain board and lodging for my persecuted pets at a farm some twelve miles off! Thus did I realise to my cost that I was once more in a civilised town.

On the evening of the 21st of September, Forssmann came to the cart, bringing the news of the declaration of war and of the battle of Saarbrück. I was so astonished that I jumped up at once and hurried on my clothes.

The colonial and English newspapers which came into my hands treated the affair as a victory of the French, or at least as the beginning of success for them, and in a London *Punch* I picked up there was a caricature of the Emperors William and Louis Napoleon, standing opposite each other

with daggers drawn, in shirt-sleeves and huge boots; whilst England, in the form of a woman, stood by, apparently intending to stop the fight, but, true to her usual practice, really doing nothing.

I could think of nothing else but these tidings of war, and early the next morning I went to Postmaster Jeppe, where I found several fellow-countrymen already assembled. We agreed to invite all the Germans living in the neighbourhood to meet here, and opened a small subscription for the benefit of our wounded soldiers. The Hottentot couriers who brought the European papers and letters from Port Elizabeth to Potchefstrom were bribed with a small present of money to make all speed.

Our fellow-countrymen gradually came in, and those amongst them who had no money sold a horse or a pair of oxen, that they might be able to contribute their mite to the subscription. The English, Scotch, and Swedish settlers also gave willingly and liberally, so that we were able to send quite a large sum from this little town, the very name of which is scarcely known in Germany. Our contribution was forwarded to the London Committee by Jeppe.

It was getting dark on the evening of the 29th of September when the loud sound of a trumpet suddenly announced the arrival of fresh news.

Everybody rushed to Jeppe's house, and soon from the top of a crumbling wall and by the light of a flaming torch the tidings of the deeds at Weissenburg and Wörth were read aloud to the assembled company. A loud hurrah from the Germans for the Crown Prince and his brave army rung out through the stillness of the night, and it was late before we separated, only to meet again the next morning to discuss the details of this great triumph.

Whilst I was staying in Potchefstrom, we were often in the greatest anxiety about the course of events in Europe, and we agreed in thinking that the war would be long and bloody; for we held the French to be powerful and warlike, but had not yet had much experience of the great efficiency of the German army, and the martial genius of its leader.

On the 30th of September heavy rains set in, the Vaal quickly became swollen and overflowed its banks, and the "field," as the Boers call the vast plains stretching from here to the Drachenberg Mountains, soon became so swampy that communication with the coast was broken off, and for a time we got no more news.

On the 16th of October, when the country had again become passable and dry weather prevailed, I left Potchefstrom and began my march to Natal. Before starting, I became acquainted with Don

Carlos Pedro Barahona e Costa, the Portuguese governor of Quilemane, who had been holding negotiations with the authorities with regard to the border districts between the Transvaal and the Portuguese settlements, which negotiations subsequently led to results satisfactory to both parties. Jeppe, the Postmaster-General, had a near personal interest in the objects discussed; the governor was in his house every day, and later, my fellow-countryman was decorated with a Portuguese order.

The overflowing of the Vaal had wrought great havoc in the diamond districts, the deep pits, dug at the expense of so much time and labour, were filled with water, and dikes had been washed away or broken through. The houses of the miners were unfit for the rainy season; many of them were ill-stocked with provisions; fever and dysentery set in, and, disheartened and disappointed, a good many adventurers gave up seeking their fortunes in the lottery of the diamond fields.

The numbers were, however, quickly made up by new comers, and as early as October, 1870, the population in the diamond districts was estimated at twenty thousand. There were already several churches, schools, inns, hospitals, and a legion of gin shops; two newspapers were published, and I was not a little surprised to see an advertisement in one of them, stating that a young French lady

offered her services as a teacher of drawing and languages.

People came from Australia, North America, California, Europe, and all the colonies of South Africa; and not only did one meet with natives of every Kaffir and Hottentot race of Africa, but also with Malays from Cape Town and coolies from Bombay.

Every lucky find was proclaimed in enthusiastic terms in the local papers, and the disadvantages and privations of a miner's life were slurred over as much as possible. All circumstances considered, I refrained from a personal visit to the diamond fields, and determined to make my way to the coast without any further delays.

Owing to the late rains, the plains were now covered with luxuriant grass; everything looked green, fresh, and succulent. On the third day of my march from Potchefstrom, I came upon the herds of gnus, bles- and springboks, already described, which appeared more numerous than ever. We did not, however, trouble ourselves much about hunting, except when we were particularly anxious to have some antelope steaks, as my whole attention was absorbed in what was going on on the continent of Europe, and I was eager to get over the ground as quickly as possible.

On the 23rd we came in sight of a Boer settlement, and riding up to it with a view to buying a

fat sheep, I found the house decorated as for a fête, and several women sitting at a table, with piles of roses before them, weaving wreaths. I soon learnt that a wedding was to take place in the course of the day, and accepted an invitation to be present at the ceremony. Presently one cart after another arrived, bringing the guests. The bride and bridegroom seemed very happy; she was a healthy, sturdy country girl, and he a tall, powerful, and rather awkward-looking Boer. At about 2 P.M. the clergyman rode up, a Scotchman of the name of MacMillan, who, though born in Aberdeen, spoke Dutch perfectly. After he had changed his travelling dress for his clerical robes, the solemn marriage service was performed with all due reverence. Then followed a banquet, and at 6 o'clock in the evening the happy pair went off in a bran new waggon decked with the most brilliant colours, and accompanied for some distance by a troop of shouting and cheering horsemen.

Wandering pastors are a peculiar institution of the Transvaal; and these gentlemen often extend their journeys over whole degrees of latitude, baptising or marrying here, preaching or administering the sacrament there, no light task in a land where the very name of an inn is unknown, and the weary traveller is dependent for rest and refreshment on the simple Boers. Often enough the state of the plains after rain is such that the

reverend wanderer is unable to reach his goal, and must sleep by his horse in the open air where best he can.

In the evening I resumed my march, and the next day I was joined by five Basutos, who begged to be allowed to march to Natal by my cart, as if they went alone they were afraid of being seized by the Boers and made to work for them. I was willing to oblige them; and just to see what stuff my people were made of, I told them our visitors must forage for themselves, as my stock of provisions was nearly exhausted.

The next evening we encamped at the foot of an isolated pyramidal mountain. Herds of gnus and quaggas were grazing around us, and the sun went down in glorious splendour, flooding the whole of the western sky with glowing hues, and leaving long shining golden streaks of light upon the sides of the loftier mountains, long after it had itself sunk beneath the horizon.

When I gave out the provisions for supper, I again told my Kaffirs not to go shares with the Basutos, as they had some corn of their own with them, and I then drew back to the cart, from which I could watch all that went on.

Before long an appetising smell proceeded from the roasting goat's leg, the boiled maize was ready, and supper began.

The poor half-starved exiled Basutos, in their

dark brown leather cloaks, sat looking like logs of wood, staring at the fire, or watching the preparations of the Kaffirs with unruffled self-control, evidently having made up their minds not to touch their own little stores, but to save them for another day. But to eat whilst hungry friends are sitting by is impossible to a Kaffir, and presently, with half comic, half roguish looks at the cart, my men secretly pushed part of their supper towards the Basutos, who first declined it, and then fell to and consumed it with relish.

I, who knew the Kaffir nature so well, had expected nothing else, but this fresh proof of my servants' kindness of heart delighted me so much, that I at once served out double rations for the whole party.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM HARRISMITH TO PIETERMARITZBURG.

I am taken for a suspicious character—My rescue—Arrival in Harrismith—The Rev. Mr. MacMillan at home—News of the siege of Metz and the march on Paris—Reenan's Pass—The diamond fever—A tropical storm and the battle of Sedan—A dangerous descent—The Matebeles in Pietermaritzburg—Statistics of the diamond exports.

THE next day I went on on foot in advance of my cart, and presently passed a farm where several men were examining some horses. I did not take much notice of them, but about a quarter of an hour after losing sight of them, I heard a horse approaching me from behind at a gallop, and a fellow of some sixty years of age shouted out rudely; "Are you one of those 'bondel loopers' (vagabonds) who are wandering about the Transvaal, and making the country unsafe?"

I gave the surly fellow to understand that he had better mind his own business, but for all that he chose almost to ride me down; so I wheeled round and struck his horse on the mouth with

the butt-end of my gun, making the blood flow freely, at which steed and rider turned tail and went off in the direction of the farm.

It was not long before five men rushed out upon me, screaming and shouting. To protect myself in the rear, I leant against a steep hill rising abruptly from the road on the left, and awaited the onslaught of the riders with their uplifted "jambocks" (hippopotamus whips). As they approached, I rapidly loaded my needle-gun, an operation which appeared to them so very awe-inspiring, that not one of them ventured to advance nearer to me than fifteen paces. I had been besieged by the Transvaalers, with nothing worse than cursing and swearing in the not too melodious Dutch language, for a few minutes, when the cracking of whips announced the approach of my cart, and seeing my condition, Bokkis and the Kaffirs seized their loaded firearms and hurried to the rescue. The Boers, however, did not wait for the arrival of my succours, but putting spurs to their horses, sped away in a southerly direction in the very line of our march.

A quarter of an hour afterwards we surprised them bathing in a stream, a little to the left of the ford we had to cross. The instant they caught sight of us they sprang on to the bank, and waiting only to slip on their shirts and shoes, rode off as fast as they could. My Kaffirs were very

anxious to appropriate the wardrobes left behind, but that I would not allow.

This was the only time I met with any annoyance at the hands of the Boers in the Transvaal, and I do not suppose I should have been molested even then if I had remained with my caravan, for the possession of a cart is looked upon as a sign of respectability, and its owner is supposed to be a man of property. It is the lonely wanderer with nothing but a bundle belonging to him who is looked upon with suspicion by the farmers, and that not altogether without reason, as unfortunately many disbanded German soldiers, who come out here, bear anything but a good character.

On the 30th October I reached Harrismith, and was very glad to see the Rev. Mr. MacMillan the next day. I had, as will be remembered, been introduced to him at the Boer wedding, and he was now good enough to visit me near my cart, and to invite me to make his house my home during my stay in the town.

Mr. MacMillan's residence was small but most prettily situated, surrounded by a beautiful garden, with lofty, fantastic-looking rocks near by, and glorious views all round. I soon became acquainted with his wife and niece, both ladies of refinement and cultivation; and finding myself thus suddenly set down amongst all the com-

forts of civilised life, I felt sometimes as if I were an escaped convict accidentally admitted into good society. I remained the guest of the friendly Scotchman for three days, and then took my leave.

We had now received news from Europe of the siege of Metz, and the march of the German armies upon Paris, and it did my patriotic heart good to hear the foreign residents of Harrismith sing the praises of our splendid soldiers. I met one worthy fellow countryman, who always spoke of MacMahon as Max Mahon, and when I pointed out his mistake, he laughed heartily, and said if I was so particular I had better not have any talk with the English, for they always mis-called names. In the present instance, however, he knew he was right; the general's name was Max Mahon, as sure as his own was Peter Dietz. In the joy of his heart over the news of the German victories, Mr. Dietz subsequently took rather more drink than was necessary to quench his thirst, and wishing to ride out of Harrismith in the evening in fine style, he had the singular ill-fortune to walk his horse through the window of the magistrate's house, for which visit the justice not only had him marched off to prison for the night, but made him pay a fine the next morning.

On the morning of the 6th of November the mighty Drachenberg Mountains rose before me, extending from the south to the north-east; the

loftier summits, wrapped in dazzling white mantles of snow, contrasting admirably with the green foliage of the valleys beneath and blue vault of the heavens above.

The natives who had come with me from the interior had never before seen large masses of snow, and were not a little astonished at the sight. It was so cold at night that I had an extra woollen wrapper given out for each man.

At a quarter to 12 my cart at last stood on the highest point of the Reenan's Pass, and I knew that the stage of my humble achievements and tedious wanderings now lay behind me. Yet once more I gazed back upon the imposing scene, and surrounded by the snow-capped heights of the Drachenberg Mountains, I took one last look at the green plains, bathed in sunbeams, spread out like a carpet beneath me, with their herds of gnus and swarms of antelopes; and as I remembered the exquisite star-lit nights, and the glorious sunsets and sunrises with their marvellous effects of colour and chiaroscuro, which I should see no more, my one desire was that the memory of the bright hours of my African wanderings should long remain fresh, and with a soft whispered farewell, I turned away.

On the east the fertile undulating districts of Natal were now unfolded before us, and from here to the sea the journey is a continual descent. I

was not a little surprised to see a caravan of a dozen carts encamped between the Reenan's Pass and the Tent Hotel, all the property of men on their way to the diamond fields, many of them belonging to the highest station amongst the colonists, and accompanied by their whole families.

I lodged for a few days with Mr. Smith in the Tent Hotel, and met a good many people who had come back from the diamond fields. Many of them had very fine stones to show; but in spite of their good fortune, they one and all preferred remaining on their farms in Natal for the rainy season.

I resumed my march, and between the foot of the Drachenberg Mountains and the Mooi River ford I counted some forty caravans, for the human stream continued to flow towards the Vaal, some pressing on on horseback, some on foot, and some in ox-carts. A certain Mr. Jessup, of Pietermaritzburg, had already set up a diligence with four horses for conveying passengers quickly from that town to the foot of the Reenan's Pass.

On the roads, and for that matter in the whole of Natal, there were but two topics of conversation, the war between France and Germany and the diamonds. Everything else had lost its interest.

On the 16th of November I found myself only one day's march to the west of the Umgeni Falls,

and encamped on a little hill in the midst of a heavy storm. The ground seemed literally to tremble beneath us as the thunder rolled over our heads, the rain poured down in torrents, and the country around was illuminated by the flashes of lightning. As it was dangerous under such circumstances to leave the draught oxen close together, they were separated as much as possible. On the right lay the road leading down to Pietermaritzburg. I did not suppose any one would be likely to be on the march in such a storm, but presently the cry of an oxen driver and the cracking of whips were heard. By the flashes of lightning I made out a heavy cart toiling painfully up the steep ascent, the owner of which turned out to be a Boer from Howick, who wanted to reach the place of our encampment. To avoid a collision in the darkness, some of my people ran down to meet the caravan, and soon afterwards the team was unharnessed close to us.

When the storm at last passed over, we had trouble enough to light a fire, as all the wood within reach was wet through. However, we did at last succeed.

Our coffee was hardly made, before Mynheer the Boer presented himself and told me that somewhere, he had forgotten the name of the place, a great battle had been fought, in which the whole French army of one hundred and forty thousand

men, their general in command, and the Emperor Napoleon, had been taken prisoners. As I had at once told the good man that I was a German, I thought at first that he had improvised the whole of the marvellous tale out of gratitude for the assistance from my people, and for the warm coffee I had just handed to him; or if this were not the case, that the Pietermaritzburgers had imposed upon the worthy fellow, relying upon a Boer's capacity to swallow everything, however improbable. "Mynheer," however, stuck to his tale; and what startled me was, that he mentioned certain details, such as that the people in the streets of Pietermaritzburg stopped to tell each other the news, and that nothing else was talked of in all the inns and offices. I concluded, therefore, that some great victory at least had been won. When we parted, and I went to lie down inside my cart, the last peals of thunder were rolling away in the north-east, and I could not get the story out of my head; but the Emperor, general, and one hundred and forty thousand men taken prisoners was really rather too much to believe.

Early the next morning the oxen were harnessed, and at noon I reached the Umgeni River, which was very much swollen after the late rains. My cart had hardly passed through before the red flag was hoisted, and the passage was closed for a time.

I went to the comfortable Howick House Hotel, kept by a Scotchman, and ordered dinner. Whilst it was being prepared, I wandered about the garden, and picked a few ripe oranges. Later, as I was turning over the leaves of a newspaper, I suddenly caught sight of an article headed the "Battle of Sedan." Mynheer the Boer had been right, after all!

After this good news had been succeeded by a good meal, I went up the stream in a boat to the place where my people were encamped. Many of the travellers, who had set up their tents near by, were unwilling to go on, on account of the state of the roads; but my driver and factotum, Bokkis, whom I consulted, said, with proud self-confidence, that he was quite sure he could bring the cart down in safety. By way of precaution, however, a rope was tied to the back, and the whole band of Kaffirs tugged it to one side or the other, as the nature of the ground required; but for all that, and although all the wheels were locked, the heavy vehicle often slid down steep places with ominous speed. Many a time did the poor oxen fall and slip some distance with it, and more than once the cart was uncomfortably near the precipice, but, in spite of all dangers, we accomplished the march without accident. At about 6 o'clock in the evening we were a mile from Pietermaritzburg, which lay beneath us in the hollow, and could see groups

of men standing here and there watching our descent. A little later, as we neared the first houses, some gentlemen rode out to meet us, who were of opinion that few would be disposed to imitate our exploit, a compliment which elated the conceited Bokkis not a little.

The clocks of Pietermaritzburg were striking 7 when we reached the market-place. We did not care to trouble ourselves about anything farther that night than the purchase of some bread and meat, but fortunately I was able to get some shaving tackle and a looking-glass, so as to make my beard a little more like that of a civilised man.

That done, I betook myself to the Crown Hotel, and asked Mrs. Watson, the owner, for the aneroid barometer and sextant Mr. Mohr had left with her. Either because it was dusk, or because I was so much altered, the good woman did not recognise me, and replied politely but firmly that if the gentleman wanted them, it would be better for him to fetch them himself. I soon managed to identify myself, and was then most heartily welcomed, a spacious comfortable room, looking out upon the garden, being assigned to me.

The same evening I received a visit from Colonel Erskine and his sons, with one of whom I became very friendly, as he also was a traveller. Unfortunately, he met his end shortly afterwards, being one of those killed in the Kaffir rebellion,

instigated by the chief Langalibalele. Our talk lasted late into the night—how much had happened since I left the town, with what giant strides had the history of Europe advanced!

The first thing I did the next morning was to send for a tailor and shoemaker; and whilst my new wardrobe was being prepared I maintained the closest incognito, employing my retirement in making myself acquainted with the changes which had taken place alike in Europe and the colony. As soon, however, as my "uniform" arrived, I made my appearance on horseback, and as fashionable as the most modern dandy in Pietermaritzburg, visited my friends, rode constantly to the park, and went a great deal into society.

Doubly did I relish the comforts and refinements of civilised life, with which I was now again surrounded, after all the deprivations I had endured in my wanderings, and fully did I realise the truth of the proverb, "Wer geniessen will, muss entbehren lernen" (he who will enjoy, must learn to want).

On the second day of my stay in the town I dismissed the whole of my superfluous retinue. William Cluley went to the diamond fields, and Bokkis returned to his family on the banks of the Umvoti. Jacques Beaulieu, I may add, had already left me in Potchefstrom. The Matebeles, who had come with me from the interior, could

not, at first, get over their astonishment. Pietermaritzburg was to them full of wonders; but what pleased them most was the military music, which they lost no opportunity of hearing. They had not, however, been in the town ten days before a kind of exhaustion and weariness came over them. They felt forlorn in this new unfamiliar world, and they therefore earnestly begged me to help them to join some company of hunters or traders going to Soshong, from which place they thought they could find their way back to Lumpengula's kingdom alone.

I was soon able to make such an arrangement for them, as they were sturdy, handy fellows, whose services in the bush anyone would be glad to secure.

When I asked them why they would not go a few days' journey farther, as they had at first intended, and see the sea, they declared unanimously that they had seen and heard too much already, their heads ached with it, and they were already afraid that their own people would scarcely believe all they had to tell.

The discovery of diamonds, and the consequent influx of foreigners, had had a very favourable effect upon the business of Pietermaritzburg and D'Urban. The hotel keepers, merchants, cart builders, and cattle traders all made plenty of money; the streets were full of traffic, and it was

easy to see what a good time had come for the country.

In 1871, 35,169, and in 1872, 45,830 diamonds were shipped from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Mossel Bay, and Port D'Urban, valued at 443,349*l.* and 315,656*l.* respectively.

As there was no hurry for my return to Europe, and I was not eager to exchange the mild climate of South Africa for the bitter winter of the north of Germany, I remained where I was until December, occupying myself in reducing my observations to order, in writing letters, and so forth.

The inhabitants of Pietermaritzburg, having heard that when I arrived in their town with Hübner we were provided, thanks to the kindness of Minister Delbrück, with a letter of introduction to the President of the Transvaal Republic, jumped to the conclusion that we were political agents come to annex the Transvaal to Germany, and the more I tried to dispossess them of this idea, the more firmly did they stick to it.

I was pleasantly surprised and not a little astonished when an important official of the colony called out to me one day at table in the hotel, "It would be a good thing if Germany would take possession of Natal as well; something sensible would be sure to be made of it, then!" Another time, as I was riding through the town

quite early in the morning, a worthy citizen, reading the paper over his coffee, shouted the question after me, "What is Count Bismarck going to do next?" To which I of course replied, founding my answer on the most reliable sources, "I have not the very faintest notion!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM PIETERMARITZBURG TO D'URBAN.

I leave Pietermaritzburg—D'Urban—The Hon. Mr. Charles Ellis—Sale of my cart and oxen—Throgmorton the traveller—His death—Old acquaintances—Progress of Natal—The Leydenberg gold fields, and the Australian miners—Delagoa Bay and the dispute between England and Portugal.

THE day for leaving Pietermaritzburg and its friendly inhabitants, with many of whom I had become intimate, came only too soon. My people had started two days before, to march slowly to D'Urban with the cart, under the control of a new driver, and I now took a place for myself in one of the four-in-hand diligences running between the capital and the harbour.

We started at 6 o'clock on a bright clear December morning, and as we sped rapidly through the beautiful scenery of Natal, it seemed to me, accustomed as I was to the slow progress of the cart, as if I were travelling by steam. The horses were changed several times by the way, and whilst the unharnessing and harnessing was going on, the traveller could find rest and refreshment in

the inns, where cutlets, chickens, eggs, steaks, vegetables, fruit, and bread and butter were always to be obtained.

It was 3 o'clock by my watch when we reached the height near Pine Town, behind Murray's Hotel, from which a view of the foaming mouth of the Umgeni River and of the sea is obtained beyond the "garden" of Natal. The effect of the scene was overwhelming. There lay the great unchanged, ever-youthful ocean, glimmering and shining in the sunbeams, its waves rolling up unceasingly, encircling the world in its powerful embrace.

All my experiences rushed at once upon my memory; but they already seemed as if they belonged to a dream, so impossible was it to believe that it was two years since I left Natal, which had apparently undergone no change during my absence. I felt as if it had been but yesterday when I had turned my back on the scene which was now spread out before me.

It was half-past 6 when we drew up at Sampson's Hotel. Several gentlemen were standing in the garden, looking inquiringly into our diligence, and no sooner did they recognise me, than they burst out into a loud hurrah, whilst each one was eager to be the first to shake me by the hand. I confess I was not prepared for such an enthusiastic reception, and could only return humble thanks for the kindness of my friends.

The next day my cart and its escort arrived, and the day after that my expedition may be said to have been finished, as all the Kaffir servants but one were dismissed, and the oxen were sent up to the fine pastures of the so-called Roy Coppies, on the west, where the climate is milder and healthier than on the coast.

The hunting trophies brought from the interior, such as antelope and rhinoceros horns, buffaloes' skulls, skins, spears, etc., etc., were packed in cases and shipped to Europe. Whilst the packing, which was done in the court-yard of the hotel, was going on, an inquisitive crowd always assembled to look on and ply us with questions. When the cart was quite emptied of its motley contents, I sent it to its builder, Mr. Milne, and offered to sell it to him.

Of course I often rode up to Roy Coppies during my stay in D'Urban to see how my beloved oxen were, for during the long march I had become to some extent personally acquainted with each one; and when I saw them all peacefully grazing about me, the past scenes of my wandering life rose vividly before me.

I was staying at this time in one of the little garden houses behind the Royal Hotel, where I was quiet and undisturbed, out of the confusion of the constant coming and going in the hotel itself, and had a splendid view of the bay.

For some time I thought the room next to mine was uninhabited, but one day I looked in as I passed the window and saw a collection of fine guns and other hunting apparatus. I asked my host for the name of the sportsman, and he told me it was the Honourable Mr. Charles Ellis, who was just then in Pietermaritzburg, but was expected back in a few days. He was gone to buy a cart and some oxen, as he intended paying a visit to his old hunting grounds on the Tugela River and in Zululand.

Nothing could have pleased me better than this news, as I had known Mr. Ellis since 1866, when I had called on him in London, in accordance with the request of my friend John Dun, to tell him of our common hunting adventures on the Amatonga plains and near Lucia Bay.

A few days afterwards he arrived, and the pleasure of our meeting was mutual and sincere. We very soon struck a bargain together, for Ellis bought my cart and oxen, paying almost as much for them as they had cost, and Milne undertook to make the cart as good as new for 20*l.*

This arrangement suited us both, and I was very glad my friend had to wait three weeks whilst the cart was repaired, as it allowed time for the oxen to be fattened up and thoroughly rested. Of course I did all I could to further Ellis's preparations.

This was the third time he had come out to Africa solely for the love of hunting, which he enjoyed more than anything else. He was also very famous as an angler, and fishing with him was no mere pastime, but an earnest study.

He was a quiet, amiable man, and what the English would call "a perfect gentleman." He had had many adventures on his hunting expeditions, but, like a true Nimrod, he hated boasting, and it was difficult to get him to talk of his own experiences.

At the same time with us a certain traveller—whom I will call Captain Rassey—was staying in the Royal Hotel, who was just the very opposite to Ellis in every respect, for he was a boaster of the first water; a restless, talkative fellow, with a big burly figure, quick bright eyes, and a quantity of curly auburn hair, which, with his head, was in constant motion.

Captain Rassey's most noteworthy characteristic was that he could not bear the public attention at table to be diverted from himself, and if anything wonderful were related of any one else, he would follow it up with an adventure of his own a hundred times more extraordinary; and the funny part of it was, that he really took his own inventions for facts, giving them out in a solemn and almost melancholy manner.

Ellis, who seemed to look upon a lie as almost

an impossibility, would watch the narrator with a fixed and searching expression, such as would have suited an anatomist or chemist at an interesting analysis; and when Rassey's exaggerations reached their highest point he would whisper to me, "This is singular!" It will readily be imagined what comical scenes this peculiarity caused at table.

I met another friend here, whom I had known in 1866, a Mr. Throgmorton, who had travelled through a great part of the little-known island of Madagascar, and had been in the chief town Antananarivo, where he had met the learned and celebrated French naturalist, Grandidier.

I listened to his accounts with the greatest interest, referring as they did to a country and people respecting which the most erroneous reports are afloat in Germany.

In most of the places Throgmorton visited, the natives had never before seen a European, so he was of course regarded as a curiosity; but he was never insulted, on the contrary, it was esteemed an honour to carry him from place to place, and he was everywhere hospitably received and feasted on fowls, pork, rice, fruit, etc., etc., free of cost.

At the court of Antananarivo, where he was compelled to remain some time waiting for permission for his journey into the interior, he had a good deal of intercourse with one of the ministers.

He tried at first to express himself in the language of the country, but presently his dusky Excellency interrupted him with the words: "Make yourself easy, sir, and speak English. I understand it as well as you do, for I was educated in London, at Knightsbridge."

Throgmorton also told me that music was already extensively cultivated in Madagascar, and that the chief people of the country had very tastily laid out gardens round their houses.

Unfortunately my friend had a severe attack of fever during this trip, from which he never really rallied. It had left behind it a delicacy of chest, which soon developed in consumption, and he died in Natal a few months after our meeting.

He had a little property near D'Urban, and owned large herds of cattle. He had won the confidence and affection of the Kaffirs, amongst whom he had long lived. I often visited him, and found him weaker every day. He contemplated his approaching end quite calmly, and never have I met a man who bore his lot so calmly and philosophically. The last words he said to me when we parted were, "Believe me, the Zulus are the happiest people in the world."

I made short excursions to the Tugela, and visited old acquaintances amongst the coffee and sugar planters, whom I had not seen since my journey to Zululand. The good "Natalers" re-

ceived me with hearty hospitality; I was welcome everywhere.

It was evident that the colony was progressing, for many parts which had been covered with the characteristic jungle of the country when first I saw them, were now converted into sugar plantations. The appearance of the country can scarcely be said to have been improved thereby, for there is something wearisome in the long stretches of reed-like cane. The district between the Umgeni and the Tugela may be called one vast sugar-field, but here and there near D'Urban occur picturesque-looking coffee plantations, affording a pleasant change and contrast, and beyond the Tongati stream we come to the natural parks, which give so great a charm to the scenery, open lawns alternating with fine groups of trees.

Not only has the cultivation of the land proceeded rapidly, but the financial condition of the state is also greatly improved. The total receipts of the colony for the year 1872 were 198,421*l.*17*s.*11*d.*, against an expenditure of 149,694*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*; and those for 1873, 238,004*l.*, against an expenditure of 235,030*l.*

In 1874 Natal expended 50,184*l.* on the civil service, churches, schools, hospitals, prison, law, and police; 12,207*l.* on postal arrangements, 37,770*l.* on roads, streets, and bridges; 17,709*l.* on military defences, and 16,777*l.* on the promotion

of emigration. Small sums, according to German notions, but such as prove that Natal has not been standing still.

A new era not only for Natal but for the whole of South Africa will, however, commence with the completion of the submarine telegraph, which will connect them with the whole civilised world.

The government of the Cape made an agreement, bearing date July 9th, 1873, with Hooper's Telegraph Company in London, in accordance with which a cable was to be laid down within eighteen months, which, starting from Aden, should run viâ Mauritius to Natal, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town. The annual grant of the government can under no conditions exceed 10,000*l.*, and when the work is completed, a telegram of not more than ten words from Port Elizabeth to D'Urban is to cost 10*s.*; to Mauritius, 1*l.* 14*s.*; to Aden, 3*l.* 10*s.*; and to London, 5*l.*

Should the gross receipts from Cape telegrams in any one year exceed the sum of 24,500*l.*, the government will not as a rule pay any bonus.

New privileges have recently been accorded to foreigners living in Natal; for instance, any one of European extract who has reached his twenty-first year, and is willing to take the oath of allegiance to the English sovereign, can obtain a certificate of naturalisation for the low sum of 5*s.*

Fresh sums have also been voted for the further

improvement of the quay; and I only hope the colonists will have the energy and good sense to complete a work so intimately bound up with the prosperity of their harbour. It ought to be rendered possible for vessels to enter the harbour at least at high water. The present mode of unloading the greater part of every cargo outside the bar is alike costly, tedious, and often dangerous. Once within the quiet waters of the basin, however, vessels are as safe as in the docks of Table Bay.

The name of Karl Mauch stands at the head of the Germans who have contributed to making known the countries of South-east Africa and their mineral treasures. Provided only with the simplest necessaries, he wandered about exploring for eight long years, and was fortunate enough to ascertain the existence of five gold fields, of which those in the Leydenberg district in the Transvaal Republic appear to be the richest. It was proposed in the *Natal Mercury* of August 23rd, 1874, to give this great traveller a testimonial in acknowledgment of all he has done to promote the progress and prosperity of the colony. Let us hope this proposal will not end in words.

The shortest way to the Leydenberg gold districts is viâ Delagoa Bay. There arrived on the 14th August, 1874, the Bremen bark *Beethoven*, Captain Hage, with some sixty Australian miners from Sidney, eager to make their way to the new

El Dorado. As the captain was not in a position to obtain new and trustworthy maps of the harbour, he was compelled to anchor nine miles from the coast. Fortunately a Captain Mollheim, of the schooner *Pelham*, running between Delagoa Bay and D'Urban, happened to be on the spot, and with his aid and that of a Mr. Hope, the vessel was enabled to sail in and the passengers to land.

Hope carries on business in Pilgrim's Rest, as the new gold fields are called, and bears the character of an honourable man. He told the miners that he himself had had nuggets weighing from two to eight pounds in his hands, but for all that he did not think the fields likely to reward the labours of many miners, and advised them to seek new gold-yielding strata.

It was just as well that the men went to Delagoa Bay instead of D'Urban, for had they chosen the latter port of entry, they would probably not have found means of transport until after weeks of delay, and then they would have had to pay at least 3*l.* freight for a weight of one hundred and twelve pounds, and 10*l.* passage-money for each person. After that they would have had four hundred and eighty miles to march; and even if all went well, it would have taken them three months to get to their destination. In the summer of 1873, carts had been more than four months going from D'Urban to Leydenberg.

The chief drawback of Delagoa Bay is the prevalence of fever, from which, however, the country is free between May and September. Disembarcation is easier than at D'Urban, and there are none of the delays and formalities incidental to the landing of firearms such as we have alluded to in speaking of Natal. The duty on a sporting gun in Delagoa Bay is 2*s.* 3*d.* The gold fields can be reached in from twelve to fifteen days, and 5*l.* will cover the cost of the journey. It is true a tsetse district has to be traversed, but it does not seem to be very dangerous to the draught animals, for out of one hundred and twenty oxen, drawing a load of twenty-five tons, only sixteen died; no more, in fact, than would probably have been lost under similar circumstances between D'Urban and Pietermaritzburg.

There has lately been so much talk about Delagoa Bay in the newspapers, that a few words on its history may not be out of place.

It was discovered in 1544 by Lorenzo Marques, who at once took possession of it, the neighbouring districts and the Islands of Umbaca or Inyak, and Elephant Island, building factories and founding a fort, by way of securing them to the Portuguese. In 1817 an agreement was made with England, in accordance with which Portugal was to be the sole owner of the bay and its islands, but certain

short clauses of the treaty were capable of bearing a double meaning. In 1825, after the Portuguese Custom-house authorities had seized the British *Eleanor* as a smuggling vessel, Captain Owen recovered it by force, and laid claim to Inyak and Elephant Island.

The Portuguese government considered itself deeply injured, and a long correspondence ensued between it and the cabinet of St. James. In 1827 a lengthy document, setting forth the Portuguese grievances, etc., was issued from Lisbon, but the British government took no notice of it whatever. Matters remained in this unsatisfactory state until 1861, when the governor of the Cape Colony sent her Majesty's ship *Narcissus* up the coast, with orders to hoist the English flag on Umbaca and Elephant Island, justifying this conduct by asserting that Captain Owen had declared them to be British property. And they were now formally annexed to Natal.

Umbaca, or Inyak, is the largest of the islands, and is cut across very nearly in the middle by the twenty-sixth degree of latitude, whilst the thirty-third degree of E. longitude divides it into an eastern and western half. Elephant Island lies about two miles to the north-west. The power holding these two islands has the key to the whole of Delagoa Bay.

In 1869, Portugal and the Transvaal Republic

made a friendly and commercial treaty, which decided, amongst other matters, that from henceforth the 26° 30′ S. latitude should be the boundary line between their territories.

This agreement came to the knowledge of the British government in 1871, and the English minister at Lisbon at once informed the Portuguese government that Great Britain would not give up her rightful claim to the southern half of Delagoa Bay. Then ensued another lengthy correspondence, which ended in the matter being submitted to the decision of Marshal MacMahon, then President of the French Republic.

The position of Delagoa Bay is of great importance to a power so eager as Great Britain to suppress the slave trade. The mouths of the Zambesi can be easily reached from it, and the coasts of Zanzibar and of Madagascar are at no great distance off. An Arabian dhow with a whole cargo of African slaves was surprised by a British man-of-war in Delagoa Bay this very year.

It seems to me that in a question such as that between England and Portugal there are two kinds of rights, the legal and the moral, and the latter, though not the former, is all on the side of England, for what has Portugal done to develope the resources of her vast possessions in Africa? Nothing. She has rather promoted slavery, formerly openly, and more lately secretly; whereas

England has done all in her power to suppress the traffic in human beings, no matter at what sacrifice of blood and money. Portugal discourages scientific explorations, and hampers the movements of travellers; England receives every cultivated visitor to her possessions, no matter where, with open arms, and is ever ready to further the cause of science. Great Britain has not only put down the disgraceful trade in coolies from Macao with a strong hand, but exercises a rigid control over her own harbours of Bombay and Calcutta. She enforces the rights and duties of humanity as befits a great power, able to send the thunder of her fleets from Pole to Pole.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEPARTURE FROM AFRICA.

The political condition of Natal—The Basuto war—Conclusion of peace—Progress of the Basutos—Ellis leaves D'Urban—Unexpected meeting with him in London—Christmas in D'Urban—Departure from Africa.

THE political situation in Natal had altered but little during my absence. Peace had prevailed since the close of the war with Moshesh, when part of the Basuto country passed to the Orange Free State and part under British rule. On the dissolution of the kingdom it was under the direct control of the English government, which, however, at once transferred the administration to the authorities of the Cape Colony. This caused great dissatisfaction amongst the old chieftains, who thought they had given their power into the hands of the Queen of England, and were not prepared to obey the orders of a secretary for native affairs. Seeing their influence and importance gradually decreasing, they soon made an attempt to conspire, and sent agents to the diamond fields to buy firearms. Fortunately the movement was discovered

in good time, and by the energetic precautions of the Natal government, Langalibalele's rebellion was quelled, so that peace was not again disturbed in Basuto land.

From 1848 to 1854 the Basutos lived under a kind of half protectorate of Great Britain, but in the last-named year the independence of the Orange Free State was recognised, and they were suddenly thrown on their own resources. No boundary line had ever been finally agreed upon between Basuto land and the Boer Republic, and this caused endless quarrels. From the first, however, the natives were hardly prepared for war; they were short both of weapons and ammunition, so they avoided meeting the Boers in the open field, and defended themselves with great skill in the natural fastnesses of their wild, rugged, mountainous country, from which it was for a long time impossible to drive them.

At the end of 1867 and the beginning of 1868, however, one stronghold fell after another, and when the large mountain of Quini, in which Letsie and his tribe had taken refuge with their cattle, fell into the hands of the Boers, the war was virtually at an end. Sir Philip Wodehouse then interfered; the Basutos were declared British subjects, and Sir William Currie organised a strong police force for the maintenance of the tranquillity of the country. On the 22nd of February,

1869, Sir Philip met the chiefs and people at Korokoro. Laws were framed and statutes drawn up, which were henceforth to rule the destiny of the Basutos; and all arrangements being concluded, a Mr. Barber was left behind as agent of the British government. The condition of the conquered race at the close of the war was deplorable in the extreme. They had lost about two thousand men, they were attacked by famine, their herds were in the hands of their enemies, their ploughs, horses, clothes, money, etc., were lost or destroyed. Moreover, they had lost all confidence in their chief, and set at naught his authority. Not until famine and fever had carried off hundreds, and all spirit and hope were gone, did the British government step in and save the small remnant of the once numerous and powerful race. After the conclusion of peace, Basuto land was reduced to half its original area, for the tribes under Mopedi, Makwai, Lebenya, and Monyako, and the Zulus from Natal, numbering at least fifteen thousand souls, had become dispersed during the war. Had the British government interfered energetically at first, and pointed out the best course for the chiefs to pursue, much of this suffering might have been spared, and reforms, which it will now take years to effect, would have come about naturally and easily. As it was, however, the scheme of administration worked so

slowly, and the people were so ungovernable, that they gradually returned to their former chiefs, who again acquired power and influence, which they employed only to harass and oppose the British government.

In 1870, however, that government gave proof that it was in earnest about the reforms it proposed, by sending four officials into the country, who levied a hut tax, and enforced law and order with a strong hand. Since then, security and peace have prevailed; and whereas the Basutos formerly enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest thiefs in South Africa, in 1873 the official lists report only five cases of cattle stealing.

Political and material progress have advanced hand in hand. Where once a few solitary traders wandered at long intervals, there are now fifty established houses of business, the well-built, substantial dwellings giving quite a civilised appearance to the country; and hundreds of carts come up to buy corn, for transportation to the Free State and the diamond districts.

The cultivation of corn has increased enormously; the plough has replaced the primitive hoe; sheep and oxen, which had almost entirely disappeared at the end of the war, graze again upon the heights; and the Basutos have begun to exchange their thatched huts for solid houses. Much of this prosperity is due to the discovery of

the diamond fields, for which Basuto land is the corn granary. In 1872, corn of the value of 150,000*l.* was bought for them, and two thousand bales of wool, with many horses, oxen, and sheep, were exported. The receipts of the administration in 1873 exceeded those of the previous year by 2953*l.*; and the energy with which the cultivation of the soil is carried on is proved by the fact that six hundred ploughs were bought for the use of the Basutos in 1872.

Missionaries have been very active here for the last forty years, and it cannot be denied that their influence has had beneficial results. If the Basutos' desire to better their condition continues the same as it is now, no one will have a right to call them barbarians. Many of them attend the mission schools, where they learn reading, writing, and arithmetic; and native correspondence has recently increased to such an extent, that the number of letters and packets posted in the last two years is double what it was before.

One cannot but rejoice that the fate of these people is in the hands of an enlightened, progressive, and humane government. Had they been given over to the Boers or to the Portuguese, their lot would have been very different.

The relations of the colony to the Kaffir races of the neighbouring districts had undergone no change since I left Natal. The Zulus remained

quiet and lived contentedly under their new king, Ketchwayo, on the green hills of their beautiful country, which may be looked upon as a continuation of Natal, its climate, fertility, etc., being much the same. The long peace they have enjoyed has softened the character of the people: the Zulus of the present day are herdsmen, whereas the subjects of Chaka were warriors. In the course of years they have learnt to appreciate the power of the white men; and shut in as they are by the Boers on the north-west, the Portuguese on the north, and the English on the south, they will beware of lightly undertaking a hopeless war.

At the close of the Basuto war, Sir Philip Wodehouse was governor of the Cape Colony, and the terms of peace agreed to by him seemed to have caused some dissatisfaction, especially the clause allotting a strip of territory to the Boers. It must, however, be remembered that there was at the time a strong Dutch element in the Cape Colony and parliament, which a statesman would have to take into consideration. Sir Philip's successor, Sir Henry Barkly, assumed a different tone, and a long correspondence ensued between him and President Burgess, of the Transvaal Republic, the former being annoyed at the decision respecting the bit of land claimed as his own by the Griqua chief "Waterboer."

The fact is, the Transvaal Boers have long been in the habit of kidnapping and enslaving native children, and Sir Henry Barkly, aware of the disgraceful practice, and determined to put a stop to it, has expressed his wishes in language not to be misunderstood to President Burgess, who is himself a man of great intelligence and strength of character.

Since the discovery of the diamond fields, when the government of the Cape Colony suddenly laid claim to a district on the Vaal which the Orange Free State declared to be its property, the correspondence with President Brand has been of an equally unfriendly character. One may well assert that the development of a state cannot be forced, but must come about naturally, for a policy or tradition adhered to for years may suddenly be upset or superseded by some unexpected occurrence. These discoveries of diamonds were a windfall for the Cape Colony, which was sent from Heaven just at a lucky moment; for no one could imagine that the thousands of British subjects who poured into the Transvaal were likely to respect the laws and customs of the Boers, a race in every respect inferior to their own; and the Cape government was compelled to step in to prevent useless bloodshed.

If new diamond and gold fields should be discovered elsewhere in the Transvaal or Orange

Free State, the independence of these provinces will be jeopardised by the sudden influx of foreigners; and the only chance of avoiding absorption or conquest will be in making energetic efforts to improve the education, etc., of their own people; a truth which appears to have been recognised by Pratoria and Bloemfontein, although the difficulties of acting upon it are rendered enormous by the great distances between the houses of the inhabitants. My own private opinion, however, is that sooner or later the whole of South Africa, from Cape Agulhas to the Zambesi, will belong to the great power which already owns the Cape Colony, etc.

The cart bought by Ellis and repaired by Milne arrived at last, looking as good as new. The oxen, now sleek and plump, were again yoked to it, and decked with flowers and branches, above which waved the English flag, it set out once more. With a few friends I accompanied Ellis for a short distance, and then turning our horses' heads towards the town, we left him to pursue his way to his beloved hunting grounds.

A few months afterwards I was in London, and imagined Ellis to be still on the Tugela or deep in the Zululand, when I suddenly met him in Piccadilly, to the intense astonishment of us both. He told me that he had been hunting with very good success for about a fortnight

when he received news of the death of an old uncle, who had made him a rich man, so that he was obliged to return to Europe as quickly as possible. So great was his love of hunting, however, that he intended returning to Natal as soon as ever he had set his affairs in order.

Christmas found me still in D'Urban. Consul Dentzelmann gave a dinner to his friends in his house on the Berea Mountains, at which the healths of the Emperor, Prince Bismarck, and General Moltke were drunk with enthusiasm. Later, a bowl of punch was brewed in the garden, and as we gathered round it, we had the sea spread out before us, whilst in the west the sun was setting behind the green mountains. Presently thousands of stars shone out above our heads, and from the plains beneath twinkled the lights of the town and the scattered houses.

But now my tale is drawing to a close, and the work I undertook to write at the wish of partial friends is almost ended.

The cost of the entire journey, including passage money, equipments for twenty-six months, and hotel bills, was about ten thousand thalers, or 1500*l*. And I must take this opportunity of thanking all those who so heartily aided me, both in word and deed, in accomplishing my object. Amongst these, special gratitude is due to Dr. August Petermann, of Gotha, and my brother

Alfred, of London. The great geographer, who has accorded such undeserved recognition to my feeble efforts in his 'Mittheilungen,' seemed to have followed every step of my progress in spirit, and his encouraging letters reached me far in the interior of quite uninhabited lands. My brother Alfred presented the expedition not only with part of the costly measuring instruments, but also with a valuable chronometer and some very fine weapons.

The hour for me to start for home had sounded, and after a visit to my friends in Port Elizabeth and Cape Town, whom I must thank for the hearty hospitality and ready assistance I received from them, I left Table Bay on the 15th of February. Favoured by splendid weather we steamed out to sea; the last line of coast near Green Point soon faded from sight, and I bade farewell to the beautiful Cape and sunny Africa!

But thou surging ocean, my best beloved element, welcome, thrice welcome! Like the lion in conscious might, thy foaming crest owns no control. Now delicate shells, nursed in thy bosom, are wasted upon the beach, and thou coverest them with murmuring kisses; and now in wrathful mood, swept and maddened by the storm, thou makest the shores to tremble in thine embrace. To me thy blustering is but a lullaby. I have

listened to thy boisterous greeting in every zone; thou hast borne me through all latitudes of the world. Sea, speed me now to my native land!

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